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— THE —

HYMN BOOK

— OF THE —

FREE METHODIST

CHURCH.

I will sing with the spirit and I will sing with
the understanding, also. I. Cor. xiv. 15.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

PUBLISHED BY B. T. ROBERTS.

1883.

Theology Library

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AT CLAREMONT
California

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B. T. ROBERTS, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

PREFACE.

— :o: —

God's people are a singing people. It was foretold that they should be. "The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads." The apostle declared "I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also."

A revival of God's work is attended with a revival of singing. When people are alive to God they love to sing. Then the singing is not done by the few, but by the many. For singing is an important part of divine worship. Those whose hearts are right with God delight to praise him in appropriate songs.

In 1878 the General Conference of the Free Methodist Church, appointed a committee of fifteen to compile a Hymn Book. They labored diligently and made choice of some six hundred hymns. But the book was not published.

The General Conference of 1882, appointed the following brethren to compile a Hymn Book: B. T. Roberts, J. G. Terrill, Joseph Travis, R. W.

Hawkins, M. N. Downing and William Gould. The Hymn Book compiled by John Wesley and the M. E. Hymn Book of 1849 were to form the basis of their selections. The Committee met together, and, with much prayer for Divine guidance, made the following selections. It embraces some of the choicest hymns in the language. We claim for the hymns that they are orthodox, evangelical, and generally of an elevated style and character.

The Committee availed themselves of the labors of the Committee appointed in 1878; and acknowledge themselves indebted to the books above referred to, and to the M. E. Hymnal, the Wesleyan Canada Hymn Book, the Primitive Methodist Hymn Book of Canada, the collection of Hymns by Ray Palmer and to other books and authors.

The arrangement, we trust, will be found to be natural and satisfactory.

The copy was prepared with much labor by Rev. Wm. Gould.

We commend this compilation to our people, and trust it may prove a valuable aid to them in working out their own salvation and in their efforts to spread Scriptural Holiness through these lands.

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—:O:—

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HYMNS.

ADORATION.

GOD.

L. M.

1 *The Creation Invited to Praise God.*

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

4 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Isaac Watts.

L. M.

2 *Grateful Adoration.*

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

ADORATION.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm ■ a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.
Isaac Watts. Alt'd.

3

L. M.

Joy of Public Worship.

GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs:
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace;
No tents of ease, or thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

Isaac Watts.

4

Solemn Reverence.

L. M.

ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
Infinite lengths, beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshiping, and spread the ground.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.

4 Earth, from afar, hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learned to lisp thy name;
But O! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

5 God is in heaven, and men below;
Be short our tunes; our words be few;
A solemn reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

Isaac Watts.

5

Exhortation to Praise.

S. M.

ARISE and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Arise, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?

3 O for the living flame,
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

ADORATION.

4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed,
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Arise, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Arise, and bless his glorious Name,
Henceforth, forevermore.

James Montgomery.

6 S. M. *The Universal King.*

COME sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

- 2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his work and not our own,
He formed us by his word.
- 4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

Isaac Watts.

7 Asking for a Blessing. C. M.

O NCE more we come before our God;
Once more his blessing ask:
O may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task.

2 Father, thy quickening Spirit send
From heaven, in Jesus' name,
And bid our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.

GOD.

3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
And keep the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

4 To seek thee, all our hearts dispose;
To each thy blessing suit;
And let the seed thy servant sows,
Produce abundant fruit.

Joseph Hart.

8

C. M.

Goodness and Mercy.

LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all;
Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,
When virtue lies distressed,
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
Thou givest the mourner rest.

3 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,
Thou hear'st thy childrens' cry;
And their best wishes to fulfill,
Thy grace is ever nigh.

4 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of hearts sincere:
Thou savest the souls whose humble love
Is joined with holy fear.

5 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honors of their God.

Isaac Watts.

9

C. M.

The Fullness of God.

B EING of beings, God of love,
To thee our hearts we raise;
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

ADORATION.

2 Thine, wholly thine, we pant to be;
Our sacrifice receive;
Made, and preserved, and saved by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

3 Heavenward our every wish aspires,
For all thy mercy's store;
The sole return thy love requires,
Is that we ask for more.

4 For more we ask; we open then
Our hearts to embrace thy will;
Turn, and revive us, Lord, again;
With all thy fullness fill.

5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad;
So shall we ever live, and move,
And be, with Christ in God.

Charles Wesley.

10 8, 7. *God of Grace.*

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven;
To his feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me his praise should sing?
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise the everlasting King!

2 Praise him for his grace and favor
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him, still the same forever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Praise him! Praise him!
Glorious in his faithfulness!

3 Father-like he tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
Praise him! Praise him!
Widely as his mercy flows!

Henry Francis Lyte.

11

Heavenly Joy Anticipated.

8, 7, 4.

IN thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near:
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear;
Hear with meekness,
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee:
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be;
Till thy glory
Without cloud in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore;
Sharing then in rapture greater
Than they could conceive before:
Full enjoyment,
Full and pure, for evermore.

Thomas Kelly.

12

Exhortation to Praise God.

8, 7.

PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens adore him;
Praise him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light.

2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious,
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

ADORATION.

4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name.

John Kempthorne.

S. M.

13 *The Sacrifice of Praise.*

WITH joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal Love.

2 Before thy throne we bow,
O thou almighty King;
Here we present the solemn vow
And hymns of praise we sing.

3 While in thy house we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

4 Lord, teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

Thomas Jervis.

L. M.

14 *The Glories of Jehovah.*

SERVANTS of God, in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His glorious name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

2 Blest be that name, supremely blest,
From the sun's rising to its rest;
Above the heavens his power is known,
Through all the earth his goodness shown.

3 Who is like God? so great, so high,
He bows himself to view the sky;
And yet, with condescending grace,
Looks down upon the human race.

GOD.

4 He hears the uncomplaining moan
Of those who sit and weep alone;
He lifts the mourner from the dust;
In him the poor may safely trust.

5 O then, aloud, in joyful lays,
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's praise:
His saving name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

James Montgomery.

15 L. M.
How Dreadful is this Place.

O THOU, whom all thy saints adore,
We now with all thy saints agree,
And bow our inmost souls before
Thy glorious, awful Majesty.

2 We come, great God, to seek thy face,
And for thy loving kindness wait;
And O, how dreadful is this place!
'Tis God's own house, 'tis heaven's gate.

3 Tremble our hearts to find thee nigh;
To thee our trembling hearts aspire:
And lo! we see descend from high
The pillar and the flame of fire.

4 Still let it on the assembly stay,
And all the house with glory fill:
To Canaan's bounds point out the way
And lead us to thy holy hill.

5 There let us all with Jesus stand,
And join the general Church above,
And take our seats at thy right hand,
And sing thine everlasting love.

Charles Wesley.

16 L. M.
The Pleasure of Public Worship.

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hosts, thy dwellings are!
With strong desire my spirit faints
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

ADORATION.

2 Blest are the saints that sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty:
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

3 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace:
Here they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate:
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

Isaac Watts.

17. H. M. *Longing for God's house.*

L ORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples, are:
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God delights to hear !
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; and happy they
Who love the way to Zion's hill!

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each o'ercomes at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat! thou God, our King,
Shalt thither bring our willing feet.

4 The Lord his people loves;
 His hand no good withholds
 From those his heart approves,
 From holy, humble souls:
 Thrice happy he, O Lord of Hosts,
 Whose spirit trusts alone in thee!

Isaac Watts.

18

C. M.

Majesty and Love of God.

MY GOD, how wonderful thou art,
 Thy majesty how bright,
 How beautiful thy mercy-seat
 In depths of burning light!

2 How dread are thine eternal years,
 O everlasting Lord,
 By prostrate spirits day and night
 Incessantly adored!

3 How beautiful, how beautiful,
 The sight of thee must be,
 Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
 And awful purity!

4 O how I fear thee, living God,
 With deepest, tenderest fears,
 And worship thee with trembling hope,
 And penitential tears.

5 Yet may I love thee too, O Lord,
 Almighty as thou art;
 For thou hast stooped to ask for me
 The love of my poor heart.

6 No earthly father loves like thee,
 No mother half so mild
 Bears and forbears, as thou hast done
 With me, thy sinful child.

7 Father of Jesus, love's reward!
 What rapture will it be,
 Prostrate before thy throne to lie,
 And gaze, and gaze on thee.

Frederick W. Faber.

ADORATION.

19 H. M.
Greatness and Condescension.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty:
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all his mighty works
Amazing wisdom shines;
Confounds the powers of hell,
And all their dark designs;
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfill
His great decrees and sovereign will.

4 And will this sovereign King
Of glory condescend,
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love his name, I love his word;
Join all my powers to praise the Lord.
Isaac Watts.

20 C. M.
God, the only Object of Worship.

O GOD, our strength, to thee our song
With grateful hearts we raise;
To thee, and thee alone, belong
All worship, love, and praise.

2 In trouble's dark and stormy hour,
Thine ear hath heard our prayer;
And graciously thine arm of power
Hath saved us from despair.

GOD.

3 And thou, O ever gracious Lord,
Wilt keep thy promise still,
If, meekly hearkening to thy word,
We seek to do thy will.

4 Led by the light thy grace imparts,
Ne'er may we bow the knee
To idols, which our wayward hearts
Set up instead of thee.

5 So shall thy choicest gifts, O Lord,
Thy faithful people bless;
For them shall earth its stores afford,
And heaven its happiness.

Harriet Auber.

C. M.

21 *Confession, Prayer, and Praise.*

L ORD! when we bend before thy throne,
And our confession pour,
O may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart;
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam peace into each heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.

4 And when, with heart and voice, we strive
Our grateful hymns to raise,
Let love divine within us live,
And fill our souls with praise.

5 Then, on thy glories while we dwell,
Thy mercies we'll review;
With love divine, transported, tell—
Thou, God, art Father too!

Joseph D. Carlyle.

22

God is in this Place.

LO! God is here! let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place;
Let all within us feel his power,
And silent bow before his face;
Who know his power, his grace who prove,
Serve him with awe, with reverence love.

2 Lo! God is here! him day and night
In hallowed songs the angels sing:
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring:
Disdain not, Lord, our meander song,
Who praise thee with a stammering tongue.

3 Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will;
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

Gerhard Tersteegen, Tr. by J. Wesley.

23

Omniscience.

C. M.

LORD, all I am is known to thee;
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, or to flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
Before they're formed within,
And ere my lips pronounce the word
Thou know'st the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge! deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

15 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sov'reign love.

Isaac Watts.

L. M.

24

Immanuel, God with us.

ETERNAL depth of love divine,
In Jesus, God with us, displayed;
How bright thy beaming glories shine!
How wide thy healing streams are spread!

2 With whom dost thou delight to dwell?
Sinners, ■ vile and thankless race!

O God, what tongue aright can tell
How vast thy love, how great thy grace!

3 The dictates of thy sovereign will
With joy our grateful hearts receive;
All thy delight in us fulfill;
Lo, all we are to thee we give.

4 To thy sure love, thy tender care,
Our flesh, soul, spirit, we resign;
O fix thy sacred presence there,
And seal the abode forever thine.

L. Zinzendorf, Tr. by J. Wesley.

L. M.

25 *The Attributes of God Infinite.*

O GOD, thou bottomless abyss!
Thee to perfection who can know?
O height immense! What words suffice
Thy countless attributes to show?

2 Unfathomable depths thou art;
O plunge me in thy mercy's sea!
Void of true wisdom is my heart;
With love embrace and cover me.

3 Eternity thy fountain was,
Which, like thee, no beginning knew;
Thou wast ere time began his race,
Ere glowed with stars the ethereal blue.

ADORATION.

4 Greatness unspeakable is thine,
Greatness, whose undiminished ray,
When short-lived worlds are lost, shall shine,
When earth and heaven are fled away.

L. M.

26

SECOND PART.

UNCHANGEABLE, all-perfect Lord,
Essential life's unbounded sea,
What lives and moves, lives by thy word;
It lives, and moves, and is from thee.

2 High is thy power above all height;
Whate'er thy will decrees is done;
Thy wisdom, equal to thy might,
Only to thee, O God, is known!

3 Heaven's glory is thy awful throne,
Yet earth partakes thy gracious sway;
Vain man! thy wisdom folly own,
Lost is thy reason's feeble ray.

4 What our dim eye could never see,
Is plain and naked to thy sight:
What thickest darkness veils, to thee
Shines clearly as the morning light.

5 In light thou dwell'st; light that no shade,
No variation ever knew;
Heaven, earth, and hell, stand all displayed,
And open to thy piercing view.

Ernest Lange, Tr. by J. Wesley.

27

Omnipresence.

L. M.

ORD of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Center and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

2 Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

GOD.

3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no luster of our own.

5 Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

Oliver W. Holmes.

28

Blessings Implored.

7.

LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return.
Those that are cast down lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

ADORATION.

6 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee, a gracious God and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

William Hammond.

29 8, 7.
God's glory in Redemption.

MIGHTY God! while angels bless thee,
May a mortal lisp thy name?
Lord of men, as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme:
Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and awful praise.

2 For the grandeur of thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For the wonders of creation,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;
For thy providence, that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
Blessed be thy gentle reign!

3 For thy rich, thy free redemption,
Bright, though veiled in darkness long,
Thought is poor, and poor expression;
Who can sing that wondrous song?
Brightness of the Father's glory!

Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
Break, my tongue, such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die:—

4 From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest woe,
Came to ransom guilty captives:
Flow, my praise, forever flow!
Re-ascend, immortal Saviour;
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
Thence return and reign forever;
Be the kingdom all thine own!

Robert Robinson.

30

God's Protection.

8, 7.

'CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
 Rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
 In his secret habitation
 Dwell, nor ever be dismayed;
 There no tumult can alarm thee,
 Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
 Guile nor violence can harm thee,
 In eternal safety there.

2 From the sword at noon-day wasting,
 From the noisome pestilence,
 In the depth of midnight blasting,
 God shall be thy sure defence;
 Fear thou not the deadly quiver,
 When a thousand feel the blow;
 Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
 Though ten thousand be laid low.

3 Since, with pure and firm affection,
 Thou on God hast set thy love,
 With the wings of his protection,
 He will shield thee from above:
 Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
 He will hearken, he will save;
 Here for grief reward thee double,
 Crown with life beyond the grave.

James Montgomery.

31

Infinite Wisdom.

L. M.

PRAISE ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise
 Your hearts and voices in his praise:
 His nature and his works invite
 To make this duty our delight.

2 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames,
 He counts their number, calls their names;
 His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
 A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.

ADORATION.

3 Sing to the Lord! exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds along the sky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

4 He makes the grass the hills adorn;
He clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

5 What is the creature's skill or force?
The sprightly man or warlike horse?
The piercing wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for him.

6 But saints are lovely in his sight;
He views his children with delight:
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
He looks and loves his image there.

Isaac Watts.

32

L. M.
Holiness.

HOLY as thou, O Lord, is none;
Thy holiness is all thine own;
A drop of that unbounded sea
Is ours,—a drop derived from thee.

2 And when thy purity we share,
Thine only glory we declare;
And, humbled into nothing, own,
Holy and pure is God alone.

3 Sole, self-existing God and Lord,
By all thy heavenly hosts adored,
Let all on earth bow down to thee,
And own thy peerless majesty:

4 Thy power unparalleled confess,
Established on the Rock of peace;
The Rock that never shall remove,
The Rock of pure, almighty love.

Charles Wesley.

33 L. M.
True Worship Everywhere Accepted.

O THOU, to whom, in ancient time,
 The psalmist's sacred harp was strung,
 Whom kings adored in song sublime,
 And prophets praised with glowing tongue.

- 2 Not now on Zion's height alone
 The favored worshiper may dwell,
 Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
 Sat weary at the Patriarch's well.
- 3 From every place below the skies,
 The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
 The incense of the heart, may rise
 To heaven, and find acceptance there.
- 4 O thou, to whom, in ancient time
 The holy prophet's harp was strung;
 To thee, at last, in every clime,
 Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

John Pierpont.

34 C. M.
The Thought of God.

O HOW the thought of God attracts
 And draws the heart from earth,
 And sickens it of passing shows
 And dissipating mirth.

- 2 'Tis not enough to save our souls,
 To shun the eternal fires:
 The thought of God will rouse the heart
 To more sublime desires.
- 3 God only is the creature's home,
 Though rough and strait the road;
 Yet nothing less can satisfy
 The love that longs for God.

- 4 O utter but the name of God
 Down in your heart of hearts,
 And see how from the world at once
 All tempting light departs!

ADORATION.

5 A trusting heart, a yearning eye,
Can win their way above;
If mountains can be moved by faith,
Is there less power in love?

Frederick W. Faber.

35 H. M.
Parting—to Meet Again.

JESUS, accept the praise
That to thy name belongs;
Matter of all our lays,
Subject of all our songs;
Through thee we now together came,
And part exulting in thy name.

2 In flesh we part awhile,
But still in spirit joined,
To embrace the happy toil
Thou hast to each assigned;
And while we do thy blessed will,
We bear our heaven about us still.

3 O let us thus go on
In all thy pleasant ways,
And, armed with patience, run
With joy the appointed race.
Keep us and every seeking soul,
Till all attain the heavenly goal.

4 There we shall meet again,
When all our toils are o'er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more:
We shall with all our brethren rise,
And see thee in the flaming skies.

5 O happy, happy day,
That calls thy exiles home;
The heavens shall pass away,
The earth receive its doom:
Earth we shall view, and heaven, destroyed
And shout above the fiery void.

GOD.

6 Then let us wait the sound,
That shall our souls release;
And labor to be found
 Of him in spotless peace,
In perfect holiness renewed,
Adorned with Christ, and meet for God.
Charles Wesley.

36 *Tribute of Praise at Parting.* 7.

CHRISTIANS, brethren, ere we part
Every voice and every heart
Join and to our Father raise
One last hymn of grateful praise.

2 Though we here should meet no more,
Yet there is a brighter shore;
There released from toil and pain,
There we all may meet again.

3 Now to thee, thou God of heaven,
Be eternal glory given:
Grateful for thy love divine,
May our hearts be ever thine.

Henry Kirke White.

37 *God's Attributes.* C. M.

O GOD, thy power is wonderful,
Thy glory passing bright,
Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,
A rapture to the sight.

2 I see thee in the eternal years
In glory all alone,
Ere round thine uncreated fires
Created light had shone.

3 I see thee walk in Eden's shade,
I see thee all through time;
Thy patience and compassion seem
New attributes sublime.

ADORATION.

4 I see thee when the doom is o'er,
And outworn time is done,
Still, still incomprehensible,
O God, yet not alone.

5 Angelic spirits, countless souls,
Of thee have drunk their fill;
And to eternity will drink
Thy joy and glory still.

6 O little heart of mine! shall pain
Or sorrow make thee moan,
When all this God is all for thee,
A Father all thine own?

Frederick W. Faber.

38 8, 7.
Dismission.

L ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding.
Let our faith and love increase:
Fill each breast with consolation;
Up to thee our hearts we raise:
When we reach our blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.

Edwin Smythe.

39 8, 7, 4.
For the Fullness of Peace and Joy.

L ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace,
Let us each thy love possessing;
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

THE TRINITY.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
 Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

Walter Shirley.

THE TRINITY.

40 L. M. 61.
"Te Deum Laudamus."

INFINITE God, to thee we raise
 Our hearts in solemn songs of praise,
By all thy works on earth adored,
 We worship thee the common Lord;
The everlasting Father own,
 And bow our souls before thy throne.

2 God of the patriarchal race,
The ancient seers record thy praise;
The goodly apostolic band
 In highest joy and glory stand;
And all the saints and prophets join
 To extol thy majesty divine.

3 Head of the martyrs' noble host,
Of thee they justly make their boast;
The church to earth's remotest bounds,
Her heavenly Founder's praise resounds;
And strives with those around the throne,
 To hymn the mystic Three in One.

4 Father of endless majesty,
All might and love we render thee;
Thy true and only Son adore,
The same in dignity and power;
And God the Holy Ghost declare,
 The saints' eternal Comforter.

Charles Wesley.

41 *Joining with Angels.*

C. M.

A THOUSAND oracles divine
 Their common beams unite;
 That sinners may with angels join
 To worship God aright:

- 2 To praise a Trinity adored
 By all the hosts above;
 And one thrice-holy God and Lord
 Through endless ages love.
- 3 Triumphant host! they never cease
 To laud and magnify
 The Triune God of Holiness,
 Whose glory fills the sky.
- 4 Whose glory to this earth extends,
 When God himself imparts,
 And the whole Trinity descends
 Into our faithful hearts.
- 5 But God made flesh is wholly ours,
 And asks our nobler strain;
 The Father of celestial powers,
 The Friend of earth-born man!

*Charles Wesley.*42 *Veni, Creator.*

L. M. 61.

CREATOR, Spirit, by whose aid
 The world's foundations first were laid,
 Come visit every waiting mind,
 Come pour thy joys on human kind;
 From sin and sorrow set us free,
 And make thy temples worthy thee.

- 2 O Source of uncreated heat,
 The Father's promised Paraclete!
 Thrice holy Fount, immortal Fire,
 Our hearts with heavenly love inspire:
 Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
 To sanctify us while we sing.

THE TRINITY.

3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy!
Thou strength of his almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command
Refine and purge our earthly parts,
And stamp thine image on our hearts.

4 Create all new; our wills control,
Subdue the rebel in our soul;
Chase from our minds the subtle foe;
And peace, the fruit of faith, bestow:
And, lest again we go astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

5 Immortal honors, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Comforter, to thee!

John Dryden.

C. M.

43 *The Godhead Reconciled.*

COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in persons three;
Bring back the heavenly blessing lost
By all mankind and me.

2 Thy favor and thy nature too,
To me, to all restore;
Forgive, and after God renew,
And keep me evermore.

3 Eternal Sun of Righteousness,
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glories of thy face
Upon my heart to shine.

4 Light, in thy light, O may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove;
Revived, and cheered, and blest by thee,
The God of pardoning love.

ADORATION.

5 Lift up thy countenance serene,
And let thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconciled.

6 That all-comprising peace bestow
On me, through grace forgiven;
The joys of holiness below,
And then the joys of heaven.

Charles Wesley.

44

C. M.
Creator and Saviour.

HAIL, Father, Son, and Spirit great,
Before the birth of time
Enthroned in everlasting state,
JEHOVAH ELOHEIM!

2 A mystical plurality
We in the Godhead own,
Adoring One in Persons Three,
And Three in Nature One.

3 From thee our being we receive,
The creatures of thy grace;
And, raised out of the earth, we live
To sing our Maker's praise.

4 Thy powerful, wise, and loving mind
Did our creation plan;
And all the glorious Persons joined
To form thy favorite, man.

5 Again thou didst, in council met,
Thy ruined work restore,
Established in our first estate,
To forfeit it no more.

6 And when we rise in love renewed,
Our souls resemble thee;
An image of the Triune God,
To all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

THE TRINITY.

45

The Universal King.

H. M.

YOUNG men and maidens, raise
Your tuneful voices high;
Old men and children, praise
The Lord of earth and sky:
Him three in one, and one in three,
Extol to all eternity.

2 The universal King

Let all the world proclaim;
Let every creature sing
His attributes and name:

Him three in one, and one in three,
Extol to all eternity.

3 In his great name alone

All excellences meet,
Who sits upon the throne,
And shall forever sit:

Him three in one, and one in three,
Extol to all eternity.

4 Glory to God belongs;

Glory to God be given,
Above the noblest songs,
Of all in earth and heaven:

Him three in one, and one in three,
Extol to all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

46

One God in Three Persons.

C. M.

HAIL, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
One God in persons three;
Of thee we make our joyful boast,
And homage pay to thee.

2 Present alike in every place,

Thy Godhead we adore:

Beyond the bounds of time and space

Thou dwellest evermore.

ADORATION.

■ In wisdom infinite thou art,
Thine eye doth all things see;
And every thought of every heart
Is fully known to thee.

4 Thou lov'st whate'er thy hands have made;
Thy goodness we rehearse,
In shining characters displayed
Throughout the universe.

5 Wherefore let every creature give
To thee the praise designed;
But chiefly, Lord, the thanks receive,—
The hearts, of all mankind.

Charles Wesley.

47 *Praise to the Trinity.* 6, 4.

COME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing.
Help us to praise:
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall;
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made;
Our souls on thee be stayed;
Lord hear our call.

3 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success:
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

THE TRINITY.

4 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear

In this glad hour:
Thou who Almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,

Spirit of power.

5 To the great One and Three
Eternal praises be

Hence, evermore.
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity

Love and adore.

Charles Wesley.

L. M.

48

Lord's Prayer.

FATHER of all, whose powerful voice
Called forth this universal frame!

Whose mercies over all rejoice,

Through endless ages still the same:

Thou by thy word upholdest all;

Thy bounteous love to all is showed:
Thou hear'st thy every creature's call,

And fillest every mouth with good.

2 In heaven thou reign'st enthroned in light,

Nature's expanse before thee spread;

Earth, air, and sea, before thy sight,

And hell's deep gloom, are open laid:

Wisdom, and might, and love, are thine;

Prostrate before thy face we fall,

Confess thine attributes divine,

And hail thee sovereign Lord of all,

3 Thee sovereign Lord let all confess,

That moves in earth, or air, or sky;

Revere thy power, thy goodness bless,

Tremble before thy piercing eye:

All ye, who owe to him your birth,

In praise your every hour employ:

Jehovah reigns! be glad, O earth;

And shout, ye morning stars, for joy.

ADORATION.

49

SECOND PART.

SON of thy Sire's eternal love,
Take to thyself thy mighty power,
Let all earth's sons thy mercy prove,
 Let all thy bleeding grace adore:
The triumphs of thy love display;
 In every heart reign thou alone,
Till all thy foes confess thy sway,
 And glory ends what grace begun.

2 Spirit of grace, and health, and power,
 Fountain of light and love below;
Abroad thy healing influence shower,
 O'er all the nations let it flow:
Inflame our hearts with perfect love,
 In us the work of faith fulfill;
So not heaven's host shall swifter move,
 Than we on earth, to do thy will.

3 Father, 'tis thine each day to yield
 Thy children's wants a fresh supply,
To clothe the lilies of the field,
 And hear young ravens when they cry:
On thee we cast our care; we live
 Through thee, who know'st our every need;
O feed us with thy grace, and give
 Our souls this day the living bread!

50

THIRD PART.

ETERNAL, spotless Lamb of God,
Before the world's foundation slain,
Sprinkle us ever with thy blood;
 O cleanse, and keep us ever clean!
To every soul (all praise to thee!)
 Our hearts in deep compassion move;
And all mankind by this may see
 God is in us; for God is love.

THE FATHER.

2 Giver and Lord of life, whose power
And guardian care for all are free,
To thee in fierce temptation's hour,
From sin and Satan let us flee:
Thine, Lord, we are, and ours thou art,
In us be all thy goodness showed;
Renew, enlarge, and fill our heart
With peace, and joy, and heaven, and God.

3 Blessing and honor, praise and love,
Co-equal, co-eternal Three,
In earth below, in heaven above,
By all thy works, be paid to thee!
Thrice Holy! thine the kingdom is,
The power omnipotent is thine;
And when created nature dies,
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

John Wesley.

THE FATHER.

C. M.

51 *The Author of Every Good.*

FATHER, to thee my soul I lift;
My soul on thee depends;
Convinced that every perfect gift
From thee alone descends.

2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power and wisdom too;
Without the Spirit of thy Son,
We nothing good can do.

3 We cannot speak one useful word,
One holy thought conceive,
Unless, in answer to our Lord,
Thyself the blessing give.

4 His blood demands the purchased grace:
His blood's availing plea
Obtained the help for all our race,
And sends it down to me.

ADORATION.

5 Thou all our works in us hast wrought;
Our good is all divine:
The praise of every virtuous thought,
And righteous word, is thine.

6 From thee, through Jesus, we receive
The power on thee to call,
In whom we are, and move, and live;
Our God is all in all.

Charles Wesley.

52

L. M.

Incomprehensibly Glorious.

GOD is a name my soul adores,
The almighty Three, the eternal One:
Nature and grace with all their powers,
Confess the Infinite Unknown.

2 Thy voice produced the sea and spheres;
Bade the waves roar, the planets shine;
But nothing like thyself appears
Through all these spacious works of thine.

3 Still restless nature dies and grows;
From change to change the creatures run;
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.

4 A glance of thine runs through the globe,
Rules the bright worlds, and moves their frame:
Of light thou form'st thy dazzling robe;
Thy ministers are living flame.

5 How shall polluted mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace?
Beneath thy feet we lie afar,
And see but shadows of thy face.

6 Who can behold the blazing light?
Who can approach consuming flame?
None but thy wisdom knows thy might;
None but thy word can speak thy name.

Isaac Watts.

THE FATHER.

53 L. M.
The Heavens Declare His Glory.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
The unwearied sun, from day to day
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty Hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What, though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark, terrestrial ball;
What, though no real voice nor sound
Amid the radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing as they shine,
The Hand that made us is divine.

Joseph Addison.

54 C. M.
Glory, Mercy, Grace.

FATHER, how wide thy glory shines;
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

2 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms:

ADORATION.

3 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor can a creature say,
Whether his justice or his grace
Shines with the brighter ray.

4 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

5. O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

Isaac Watts, alt'd.

THE SON.

55

Praise the Redeemer.

C. M.

0 FOR a thousand tongues to sing -
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and, list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

THE SON.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

Charles Wesley.

56 C. M.
Crown Him Lord of All.

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

Edward Perronet.

57 C. M.
Worshiping the Lamb.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne:
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.

ADORATION.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Isaac Watts.

58

The Heavenly Guest.

C. M.

COME, let us who in Christ believe,
Our common Saviour praise:
To him, with joyful voices, give
The glory of his grace.

2 He now stands knocking at the door
Of every sinner's heart:
The worst need keep him out no more,
Or force him to depart.

3 Through grace we hearken to thy voice,
Yield to be saved from sin;
In sure and certain hope rejoice,
That thou wilt enter in.

4 Come quickly in, thou heavenly Guest,
Nor ever hence remove;
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

Charles Wesley.

59

Tribute of Praise to the Saviour.

L. M.

JESUS, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept thy well deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

THE SON.

2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee:
Like the blest hour, when from above
We first received the pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day,
O may it ever, ever stay:
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold.

4 Let every moment as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts.

60 L. M.
His Supreme Divinity.

THE day of Christ, the day of God,
We humbly hope with joy to see,
Washed in the sanctifying blood
Of an incarnate Deity.

2 Who did for us his life resign:
There is no other God but one;
For all the plenitude divine
Resides in the eternal Son.

3 Spotless, sincere, without offence,
O may we to his day remain,
Who trust the blood of Christ to cleanse
Our souls from every sinful stain.

4 Lord, we believe the promise sure;
The purchased Comforter impart:
Apply thy blood to make us pure,
To keep us pure in life and heart.

Charles Wesley.

61 L. M.
Excellency of Christ's Religion.

LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessing in thy word.

ADORATION.

2 In vain our trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair our spirit breaks,
Till we apply to thee alone.

3 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind thy Gospel to my heart.

Isaac Watts.

62

Claiming the Promise.

S. M.

JESUS, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name.

2 Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove;
Thy name is life, and health, and peace.
And everlasting love.

3 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.

4 We meet the grace to take,
Which thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

5 Present we know thou art,
But O, thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
The mighty comfort feel.

THE SON.

6 O may thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love.

Charles Wesley.

63 S. M.
The Song of Moses and the Lamb.

A WAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Ye pilgrims, on the road
To Zion's city, sing;
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,
In Christ, the eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
To our eternal home.

5 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

William Hammond.

64 S. M.
Christ our Sacrifice.

NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away our stain.

ADORATION.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb
Takes all our sins away;
A Sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 Believing, we rejoice
To feel the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb, with cheerful voice,
And trust his bleeding love.

Isaac Watts.

65 *The Glory of His Kingdom* 7, 6.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

THE SON.

4 To him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever:
That name to us is Love.

James Montgomery.

66

C. M.

The Promised Blessing.

SEE, Jesus, thy disciples see;
The promised blessing give;
Met in thy name, we look to thee
Expecting to receive.

2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in thy name are joined;
We wait, according to thy word,
Thee in the midst to find.

3 With us thou art assembled here,
But O, thyself reveal;
Son of the living God, appear!
Let us thy presence feel.

4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live;
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
The Holy Ghost receive.

5 Whom now we seek, O may we meet,
Jesus, the crucified;
Show us thy bleeding hands and feet,
Thou who for us hast died.

6 Cause us the record to receive,
Speak, and the tokens show,
“O be not faithless, but believe
In me, who died for you.”

Charles Wesley.

ADORATION.

C. M.

67 *The Way, the Truth, and the Life.*

THOU art the Way: to thee alone,
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth: thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

George W. Doane.

68 *Love to Christ Crucified.* 8, 7.

I LOVE the holy Son of God,
Who once this vale of sorrow trod,
And bore our sins, a dreadful load,
On Calvary's sacred mountain;
There on the cross he mournful hung,
The sport of many an impious tongue,
While pains immense his nature wrung,
And streamed life's crimson fountain.

2 Ne'er was, nor shall be such distress,
Nor such amazing proof as this,
Of mercy, love and tenderness,
That our Redeemer's given;
Not one, among the hosts above,
Can comprehend the matchless love
Which did within his bosom move
And bring him down from heaven.

THE SON.

3 How ardent ought my love to be
For him who's done so much for me;
My service constant, faithful, free,
And all my powers employing;
I ought his cross with pleasure bear,
And place my all of glory there,
In his reproach most gladly share,
In tribulation joying.

4 And never shall it be concealed,
He hath himself in me revealed;
For all my sins a pardon sealed;
I feel his blessed favor;
In him I do and will rejoice,
I'll praise him with a cheerful voice,
Until the theme my tongue employs
In heaven above forever.

Rev. Asa Abel.

69 C. P. M. *Make His Praise Glorious.*

O COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

ADORATION.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

Samuel Medley.

C. P. M.

70 *I will Sing with the Spirit.*

JESUS, thou soul of all our joys,
For whom we now lift up our voice,
And all our strength exert,
Vouchsafe the grace we humbly claim,
Compose into a thankful frame,
And tune thy people's heart.

2 While in the heavenly work we join,
Thy glory be our whole design,
THY glory, not our own:
Still let us keep our end in view,
And still the pleasing task pursue,
To please our God alone.

3 The secret pride, the subtle sin,
O let it never more steal in,
To offend thy glorious eyes;
To desecrate our hallowed strain,
And make our solemn service vain,
And mar our sacrifice.

4 Still let us on our guard be found,
And watch against the power of sound,
With sacred jealousy;
Lest, haply, sense should damp our zeal,
And music's charms bewitch and steal
Our hearts away from thee.

5 That hurrying strife far off remove,
That noisy burst of selfish love,
Which swells the formal song;
May joy from out our hearts arise,
And speak and sparkle in our eyes,
And vibrate on our tongue.

THE SON.

6 Thee let us praise our common Lord,
And sweetly join with one accord

Thy goodness to proclaim:
Jesus, thyself in us reveal,
And all our faculties shall feel
Thy harmonizing name.

Charles Wesley.

71 L. M.
Jesus Everywhere Present.

JESUS, where'e: thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat:
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Dost dwell with those of humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And, going, take thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

William Cowper.

72 L. M.
Lift up our Hearts to Thee.

O CHRIST, who hast prepared a place
For us around thy throne of grace,
We pray thee, lift our hearts above,
And draw them with the cords of love.

2 Source of all good, thou, gracious Lord,
Art our exceeding great reward;
How transient is our present pain,
How boundless our eternal gain!

ADORATION.

3 With open face and joyful heart,
We then shall see thee as thou art:
Our love shall never cease to glow,
Our praise shall never cease to flow.

4 Thy never-failing grace to prove,
A surety of thine endless love,
Send down thy Holy Ghost, that he
May raise our longing souls to thee.

Santolius Victorinus. Tr by . Chandler.

L. M.

73

Abide with us.

SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near:
O may no earthborn cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of thine,
Has spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

John Keble.

THE SON.

74 L. M.
The Loving-Kindness of the Lord.

A WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from thee,
His loving-kindness, O how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, O how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, O how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, O how good!

5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

6 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

Samuel Medley.

75 10, 11.
Admiration for Infinite Love.

YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious; he rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh; his presence we have:
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascrib¹ salvation to Jesus our King.

ADORATION.

3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne;"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son:
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give him his right,
All glory and power, all wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

Charles Wesley

76 ^{8, 7.} *Casting our Crowns Before Him.*

"WE shall see him," in our nature,
Seated on his holy throne,
Loved, adored, by every creature,
Owned as God, and God alone!

2 There the hosts of shining spirits
Strike their harps, and loudly sing
To the praise of Jesus' merits,
To the glory of their King.

3 When we pass o'er death's dark river,
"We shall see him as he is,"
Resting in his love and favor,
Owning all the glory his.

4 There to cast our crowns before him,
O what bliss the thought affords!
There forever to adore him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords!

Unknown.

77 ^{8.} *Reign of Christ.*

ALL glory to God in the sky,
And peace upon earth be restored:
O Jesus, exalted on high,
Appear our omnipotent Lord!
Who, meanly in Bethlehem born,
Didst stoop to redeem a lost race,
Once more to thy creatures return,
And reign in thy kingdom of grace!

THE SON.

2 When thou in our flesh didst appear,
All nature acknowledged thy birth;
Arose the acceptable year,
And heaven was opened on earth:
Receiving its Lord from above,
The world was united to bless
The Giver of concord and love,
The Prince and the Author of peace.

3 O would'st thou again be made known,
Again in thy Spirit descend,
And set up, in each of thine own,
A kingdom that never shall end!
Thou only art able to bless,
And make the glad nations obey,
And bid the dire enmity cease,
And bow the whole world to thy sway.

4 Come then to thy servants again,
Who long thy appearing to know:
Thy quiet and peaceable reign
In mercy establish below:
All sorrow before thee shall fly,
And anger and hatred be o'er;
And envy and malice shall die,
And discord afflict us no more.

Charles Wesley.

78

Crown the Saviour.

8, 7, 4.

LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See the Man of sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to him shall bow:
Crown him, crown him;
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him:
Rich the trophies Jesus brings:
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
Crown him, crown him;
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

ADORATION.

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name:
 Crown him, crown him;
 Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station:
O what joy the sight affords!
 Crown him, crown him,
 King of kings, and Lord of lords.

Thomas Kelly.

INCARNATION OF CHRIST.

79

L. M.

Christ for Me.

JESUS, whom angel hosts adore,
 Became a man of griefs for me:
In love, though rich, becoming poor,
 That I through him enriched might be.

2 Though Lord of all, above, below,
 He went to Olivet for me:
There drank my cup of wrath and woe,
 When bleeding in Gethsemane.

3 The ever-blessed Son of God
 Went up to Calvary for me;
There paid my debt, there bore my load,
 In his own body on the tree.

4 Jesus, whose dwelling is the skies,
 Went down into the grave for me;
There overcame my enemies,
 There won the glorious victory.

5 'Tis finished all: the vail is rent,
 The welcome sure, the access free:—
Now then, we leave our banishment,
 O Father, to return to thee!

H. Bonar.

80 C. M.
Glory to God in the Highest.

MORTALS, awake, with angels join
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine,
To hail the auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And did the notes inspire.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy, was new,—
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky
The impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song:
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
The harmonious heavenly throng.

6 With joy the chorus we repeat,
"Glory to God on high!"
Good-will and peace are now complete,
Jesus was born to die.

7 Hail, Prince of Life, forever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

Samuel Medley.

81 C. M.
Design and Object of His Advent.

HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour, promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

ADORATION.

2 He comes, the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppressed with night
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The wounded soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of his grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

P. Dodridge.

82

C. M.

Joy to the World.

JOY to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

Isaac Watts.

INCARNATION OF CHRIST.

83 L. M.
Prophet, Priest, and King.

TO US a child, of royal birth,
End of the promises, is given;
The Invisible appears on earth,
The Son of man, the God of heaven.

2 A Saviour born, in love supreme,
He comes, our fallen souls to raise;
He comes, his people to redeem,
With all his plenitude of grace.

3 The Christ, by raptured seers foretold,
Filled with the Holy Spirit's power,
Prophet, and Priest, and King, behold;
And Lord of all the world adore.

4 The Lord of hosts, the God most high,
Who quits his throne, on earth to live,
With joy we welcome from the sky,
With faith into our hearts receive.

Charles Wesley.

84 L. M.
Star of Bethlehem.

WHEN, marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

ADORATION.

5 It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And, through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever; and for evermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem.

Henry Kirke White.

7.

85 *The Sun of Righteousness.*

HARK! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled.

2 Joyful all ye nations rise,—
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With angelic hosts proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail, incarnate Deity.

4 Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

5 Come, Desire of nations, come!
Fix in us thy humble home;
Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in thy love.

Charles Wesley.

86

The Star in the East.

11, 10.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid,
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.

INCARNATION OF CHRIST.

2 Cold, on his cradle, the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour, of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

R. Heber.

ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:

Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born king.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing;

Yonder shines the infant light:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born king.

3. Sages, leave your contemplations.

3 Sages, leave your contemplation;
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star:

Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born king.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,

In his temple shall appear:

Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born king.

ADORATION.

5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you,—break your chains:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born king.

James Montgomery.

88 ^{8, 7.} *Peace on earth—good-will to Men.*

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
Glory in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God most high!

3 Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found:
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven!
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest and King.

5 Hasten, mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
Glory be to God most high.

J. Cawood.

LIFE AND DEATH OF CHRIST.

89 ^{C. M.} *God Manifested in the Flesh.*

WITH glorious clouds encompassed round,
Whom angels dimly see,
Will the Unsearchable be found,
Or God appear to me?

LIFE AND DEATH OF CHRIST.

2 Will he forsake his throne above,
Himself to worms impart?
Answer, thou Man of grief and love,
And speak it to my heart.

3 In manifested love explain
Thy wonderful design;
What meant the suffering Son of man,
The streaming blood divine?

4 Did thou not in our flesh appear,
And live and die below,
That I might now perceive thee near,
And my Redeemer know?

5 Might view the Lamb in his own light,
Whom angels dimly see;
And gaze, transported at the sight,
To all eternity?

Charles Wesley.

90

C. M.

His Amazing Love.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of peace
Beheld our helpless grief:
He saw, and (O, amazing love!)
He flew to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O for his love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

ADORATION.

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest note,
His love can ne'er be told.

Isaac Watts.

L. M.

91

Christ in Gethsemane.

'TIS midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone:
'Tis midnight; in the garden now,
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
E'en that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

William B. Tappan.

C. M.

92

He Died for Thee.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree.
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee.

2 Hark! how he groans while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend:
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid!
Receive my soul! he cries:
See where he bows his sacred head;
He bows his head, and dies.

LIFE AND DEATH OF CHRIST.

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine?

S. Wesley.

93

Godly Sorrow at the Cross.

C. M.

A LAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
A And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker died,
For man, the creature's sin.
4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.
5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

Isaac Watts.

94

The Hidings of the Father's Face.

L. M.

FROM Calvary a cry was heard,
A bitter and heart-rending cry
My Saviour! every mournful word
Bespeaks thy soul's deep agony.
2 A horror of great darkness fell
On thee, thou spotless, holy One!
And all the swarming hosts of hell
Conspired to tempt God's only Son.

ADORATION.

3 The scourge, the thorns, the deep disgrace,
These thou couldst bear, nor once repine;
But when Jehovah veiled his face,
Unutterable pangs were thine.
4 Let the dumb world its silence break;
Let pealing anthems rend the sky;
Awake, my sluggish soul, awake!
He died, that we might never die.
5 Lord! on thy cross I fix mine eye:
If e'er I lose its strong control,
O, let that dying, piercing cry,
Melt and reclaim my wand'ring soul.

J. W. Cunningham.

L. M.

95 *Glorying Only in the Cross.*

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts.

S. M.

96 *The Water and the Blood.*

THIS, this is he that came,
By water and by blood;
Jesus is our atoning Lamb,
Our sanctifying God.

2 See from his wounded side
The mingled current flow;
The water and the blood applied
Shall wash us white as snow.

3 The water cannot cleanse,
Before the blood we feel,
To purge the guilt of all our sin,
And our forgiveness seal.

4 But both in Jesus join,
Who speaks our sins forgiven,
And gives the purity divine
That makes us meet for heaven.

Charles Wesley.

97 L. M. 6 L
His Universal, Everlasting Love.

WOULD Jesus have the sinner die?
Why hangs he then on yonder tree?
What means that strange expiring cry?
(Sinners, he prays for you and me;)
“Forgive them, Father, O forgive!
They know not that by me they live.”

2 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
Thee, by thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame
Thy cross and passion on the tree,
Thy precious death and life—I pray,
Take all, take all my sins away.

3 O let me kiss thy bleeding feet,
And bathe and wash them with my tears;
The story of thy love repeat
In every drooping sinner’s ears;
That all may hear the quickening sound,
Since I, even I, have mercy found!

4 O let thy love my heart constrain!
Thy love, for every sinner free,
That every fallen son of man
May taste the grace that found out me;
That all mankind with me may prove
Thy sovereign, everlasting love.

63 *Charles Wesley.*

Love Divine.

O LOVE divine, what hast thou done!
 The incarnate God hath died for me!
 The Father's co-eternal Son,
 Bore all my sins upon the tree!
 The Son of God for me hath died:
 My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,
 The bleeding Prince of life and peace!
 Come sinners, see your Saviour die,
 And say, was ever grief like his?
 Come, feel with me his blood applied:
 My Lord, my Love, is crucified:

3 Is crucified for me and you,
 To bring us rebels back to God:
 Believe, believe the record true,
 Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood:
 Pardon for all flows from his side:
 My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
 And gladly catch the healing stream,
 All things for him account but loss,
 And give up all our hearts to him:
 Of nothing think or speak beside,—
 My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

Charles Wesley.

It is Finished.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary;
 See! it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky;
 “It is finished;”
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.

RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

2 It is finished! O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.

It is finished:
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name;

It is finished:
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

J. Evans.

RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

100

7.

If we Suffer with Him we shall Reign with Him.

CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens, thou earth, reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

ADORATION.

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Follow our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Charles Wesley.

101

Dying, Rising, Reigning.

L. M.

H E dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground:
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groaned beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree:
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But lo! what sudden joys we see;
Jesus, the dead, revives again.
The rising God forsakes the tomb;
In vain the tomb forbids his rise;
Cherubic legions guard him home
And shout him welcome to the skies.

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains:
Say, "Live forever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save;"
Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting?
And, Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

Isaac Watts, alt'd by John Wesley.

102

Glory to Glory's King.

H. M.

G OD is gone up on high,
With a triumphant noise,
The legions of the sky
Proclaim the highest joys.
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

2 All power to our great Lord
Is by the Father given;
By angel hosts adored,
He reigns supreme in heaven:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

3 High on his holy seat,
He bears the righteous sway;
His foes beneath his feet
Shall sink and die away:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

4 Till all the earth renewed
In righteousness divine,
With all the hosts of God,
In one great chorus join,
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

Charles Wesley.

103 L. M. *The King of Glory.*

OUR Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky:
There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

2 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right;
Receive the King of glory in!
Who is the King of glory? Who?
The Lord, that all our foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name,

ADORATION.

3 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates:
Ye everlasting doors, give way!
Who is the King of glory? Who?
The Lord, of glorious power possess'd;
The King of saints and angels too;
God over all, forever blest!

Charles Wesley.

104

The Voice of Triumph.

10, 11, 12.

1IFT your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen and man shall not die;
Vain were the terrors that gathered around him,
And short the dominion of death and the grave;
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound
him,
Resplendent in glory, to live and to save:
Loud was the chorus of angels on high,
The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not die.

2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy;
The being he gave us death cannot destroy:
Sad were the life we may part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death were
our end;
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend:
Lift then your voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

H. Ware, Jr.

105

Jesus, Victor over Death.

8, 7, 4.

COME, ye saints, look here and wonder;
See the place where Jesus lay:
He has burst his bands asunder;
He has borne our sins away;
Joyful tidings!
Yes, the Lord has risen to-day.

INTERCESSION OF CHRIST.

2 Jesus triumphs! sing ye praises;
By his death he overcame:
Thus the Lord his glory raises,
Thus he fills his foes with shame:
Sing ye praises!
Praises to the Victor's name.

3 Jesus triumphs! countless legions
Come from heaven to meet their King;
Soon, in yonder blessed regions,
They shall join his praise to sing:
Songs eternal
Shall through heaven's high arches ring.
Thomas Kelly.

INTERCESSION OF CHRIST.

106 C. M. *King of Kings and Lord of Lords.*

THE head that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

■ The highest place that heaven affords,
Is to our Jesus given;
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns o'er earth and heaven.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know,

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above;
Their everlasting joy to know
The mystery of his love.

Thomas Kelly.

107

Our Ever-present Guide.

C. M.

JESUS, the Lord of glory, died,
 That we might never die;
 And now he reigns supreme, to guide
 His people to the sky.

2 Weak though we are, he still is near,
 To lead, console, defend;
 In all our sorrow, all our fear,
 Our all-sufficient Friend.

3 From his high throne in bliss, he deigns
 Our every prayer to heed;
 Bears with our folly, soothes our pains,
 Supplies our every need.

4 And from his love's exhaustless spring,
 Joys like a river come,
 To make the desert bloom and sing,
 O'er which we travel home.

5 O Jesus, there is none like thee,
 Our Saviour and our Lord;
 Through earth and heaven exalted be,
 Beloved, obeyed, adored.

B. W. Wood.

108

Christ's Compassion for the Tempted.

C. M.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
 Of our High Priest above;
 His heart is made of tenderness,
 And yearns with pitying love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within
 He knows our feeble frame;
 He knows what sore temptations mean,
 For he hath felt the same.

3 He in the days of feeble flesh
 Poured out his cries and tears;
 And, though exalted, feels afresh
 What every member bears.

INTERCESSION OF CHRIST.

4 He'll never quench the smoking flax
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

Isaac Watts.

109 L. M.
The Great Antetype.

1 THOU whose offering on the tree
The legal offerings all foreshowed,
Borrowed their whole effect from thee,
And drew their virtue from thy blood:

2 The blood of goats and bullocks slain,
Could never for one sin atone;
To purge the guilty offerer's stain,
Thine was the work, and thine alone.

3 These feeble types and shadows old,
Are all in thee, the Truth, fulfilled:
We in thy sacrifice behold
The substance of those rites revealed.

4 Thy meritorious sufferings past,
We see by faith to us brought back;
And, on thy grand oblation cast,
Its saving benefits partake.

Charles Wesley.

110 L. M.
An Advocate with the Father.

1 JESUS, my Advocate above,
My Friend before the throne of love,
If now for me prevails thy prayer,
If now I find thee pleading there,

2 If thou the secret wish convey,
And sweetly prompt my heart to pray,
Hear, and my weak petitions join,
Almighty Advocate, to thine.

ADORATION.

3 Jesus, my heart's desire obtain;
My earnest suit present, and gain:
My fullness of corruption show;
The knowledge of myself bestow.

4 Save me from death; from hell set free;
Death, hell, are but the want of thee:
My life, my only heaven thou art;
O might I feel thee in my heart.

Charles Wesley.

111 L. M.
Because He Liveth I shall Live also.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
What joy the blest assurance gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead;
He lives, my everlasting Head!

2 He lives, to bless me with his love;
He lives, to plead for me above;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
He lives, to help in time of need.

3 He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives, my mansion to prepare;
He lives, to bring me safely there.

4 He lives, all glory to his name;
He lives, my Saviour still the same;
What joy the blest assurance gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives.

Samuel Medley.

112 L. M. 61.
Priesthood of Christ.

ENTERED the holy place above,
Covered with meritorious scars,
The tokens of his dying love,
Our great High Priest in glory bears;
He pleads his passion on the tree,
He shows himself to God for me.

INTERCESSION OF CHRIST.

2 Before the throne my Saviour stands,
My Friend and Advocate appears;
My name is graven on his hands,
And him the Father always hears;
While low at Jesus' cross I bow,
He hears the blood of sprinkling now.

3 This instant now I may receive
The answer of his powerful prayer:
This instant now by him I live,
His prevalence with God declare;
His prevalence and power shall prove
My theme in realms of endless love.

Charles Wesley.

113 L. M. *Fullness and Sufficiency of the Atonement.*

JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress:
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me; e'en me to atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
Forever doth for sinners plead,
For me, e'en for my soul, was shed.

5 Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

N. L. Zinzendorf. Tr. by J. Wesley.

ADORATION.

114

S. M.

Intercourse between Earth and Heaven.

R EDEEMER of mankind!
Who on thy name rely,
A constant intercourse we find
Opened 'twixt earth and sky.

2 Mercy, and grace, and peace,
Descend through thee alone;
And thou dost all our services
Present before the throne.

3 On us the Father's love
Is for thy sake bestowed;
Thou art our Advocate above,
Thou art our way to God.

4 Our way to God we trace;
And, through thy name forgiven,
From step to step, from grace to grace,
By thee ascend to heaven.

Charles Wesley.

115

H. M.

Our Great High Priest.

S EE where our great High Priest
Before the Lord appears,
And on his loving breast
The tribes of Israel bears:
Never without his people seen,
The Head of all believing men.

2 With him, the Corner-stone,
The living stones conjoin;
Christ and his Church are one,
One body and one vine;
For us he uses all his powers,
And all he has, or is, is ours.

3 The path of Christ our Head
The members all pursue,
By his good Spirit led
To act and suffer too:
Like him, the toil, the cross, sustain,
Till, glorious all, like him we reign

74 *Charles Wesley.*

INTERCESSION OF CHRIST.

116 H. M.
Praises to our Prophet, Priest and King.

JOIN all the glorious names
 Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
 Or angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set the Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of our God,
 Our tongues shall bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
 Of our salvation came,
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
 Has shed his blood and died;
The guilty conscience needs
 No sacrifice beside:
His precious blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

4 O thou almighty Lord,
 Our Conqueror and King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
 Thy reigning grace we sing:
Thine is the power; behold we sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.

Isaac Watts.

117 8, 7.
Our Paschal Lamb.

HAIL, thou once despised Jesus!
 Hail, thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
 Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
 Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favor;
 Life is given through thy name.

ADORATION.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid:
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made with man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare:
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits;
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

J. Bakewell.

118 *His Speaking Blood.* 8, 7.

FATHER, hear the blood of Jesus,
Speaking in thine ears above:
From impending wrath release us;
Manifest thy pardoning love.

2 O receive us to thy favor,
For his only sake receive;
Give us to the bleeding Saviour,
Let us by his dying live.

3 To thy pardoning grace receive them,—
Once he prayed upon the tree;
Still his blood cries out— Forgive them;
All their sins were laid on me.

OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

4 Still our Advocate in heaven,
Prays the prayer on earth begun,
Father, show their sins forgiven;
Father, glorify thy Son!

Charles Wesley.

OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

119

C. M.

Life, Light and Love.

ENTHRONED on high, Almighty Lord,
The Holy Ghost send down;
Fulfill in us thy faithful word,
And all thy mercies crown.

2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,
Thy Spirit in our heart.

3 Spirit of life, and light, and love,
Thy heavenly influence give,
Quicken our souls, our guilt remove,
That we in Christ may live.

4 To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of his grace,
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of his face.

5 His love within us shed abroad,
Life's ever-springing well;
Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell.

T. Haweis.

120

C. M.

Witnessing with our Spirits.

ETERNAL Spirit! God of truth!
Our contrite hearts inspire;
Kindle a flame of heavenly love,
The pure celestial fire.

ADORATION.

2 'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing,
With guilt and fear oppressed;
'Tis thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.

3 Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be;
That we, in singleness of heart,
May worship only thee.

4 Then with our spirits witness bear,
That we are sons of God;
Redeemed from sin, and death, and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

T. Cotterill.

121 *The Promised Comforter.* L. M.

L ORD, we believe to us and ours
The apostolic promise given;
We wait the pentecostal powers,
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

2 Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promised grace,
The purchase of our dying Lord;
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.

3 If every one that asks may find,
If still thou dost on sinners fall,
Come as a mighty rushing wind;
Great grace be now upon us all.

4 Ah! leave us not to mourn below,
Or long for thy return to pine;
Now, Lord, the Comforter bestow,
And fix in us the Guest divine.

Charles Wesley.

122 *His Universal Diffusion.* L. M.

O N ALL the earth thy Spirit shower;
The earth in righteousness renew;
Thy kingdom come, and hell's o'erpower,
And to thy sceptre all subdue.

OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

2 Like mighty winds, or torrents fierce,
Let him opposers all o'errun;
And every law of sin reverse,
That faith and love may make all one.
3 Yea, let him, Lord, in every place
His richest energy declare;
While lovely tempers, fruits of grace,
The kingdom of thy Christ prepare.
4 Grant this, O holy God and true;
The ancient seers thou didst inspire;
To us perform the promise due,
Descend, and crown us now with fire.

H. Moore. Alt. by J. Wesley.

L. M.

123 *The Plenitude of His Grace and Power.*

0 SPIRIT of the living God,
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.
2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.
3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion—order, in thy path;
Souls without strength, inspire with might,
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.

J. Montgomery.

L. M.

124 *Come, Creator Spirit.*

0 COME, Creator Spirit blest!
Within these souls of thine to rest;
Come, with thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which thou hast made.

ADORATION.

2 Come, Holy Spirit, now descend!
Most blessed gift which God can send;
Thou Fire of love, and Fount of life!
Consume our sins, and calm our strife.

3 With patience firm and purpose high,
The weakness of our flesh supply;
Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love.

4 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us thy true peace instead;
So shall we not, with thee to guide,
Turn from the paths of life aside.

Gregory the Great.

125 *The Day of Pentecost.* S. M.

L ORD God, the Holy Ghost!
I n this accepted hour,
A s on the day of Pentecost,
D escend in all thy power.

2 We meet with one accord
I n our appointed place,
A nd wait the promise of our Lord,
T he Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
U pon the waves beneath,
M ove with one impulse every mind;
O ne soul, one feeling breathe.

4 The young, the old, inspire
W ith wisdom from above;
A nd give us hearts and tongues of fire,
T o pray, and praise, and love.

5 Spirit of light, explore,
A nd chase our gloom away,
W ith lustre shining more and more,
U nto the perfect day.

OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

6 Spirit of truth, be thou
In life and death, our guide;
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified.

J. Montgomery.

126 S. M.
Imploring His Guidance.

COME, Spirit, Source of light;
C Thy grace is unconfined;
Dispel the gloomy shades of night;
The darkness of the mind.

2 Now to our eyes display
The truth thy words reveal;
Cause us to run the heavenly way,
Delighting in thy will.

3 Thy teachings make us know
The mysteries of thy love,
The vanity of things below,
The joy of things above.

4 While through this maze we stray,
O spread thy beams abroad;
Point out the dangers of the way,
And guide our steps to God.

B. Beddome.

127 L. M. 6 I.
Receive ye the Holy Ghost.—John xx: 22.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
C And lighten with celestial fire;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart:
Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

2 Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight;
Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of thy grace;
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where thou art guide, no ill can come.

ADORATION.

3 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And thee, of both, to be but one;
That through the ages all along,
This, this may be our endless song:
Praise to thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

Gregory the Great. Tr. by J. Cosin.

128

Let there be Light.

L. M. 61.

EXPAND thy wings, celestial Dove,
E And, brooding o'er our nature's night,
Call forth the ray of heavenly love,
And let there in our souls be light;
Illuminate the dark abyss
With glorious beams of endless bliss.

2 Let there be light, again command,
And light there in our hearts shall be;
We then, through faith, shall understand
Thy great mysterious majesty;
And, by the shining of thy grace,
Behold in Christ thy glorious face.

Charles Wesley.

129

Rejoicing in the Fulfillment of the Promise.

H. M.

SINNERS, lift up your hearts,
S The promise to receive;
Jesus himself imparts,
He comes in man to live:
The Holy Ghost to man is given;
Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.

2 Jesus is glorified,
And gives the Comforter,
His Spirit, to reside
In all his members here;
The Holy Ghost to man is given;
Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.

OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

3 To make an end of sin,
And Satan's works destroy,
He brings his kingdom in,
Peace, righteousness, and joy:
The Holy Ghost to man is given;
Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.

4 From heaven he shall once more
Triumphantly descend,
And all his saints restore
To joys that never end:
Then, then, when all our joys are given,
Rejoice in God, rejoice in heaven.

Charles Wesley.

130 *Earnest of Eternal Rest.* 7.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me;
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

J. Stocker.

131 *The Source of Consolation.* 8, 7.

HOLY Ghost! dispel our sadness;
Pierce the clouds of nature's night;
Come, thou Source of joy and gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.

ADORATION.

2 From the height which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend,
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send.

3 Hear, O hear our supplication,
Blessed Spirit! God of peace!
Rest upon this congregation
With the fullness of thy grace.

4 Author of our new creation,
May we all thine influence prove:
Make our souls thy habitation,
Shed abroad the Saviour's love

5 Source of sweetest consolation,
Breathe thy peace on all below;
Bless, O bless this congregation;
On each soul thy grace bestow!

P. Gerhardt. Alt. by Toplady.

132

7.

The Spirit Enlightening, Cleansing, Healing.

HOLY Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

A. Reed.

133

Guide and Comforter.

8, 7.

HOLY Spirit! Fount of blessing,
 Ever watchful, ever kind;
 Thy celestial aid possessing,
 Prisoned souls deliverance find.
 Seal of truth, and bond of union,
 Source of light, and flame of love,
 Symbol of divine communion,
 In the olive-bearing dove;

2 Heavenly Guide from paths of error,
 Comforter of minds distressed,
 When the billows fill with terror,
 Pointing to an ark of rest:
 Promised Pledge! eternal Spirit!
 Greater than all gifts below,
 May our hearts thy grace inherit;
 May our lips thy glories show.

T. J. Judkin.

134

Dwell in Us.

6, 6, 7, 7, 6, 7.

ETERNAL Spirit, come
 Into thy meanest home:
 From thy high and holy place,
 Where thou dost in glory reign,
 Stoop, in condescending grace,
 Stoop to the poor heart of man.

2 For thee our hearts we lift,
 And wait the heavenly gift:
 Giver, Lord of life divine,
 To our dying souls appear,
 Grant the grace for which we pine,
 Give thyself, the Comforter.

3 Our ruined souls repair,
 And fix thy mansion there:
 Claim us for thy constant shrine,
 All thy glorious self reveal,
 Life, and power, and love divine,
 God in us for ever dwell.

85 Charles Wesley.

ADORATION.

135 *Invocation of the Holy Spirit.*

6, 4.

COME, Holy Ghost, in love,
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray!
Divinely good thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart:
O come to-day!

2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us, this hour!

3 Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast;
We know no dawn but thine,
Send forth thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest!

4 Come, all the faithful bless;
Let all who Christ confess
His praise employ:
Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy!

Robert II., King of France. Tr. by R. Palmer.

SALVATION NEEDED BY ALL MANKIND.

136 *The Voice that Wakes the Dead.* C. M.

THOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes
Our inmost thoughts perceive,
Accept the grateful sacrifice
Which now to thee we give.

2 We bow before thy gracious throne,
And think ourselves sincere:

But show us, Lord, is every one
Thy real worshiper?

3 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
Nor feels his need of thee,

A stranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree?

4 Convince him now of unbelief;
His desperate state explain;

And fill his heart with sacred grief,
And penitential pain.

5 Speak, with that voice that wakes the dead,
And bids the sleeper rise;

And bid his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

Charles Wesley.

137 *The Hammer of God's Word.* C. M.

COME, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.

SALVATION NEEDED.

2 O that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn;
And turn at once from every sin,
And to the Saviour turn.

3 Give us ourselves and thee to know,
In this our gracious day;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.

4 Convince us first of unbelief,
And freely then release;
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.

Charles Wesley.

C. M.

138 *No Peace to the Wicked.*

SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
'Tis mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by his sacred word
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest
You live, devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell:
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?

4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reach eternal woe.

5 But he that turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace:
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.

6 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

139 C. M.
Sin Kills Beyond the Tomb.

VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear;
 Repent, thine end is nigh;
 Death, at the farthest, can't be far:
 O think before thou die.

2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save;
 Thy sins, how high they mount!
 What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
 How stands that dark account?

3 Death enters, and there's no defence;
 His time there's none can tell;
 He'll in a moment call thee hence,
 To heaven, or down to hell.

4 Thy flesh (perhaps thy greatest care)
 Shall into dust consume;
 But, ah! destruction stops not there;
 Sin kills beyond the tomb.

J. Hart.

140 C. M.
Boast not Thyself of To-morrow.

WHY should we boast of time to come,
 Though but a single day?
 This hour may fix our final doom,
 Though strong, and young, and gay.

2 The present we should now redeem;
 This only is our own;
 The past, alas! is all a dream;
 The future is unknown.

3 O, think what vast concerns depend
 Upon a moment's space,
 When life and all its cares shall end
 In vengeance or in grace!

4 O for that power which melts the heart,
 And lifts the soul on high,
 Where sin, and grief, and death depart,
 And pleasures never die.

5 There we with ecstasy shall fall
 Before Immanuel's feet;
 And hail him as our All in all,
 In happiness complete.

M. Wilkes.

141 C M.
Warnings from the Grave.

BENEATH our feet, and o'er our head,
 Is equal warning given;
 Beneath us lie the countless dead,
 Above us is the heaven.

2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
 And lurks in every flower;
 Each season has its own disease,
 Its peril every hour.

3 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
 Of youth's soft cheek decay,
 And fate descend in sudden night
 On manhood's middle day.

4 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
 Halt feebly to the tomb;
 And shall earth still our hearts engage,
 And dreams of days to come?

5 Turn, mortal, turn; thy danger know:
 Where'er thy foot can tread,
 The earth rings hollow from below,
 And warns thee by her dead.

6 Turn, mortal, turn; thy soul apply
 To truths divinely given:
 The dead who underneath thee lie,
 Shall live for hell or heaven.

R. Heber.

142 C M.
Fear of Hell.

TERRIBLE thought! shall I alone,
 Who may be saved, shall I,
 Of all, alas! whom I have known,
 Through sin forever die?

BY ALL MANKIND.

2 While all my old companions dear,
With whom I once did live,
Joyful at God's right hand appear,
A blessing to receive:

3 Shall I, amidst a ghastly band,
Dragged to the judgment-seat,
Far on the left with horror stand,
My fearful doom to meet?

4 Ah! no; I still may turn and live,
For still his wrath delays;
He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve,
And offers me his grace.

5 I will accept his offers now,
From every sin depart,
Perform my oft-repeated vow,
And render him my heart.

6 I will improve what I receive,
The grace through Jesus given;
Sure, if with God on earth I live,
To live with God in heaven.

Charles Wesley.

L. M.

143 *The Accepted Time.*

WHILE God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound.
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

2 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

3 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

4 Now God invites; how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

SALVATION NEEDED.

144

Strait is the Gate.

L. M.

BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there ■ traveler.

2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain the heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Shall be esteemed no more a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all our hopes be vain:
Create my heart entirely new:
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false professors never knew.

Isaac Watts.

145

The Dead and the Living.

L. M.

WHERE are the dead? In heaven or hell
Their disembodied spirits dwell;
Their perished forms, in bonds of clay,
Reserved until the judgment day.

2 Where are the living? On the ground
Where prayer is heard and mercy found;
Where, in the compass of a span,
The mortal makes the immortal man.

3 Then, timely warned, let us begin
To follow Christ and flee from sin;
Daily grow up in him our Head,
Lord of the living and the dead.

James Montgomery.

146 S. M.
The Horrors of the Second Death.

O WHERE shall rest be found,
 Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
 Or pierce to either pole.
2 The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
 Nor all of death to die.
3 Beyond this vale of tears
 There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
 And all that life is love.
4 There is a death, whose pang
 Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O what eternal horrors hang
 Around the second death!
5 Thou God of truth and grace!
 Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banished from thy face,
 Forever more undone.

James Montgomery.

147 S. M.
To-day the Accepted Time.

NOW is the accepted time,
 Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
 And seek the Saviour's face.
2 Now is the accepted time,
 The Saviour calls to-day:
To-morrow it may be too late,
 Then why should you delay?
3 Now is the accepted time,
 The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
 Declares there yet is room.

J. Dobell.

148 *The Momentous Question.*

C. P. M.

AND am I only born to die?
 And must I suddenly comply
 With nature's stern decree?
 What after death for me remains?
 Celestial joys, or hellish pains,
 To all eternity.

2 How then ought I on earth to live,
 While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
 And props the house of clay?
 My sole concern, my single care,
 To watch, and tremble, and prepare
 Against that fatal day.

3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
 For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
 If life so soon is gone;
 If now the Judge is at the door,
 And all mankind must stand before
 The inexorable throne!

4 No matter which my thoughts employ,
 A moment's misery or joy;
 But, O! when both shall end,
 Where shall I find my destined place?
 Shall I my everlasting days
 With fiends or angels spend?

5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
 But how I may escape the death
 That never, never dies!
 How make mine own election sure;
 And when I fail on earth, secure
 A mansion in the skies.

6 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray;
 Be thou my Guide, be thou my Way
 To glorious happiness.
 Ah! write the pardon on my heart;
 And whenso'er I hence depart,
 Let me depart in peace.

Charles Wesley.

149 *The Danger of Delay.*

7.

HASTEN, sinner, to be wise!
 Stay not for the morrow's sun:
 Wisdom if you still despise,
 Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore!
 Stay not for the morrow's sun,
 Lest thy season should be o'er
 Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
 Stay not for the morrow's sun,
 Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
 Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
 Stay not for the morrow's sun,
 Lest perdition thee arrest
 Ere the morrow is begun.

*J. Scott.*150 *What Sin hath Done.*

7, 61.

HEARTS of stone, relent, relent!
 Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
 See his body mangled, rent,
 Stained and covered with his blood!
 Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
 Crucified the eternal Son.

2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed;
 Driven the nails that fixed him there,
 Crowned with thorns his sacred head;
 Plunged into his side the spear;
 Made his soul a sacrifice,
 While for sinful man he dies.

3 Wilt thou let him bleed in vain?
 Still to death thy Lord pursue?
 Open all his wounds again,
 And the shameful cross renew?
 No; with all my sins I'll part;
 Saviour, take my broken heart.

95 *Charles Wesley.*

DEPRAVITY.

151

L. M.

Balm in Gilead, and a Good Physician There

DEEP are the wounds which sin has made
 Where shall the sinner find a cure?
 In vain, alas! is nature's aid;
 The work exceeds her utmost power.

2 But can no sovereign balm be found,
 And is no kind physician nigh,
 To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
 Ere life and hope forever fly?

3 There is a great Physician near;
 Look up, O fainting soul, and live;
 See, in his heavenly smiles, appear
 Such help as nature cannot give.

4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
 Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow;
 And in that sacrificial flood
 A balm for all thy grief and woe.

A. Steele

152

L. M.

Original and Actual Sin.

LORD, we are vile, conceived in sin,
 And born unholv and unclean;
 Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
 Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath
 The seeds of sin grow up for death;
 Thy law demands a perfect heart,
 But we're defiled in every part.

3 Behold, we fall before thy face;
 Our only refuge is thy grace;
 No outward forms can make us clean;
 The leprosy lies deep within.

DEFRAVITY.

4 Nor bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

5 Jesus, thy blood, thy blood alone,
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make us white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse us so.

6 While guilt disturbs and breaks our peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord, let us hear thy pardoning voice,
And make these broken hearts rejoice.

Isaac Watts.

153

The Inbred Leprosy.

L. M.

JESUS, a word, a look from thee,
Can turn my heart, and make it clean;
Purge out the inbred leprosy,
And save me from my bosom sin.

2 Lord, if thou wilt, I do believe
Thou canst the saving grace impart;
Thou canst this instant now forgive,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 My heart which now to thee I raise,
I know thou canst this moment cleanse;
The deepest stains of sin efface,
And drive the evil spirit hence.

4 Be it according to thy word;
Accomplish now thy work in me;
And let my soul, to health restored,
Devote its deathless powers to thee.

Charles Wesley.

154

Dead in Trespasses and Sins.

S. M.

HOW helpless nature lies,
Unconscious of her load!
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.

SALVATION NEEDED.

2 Can aught but power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine
To form the heart anew:

3 The passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes.

4 O change these hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine. A. Steele.

S. M.

155 *Hardness of Heart Lamented.*

O THAT I could repent!
O that I could believe!
Thou, by thy voice, the marble rend,
The rock in sunder cleave:
Thou, by thy two-edged sword,
My soul and spirit part;
Strike, with the hammer of thy word,
And break my stubborn heart.

2 Saviour, and Prince of peace!
The double grace bestow;
Unloose the bands of wickedness,
And let the captive go:
Grant me my sins to feel,
And then the load remove:
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,
The balm of pardoning love.

Charles Wesley.

LIFE SHORT AND UNCERTAIN.

156 *Man Frail, God Eternal.*

C. M.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:

LIFE SHORT AND UNCERTAIN.

2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell secure:
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.

7 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be thou our guide while life shall last,
And our perpetual home.

Isaac Watts.

157

C. M.

Frailty of Life.

THEE we adore, eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase;
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.

SALVATION NEEDED.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave:
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're traveling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go,
Upon the brink of death!

6 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God!

Isaac Watts.

158 *The Soul's Best Portion.*

L. M.

1 LMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days,
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span;
A little point my life appears;
How frail, at best, is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!

3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show;
Vain are the cares which rack his mind:
He heaps up treasures mixed with woe,
And dies, and leaves them all behind.

4 O be a nobler portion mine!
My God, I bow before thy throne;
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on thee alone.

A. Steele.

159

L. M.
Earthly Things Vain and Transitory.

HOW vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this!

2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The withering grass, the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true,
The glory of a passing hour.

3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is ■ brighter world on high,
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

4 Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:
If God be ours, we're traveling home,
Though passing through ■ vale of tears.

D. E. Ford.

160

L. M.

A *Peaceful Death Expected, and Prayed for.*
SHRINKING from the cold hand of death,
I soon shall gather up my feet;
Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,
And die, my fathers' God to meet.

2 Numbered among thy people, I
Expect with joy thy face to see:
Because thou didst for sinners die,
Jesus, in death remember me!

3 O that, without a lingering groan,
I may the welcome word receive;
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live.

4 Walk with me through the dreadful shade,
And, certified that thou art mine,
My spirit, calm and undismayed,
I shall into thy hands resign.

SALVATION NEEDED.

5 No anxious doubt, no guilty gloom,
Shall damp whom Jesus' presence cheers:
My Light; my Life, my God is come,
And glory in his face appears.

Charles Wesley.

161 *I am Going the Way of all the Earth.* L. M.

PASS a few swiftly fleeting years,
And all that now in bodies live
Shall quit, like me, the vale of tears,
Their righteous sentence to receive.

2 But all, before they hence remove,
May mansions for themselves prepare
In that eternal house above;
And, O my God, shall I be there?

Charles Wesley.

162 *Our Fathers; Where are They?* S. M.

HOW swift the torrent rolls
That bears us to the sea;
The tide that hurries thoughtless souls
To vast eternity.

2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honor, gone.

3 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend!
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

4 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

P. Doddridge.

163 S. M.
Solemn Thoughts on the Future.

AND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?
A land of deepest shade,
Unpierced by human thought,
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot'

2 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be:
Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave shall rise,
And see the Judge, with glory crowned,
And see the flaming skies!

3 How shall I leave my tomb,
With triumph or regret?
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing, meet?
Will angel bands convey
Their brother to the bar?
Or devils drag my soul away,
To meet its sentence there?

4 Who can resolve the doubt
That tears my anxious breast?
Shall I be with the damned cast out,
Or numbered with the blest?
I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell;
Must come at his command to heaven,
Or else depart to hell!

Charles Wesley.

SALVATION NEEDED.

164

C. P. M.
The Brink of Fate.

LO! ON a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,
Secure, insensible:
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

2 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

3 Before me place, in dread array;
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

4 Be this my one great business here;
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss to insure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

5 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

Charles Wesley.

DOOM OF THE UNGODLY.

DOOM OF THE UNGODLY.

165

The Final Conflagration.

L. M.

THE great archangel's trump shall sound,
(While twice ten thousand thunders roar,)
Tear up the graves, and cleave the ground,
And make the greedy sea restore.

2 The greedy sea shall yield her dead;
The earth no more her slain conceal;
Sinners shall lift their guilty head,
And shrink to see a yawning hell.

3 But we, who now our Lord confess,
And faithful to the end endure,
Shall stand in Jesus' righteousness;
Stand, as the Rock of Ages, sure.

4 We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,
And mountains are on mountains hurled,
Shall stand unmoved amidst them all,
And smile to see a burning world.

5 The earth and all the works therein
Dissolve, by raging flames destroyed;
While we survey the awful scene,
And mount above the fiery void.

6 By faith we now transcend the skies,
And on that ruined world look down:
By love above all height we rise,
And share the everlasting throne.

Charles Wesley.

166

The Solemn Midnight Cry.

S. M.

THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear;
Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray:

SALVATION NEEDED.

2 To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,
The immortal Son of man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

3 To damp our earthly joys,
To increase our gracious fears,
Forever let the archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears
The solemn midnight cry,
Ye dead, the Judge is come;
Arise, and meet him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom.

4 O may we all be found
Obedient to thy word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord.
O may we thus insure
A lot among the blest;
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest.

Charles Wesley.

167 *The Judgment-Day.* 8, 7, 4.

DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round:
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
You who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine:"
Glorious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine!

DOOM OF THE UNGODLY.

3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his voice, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

4 But to those who have confessed,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed;
See the kingdom I bestow:
You forever
Shall my love and glory know."

John Newton.

C. M.

168 *The Great Day of His Wrath.*

WOE to the men on earth who dwell,
Nor dread the Almighty's frown,
When God doth all his wrath reveal,
And shower his judgments down.

2 Sinners, expect those heaviest showers:
To meet your God, prepare;
For lo! the seventh angel pours
His vial on the air.

3 Lo! from their seats the mountains leap:
The mountains are not found;
Transported far into the deep,
And in the ocean drowned.

4 Who then shall live and face the throne,
And see the Judge severe?
When heaven and earth are fled and gone,
O where shall I appear?

5 Now, only now, against that hour
We may a place provide;
Beyond the grave, beyond the power
Of hell, our spirits hide:

SALVATION NEEDED

6 Firm in the all-destroying shock,
May view the final scene;
For, lo! the everlasting Rock
Is cleft to take us in.

Charles Wesley.

169

The Dreadful Sentence.

C. M.

THAT awful day will surely come,
The appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Jesus, thou source of all my joys,
Thou ruler of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the word, "Depart!"

3 The thunder of that awful word
Would so torment my ear,
Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

4 What, to be banished from my Lord,
And yet forbid to die;
To linger in eternal pain,
And death forever fly?

5 O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love.

Isaac Watts.

170

Secrets of the Heart made Known.

C. M.

AND must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?

2 Yes, every secret of my heart
 Shall shortly be made known,
 And I receive my just desert
 For all that I have done.

3 How careful then ought I to live;
 With what religious fear;
 Who such a strict account must give
 For my behavior here.

4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead
 The watchful power bestow;
 So shall I to my ways take heed,
 To all I speak or do.

5 If now thou standest at the door,
 O let me feel thee near;
 And make my peace with God, before
 I at thy bar appear.

Charles Wesley.

171 C. M.
Probation Limited.

THERE is a time we know not when,
 A point we know not where,
 That marks the destiny of men,
 To glory or despair.

2 There is a line by us unseen,
 That crosses every path;
 The hidden boundary between
 God's patience and his wrath.

3 To pass that limit, is to die;
 To die as if by stealth;
 It does not quench the beaming eye,
 Or pale the glow of health.

4 The conscience may be still at ease,
 The spirit light and gay,
 That which is pleasing still may please,
 And care be thrust away.

SALVATION PROVIDED.

5 Oh! where is this mysterious bourne
By which our path is crossed;
Beyond which God himself hath sworn
That he who goes is lost.

6 How far may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end? and where begin
The confines of despair?

7 An answer from the skies is sent:
“Ye that from God depart!
While it is called to-day, repent
And harden not your heart.”

Alexander.



SALVATION PROVIDED.

THE BIBLE.

172 C. M.
Excellency and Sufficiency.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines;
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast:
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

THE BIBLE.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around:
And life, and everlasting joys.
 Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
Our ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may we see.
 And still increasing light.

6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach us to love thy sacred word,
 And view the Saviour there.

Anne Steele.

173 *Riches of God's Word.* C. M.

THE counsels of redeeming grace
 The sacred leaves unfold;
And here the Saviour's lovely face
 Our raptured eyes behold.

2 Here light descending from above
 Directs our doubtful feet;
Here promises of heavenly love
 Our ardent wishes meet.

3 Our numerous griefs are here redressed,
 And all our wants supplied:
Naught we can ask to make us blest
 Is in this book denied.

4 For these inestimable gains,
 That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
 Assured that we shall find.

S. Stennett.

174 *Preciousness of the Bible.* C. M.

HOW precious is the book divine,
 By inspiration given;
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
 To guide our souls to heaven.

SALVATION PROVIDED.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts.
In this dark vale of tears;
And life, and light, and joy imparts,
And banishes our fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

J. Fawcett.

175 C. M.
Light and Glory of the Sacred Page.

WHAT glory gilds the sacred page!
Majestic like the sun,

It gives a light to every age;
It gives but borrows none.

2 The power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nation rise:
They rise, but never set.

3 Lord! everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 Our souls rejoicingly pursue
The steps of him we love,
Till glory break upon our view
In brighter worlds above.

W. Cowper.

176 C. M.
Revelation Welcomed and Disseminated.

HAIL, sacred truth! whose piercing rays
Dispel the shades of night:
Diffusing o'er a ruined world
The healing beams of light.

2 Thy word, O Lord, with friendly aid,
Restores our wandering feet;
Converts the sorrows of the mind
To joys divinely sweet.

3 O send thy light and truth abroad
In all their radiant blaze;
And bid the admiring world adore
The glories of thy grace.

J. Buttress.

177

C. M.
The Spirit's Enlightening Influences.

COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire;
Let us thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire;
Fountain of life and love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by thee
The prophets wrote and spoke:
Unlock the truth, thyself the key
Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand thy wings, Celestial Dove
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, through himself, we then shall know,
If thou within us shine;
And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

Charles Wesley.

178

C. M.
The Revealing Spirit.

FATHER of all, in whom alone
We live, and move, and breathe:
One bright, celestial ray dart down,
And cheer thy sons beneath.

2 While in thy word we search for thee,
(We search with trembling awe;)
Open our eyes and let us see
The wonders of thy law.

SALVATION PROVIDED.

1 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear;
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

4 Before us make thy goodness pass,
Which here by faith we know;
Let us in Jesus see thy face,
And die to all below.

Charles Wesley.

179 *Perfection of the Law and Testimony.* C. M.

THY law is perfect, Lord of light;
Thy testimonies sure
The statutes of thy realm are right,
And thy commandment pure.

2 Let these, O God, my soul convert,
And make thy servant wise;
Let these be gladness to my ears,
The dayspring to mine eyes.

3 By these may I be warned betimes;
Who knows the guile within?
Lord, save me from presumptuous crimes.
Cleanse me from secret sin.

4 So may the words my lips express,
The thoughts that throng my mind,
O Lord, my strength and righteousness,
With thee acceptance find.

James Montgomery.

180 *The Saviour Seen in the Scriptures.* L. M.

NOW let my soul, eternal King,
To thee its grateful tribute bring;
My knee, with humble homage, bow;
My tongue perform its solemn vow.

2 All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below, and worlds above;
But in thy blessed word I trace
Diviner wonders of thy grace.

3 There, what delightful truths I read!
There, I behold the Saviour bleed:
His name salutes my listening ear,
Revives my heart, and checks my fear.

4 There Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
And gives my laboring conscience peace;
Raises my grateful thoughts on high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

5 For love like this, O let my song,
Through endless years, thy praise prolong;
Let distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

O. Higinbotham.

181

L. M.

The Two Revelations.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord;
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, thy power confess,
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand:
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run:
Till Christ has all the nations blessed
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

SALVATION PROVIDED.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

Isaac Watts.

182 *Safety in Keeping God's Precepts.* S. M.

HOW perfect is thy word,
Thy judgments all are just;
And ever in thy promise, Lord,
May man securely trust.

2 I hear thy word in love;
In faith thy word obey;
O send thy Spirit from above,
To teach me, Lord, thy way.

3 Thy counsels all are plain,
Thy precepts all are pure;
As long as heaven and earth remain,
Thy truth shall still endure.

4 O may my soul, with joy,
Trust in thy faithful word;
Be it through life my glad employ,
To keep thy precepts, Lord.

Isaac Watts.

183 *The Word of God Quick and Powerful.* S. M.

THY word, almighty Lord,
Where'er it enters in,
Is sharper than a two-edged sword,
To slay the man of sin.

2 Thy word is power and life;
It bids confusion cease,
And changes envy, hatred, strife,
To love, and joy, and peace.

3 Then let our hearts obey
The gospel's glorious sound;
And all its fruits, from day to day,
Be in us and abound.

J. Montgomery.

184 S. M. *Their Universal Diffusion.*

JESUS, the word bestow,
 The true immortal seed;
 Thy gospel then shall greatly grow,
 And all our land o'erspread;
 Through earth extended wide
 Shall mightily prevail,
 Destroy the works of self and pride,
 And shake the gates of hell.

2 Its energy exert
 In the believing soul;
 Diffuse thy grace through every part,
 And sanctify the whole;
 Its utmost virtue show
 In pure consummate love,
 And fill with all thy life below,
 And give us thrones above.

Charles Wesley.

185 L. M. 61 *Delight in the Word.*

WHEN quiet in my house I sit,
 Thy book be my companion still;
 My joys thy sayings to repeat,
 Talk o'er the records of thy will,
 And search the oracles divine,
 Till every heartfelt word be mine.

2 O may the gracious words divine,
 Subject of all my converse be;
 So will the Lord his follower join,
 And walk and talk himself with me:
 So shall my heart his presence prove,
 And burn with everlasting love.

3 Oft as I lay me down to rest,
 O may the reconciling word
 Sweetly compose my weary breast;
 While on the bosom of my Lord
 I sink in blissful dreams away,
 And visions of eternal day.

SALVATION PROVIDED.

4 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long;
And let thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart, and fill my tongue:
Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to the church above.

Charles Wesley.

186 L. M. 61.
The Divine Interpreter.

SPIRIT of Truth, essential God,
Who didst thine ancient saints inspire,
Shed in their hearts thy love abroad,
And touch their hallowed lips with fire:
Our God from all eternity,
World without end we worship thee.

2 Still we believe, almighty Lord,
Whose presence fills both earth and heaven,
The meaning of the written word
Is by thy inspiration given;
Thou only dost thyself explain
The secret mind of God to man.

3 Come, then, divine Interpreter,
The Scriptures to our hearts apply:
And, taught by thee, we God revere;
Him in three persons magnify:
And still the triune God adore,
Who was, and is, forever more.

Charles Wesley.

THE ATONEMENT.

187 C. M.
The Joyful Sound.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

THE ATONEMENT.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

Isaac Watts.

188 C. M.
All-sufficiency of the Gospel.

THE gospel! O, what endless charms
Dwell in that blissful sound;
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads delight around.

2 Here pardon, life, and joy divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.

3 The almighty Former of the skies
Stoops to our vile abode.
While angels view with wondering eyes,
And hail the incarnate God.

4 How rich the depths of love divine
Of bliss a boundless store!
Redeemer, let me call thee mine,
Thy fullness I implore.

5 On thee alone my hope relies:
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all!

Anne Steele.

189 C. M.
The Wonders of Redemption.

HOW great the wisdom, power, and grace,
Which in redemption shine;
The heavenly host with joy confess
The work is all divine.

SALVATION PROVIDED.

2 Before his feet they cast their crowns,
Those crowns which Jesus gave,
And, with ten thousand thousand tongues,
Proclaim his power to save.

3 They tell the triumphs of his cross,
The sufferings which he bore;
How low he stooped, how high he rose,
And rose to stoop no more.

4 With them let us our voices raise,
And still the song renew;
Salvation well deserves the praise
Of men and angels too.

B. Beddome.

190

Sufficiency and Freeness.

C. M.

O WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation, like a river, rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring:
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep, celestial spring.

4 Whoever will, O gracious word!
May of this stream partake;
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
And drink, for Jesus' sake.

5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

S. Medley. Alt.

THE ATONEMENT.

191 L. M.
Love which Passeth Knowledge.

OF HIM who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given,
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood.
He closed his eyes to show us God:
Let all the world fall down and know,
That none but God such love can show.

4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan;
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry:
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves can love enough?

Bernard of Clairvaux.

192 L. M.
The Divine Teacher.

HOW sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
While listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place.

3 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest.
Yes, sacred Teacher! we will come,
Obey, and be forever blest.

SALVATION PROVIDED.

4 Decay, then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

J. Bowering.

S. M.

193 *All-sufficient Grace.*

GRACE 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread 'he heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

P. Doddridge.

S. M.

194 *Our Debt paid upon the Cross.*

WHAT majesty and grace
Through all the gospel shine!
'Tis God that speaks, and we confess
The doctrine most divine.

2 Down from his throne on high,
The mighty Saviour comes;
Lays his bright robes of glory by,
And feeble flesh assumes.

3 The debt that sinners owed,
Upon the cross he pays:
Then through the clouds ascends to God,
'Midst shouts of loftiest praise.

THE ATONEMENT.

4 There our High Priest appears,
Before his Father's throne;
Mingles his merits with our tears,
And pours salvation down.
5 Great Sovereign, we adore
Thy justice and thy grace,
And on thy faithfulness and power
Our firm dependence place.

S. Stennett.

195 S. M. *Christ, the Only Source of Salvation.*

GOD'S holy law transgressed,
Speaks nothing but despair;
Convinced of guilt, with grief oppressed,
We find no comfort there.

2 Not all our groans and tears,
Nor works which we have done,
Nor vows, nor promises, nor prayers,
Can e'er for sin atone.
3 Relief alone is found
In Jesus precious blood:
'Tis his that heals the mortal wound,
And reconciles to God.
4 This is salvation's source;
And all our hopes arise
From him, who, hanging on the cross,
A spotless victim dies.

B. Beddome.

196 C. M. *Efficacy of the Atoning Blood.*

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The lying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, though vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

SALVATION PROVIDED.

3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

W. Cowper.

197

The Precious Name.

C. M.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing-treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace:

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

THE ATONEMENT.

6 I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

J. Newton.

198 C. M.
He Waiteth to be Gracious.

THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;
Thou dost with sinners bear;
That, saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.

■ Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound;
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough forever more.

5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move;
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

■ Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure;
And while the truth of God remains,
His goodness must endure.

Charles Wesley.

199 L. M.
The Unspeakable Gift.

HAPPY the man who finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

SALVATION PROVIDED.

2 Happy, beyond description, he
Who knows the Saviour died for me!
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

3 Wisdom divine! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.

4 Her hands are filled with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise,
Riches of Christ on all bestowed,
And honor that descends from God.

5 To purest joys she all invites.
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.

■ Happy the man who wisdom gains;
Thrice happy, who his guest retains:
He owns, and shall forever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven, are one.

Charles Wesley.

THE CHURCH.

200 8, 7.
God is in the Midst of Her.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
G Zion, city of our God;
He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode;
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's wal' surrounded,
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

THE CHURCH.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Still supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows our thirst to assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
He who gives us daily manna,
He who listens when we cry,
Let him hear the loud Hosanna
Rising to his throne on high.

J. Newton.

201 8; 7.
God her Everlasting Light.

HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken:
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you:
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls salvation,
And your gates shall all be praise.

2 Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But, your griefs forever ending,
Find eternal noon in me:
God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light.

W. Cowper.

SALVATION PROVIDED.

202 *Her Enemies Confounded.* 8, 7, 4.

ZION stands with hills surrounded,
Zion, kept by power divine:
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee,
God, thine everlasting light.

Thomas Kelly.

203 *Primitive Christianity.* L. M.

HAPPY the souls that first believed,
To Jesus and each other cleaved;
Join'd by the unction from above,
In mystic fellowship of love.

2 Meek, simple followers of the Lamb,
They lived, and spake, and thought the same;
They joyfully conspired to raise
Their ceaseless sacrifice of praise.

3 With grace abundantly endued,
A pure, believing multitude,
They all were of one heart and soul,
And only love inspired the whole.

4 O what an age of golden days!
O what a choice, peculiar race!
Wash'd in the Lamb's all-cleansing blood,
Anointed Kings and Priests to God!

THE CHURCH.

5 Where shall I wander now to find
The church the apostle left behind;
The faithful ones, the tried and true,
Among the sons of men are few.

6 Ye different sects, who all declare,
"Lo, here is Christ!" or, "Christ is there!"
Your stronger proofs divinely give,
And show me where the Christians live.

7 Your claim, alas! ye cannot prove;
Ye want the genuine mark of love:
Thou only, Lord, thine own canst show;
For sure thou hast a church below.

Charles Wesley.

204 L. M.

Glorious and Spotless.

JESUS, from whom all blessings flow,
Great Builder of thy Church below:
If now thy Spirit move my breast,
Hear, and fulfill thine own request.

2 The few that truly call thee Lord,
And wait thy sanctifying word,
And thee their utmost Saviour own;
Unite and perfect them in one.

3 O let them all thy mind express,
Stand forth thy chosen witnesses;
Thy power unto salvation show!
And perfect holiness below.

4 In them let all mankind behold
How Christians lived in days of old;
Mighty their envious foes to move,
A proverb of reproach and love.

5 Call them into thy wondrous light,
Worthy to walk with thee in white:
Make up thy jewels, Lord, and show
Thy glorious, spotless Church below.

6 From every sinful wrinkle free,
Redeemed from all iniquity,
The fellowship of saints make known,
And O, my God, may I be one!

SALVATION PROVIDED.

205 L. M.
Continued—Witnesses for Jesus.

O MIGHT my lot be cast with these,
The least of Jesus' witnesses;
O that my Lord would count me meet,
To wash his dear disciples feet.

2 This only thing do I require:
Thou knowest 'tis all my heart's desire,
Freely what I receive to give,
The servant of thy Church to live:

3 After my lowly Lord to go,
And wait upon thy saints below;
Enjoy the grace to angels given,
And serve the royal heirs of heaven.

4 Lord, if I now thy drawings feel,
And ask according to thy will,
Confirm the prayer, the seal impart,
And speak the answer to my heart.

5 Tell me, or thou shalt never go,
Thy prayer is heard; it shall be so:
The word hath passed thy lips, and I
Shall with thy people live and die.

Charles Wesley.

206 L. M.
The River of Life.

GREAT Source of being and of love!
Thou waterest all the worlds above;
And all the joys which mortals know,
From thine exhaustless fountain flow.

2 A sacred spring, at thy command,
From Zion's mount, in Canaan's land,
Beside thy temple cleaves the ground,
And pours its limpid stream around.

3 Close by its banks, in order fair,
The blooming trees of life appear;
Their blossoms fragrant odors give,
And on their fruit the nations live.

THE CHURCH.

4 Flow, wondrous stream! with glory crowned,
Flow on to earth's remotest bound;
And bear us, on thy gentle wave,
To him who all thy virtues gave.

P. Doddridge.

207 S. M.
Her Confidence and Security.

WHO in the Lord confide,
And feel his sprinkled blood,
In storms and hurricanes abide
Firm as the mount of God:
Steadfast, and fixed, and sure,
His Zion cannot move;
His faithful people stand secure
In Jesus' guardian love.

2 As round Jerusalem
The hilly bulwarks rise,
So God protects and covers them
From all their enemies.
On every side he stands
And for his Israel cares;
And safe in his almighty hands
Their souls forever bears.

3 But let them still abide
In thee, all-gracious Lord
Till every soul is sanctified,
And perfectly restored:
The men of heart sincere
Continue to defend;
And do them good, and save them here,
And love them to the end.

Charles Wesley.

208 S. M.
Love for Zion.

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

SALVATION PROVIDED.

2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

T. Dwight.

209

C. M.
Christ and His Church.

THE Saviour lends the light and heat
That crowns his holy hill;
The saints, like stars, around his seat
Perform their courses still.

2 The saints above are stars in heaven;
What are the saints on earth?
Like trees they stand, whom God has given
Our Eden's happy birth.

3 Faith is their fixed, unswerving root,
Hope their unfading flower;
Fair deeds of charity their fruit,
The glory of their bower.

4 Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry,
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

THE CHURCH.

5 Thou who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
And read thee everywhere.

John Keble.

210 C. M.
Returning to Zion with Songs of Joy.

D AUGHTER of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust,
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth:
Say to the south, "Give up thy charge!
And, Keep not back, O north!"

4 They come, they come: thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs thy ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

Unknown.

211 L. M.
The Heavenly Zion.

A RM of the Lord, awake, awake!
A Thine own immortal strength put on!
With terror clothed, hell's kingdom shake,
And cast thy foes with fury down.

2 As in the ancient days appear!
The sacred annals speak thy fame;
Be now omnipotently near,
To endless ages still the same.

SALVATION PROVIDED.

3 By death and hell pursued in vain,
To thee the ransomed seed shall come;
Shouting, their heavenly Zion gain,
And pass through death triumphant home.

4 The pain of life shall then be o'er,
And anguish and distracting care;
There sighing grief shall weep no more,
And sin shall never enter there.

Charles Wesley.

212 *Put on thy Strength, O Zion.*

L. M.

TRIUMPHANT Zion, lift thy head,
From dust and darkness and the dead;
Though humbled long awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known;
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God from on high hath heard thy prayer,
His hand thy ruin shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

P. Doddridge.

213

L. M.

Put on thy Beautiful Garments, O Jerusalem.

A WAKE, Jerusalem, awake,
A No longer in thy sins lie down:
The garment of salvation take;
Thy beauty and thy strength put on.

BAPTISM.

2 Shake off the dust that blinds the sight,
And hides the promise from thine eyes;
Arise, and struggle into light;
The great Deliverer calls, Arise!

3 Shake off the bands of sad despair;
Zion, assert thy liberty;
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
And God shall set the captive free.

4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purged from every sinful stain;
Be like your Lord, his word embrace,
Nor bear his hallowed name in vain.

Charles Wesley.

ORDINANCES—BAPTISM.

214 C M.
The Covenant with Abraham.

HOW large the promise, how divine,
To Abra'm and his seed,
I am a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need.

2 The words of his unbounded love
From age to age endure;
The angel of the Covenant proves
And seals the blessing sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great Father given;
He takes our children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 O God, how faithful are thy ways!
Thy love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of thy grace
Blots out our children's name.

Isaac Watts.

215 C. M.
Children in the Arms of Jesus.

BEHOLD what condescending love
 Jesus on earth displays!
 To babes and sucklings he extends
 The riches of his grace.

2 He still the ancient promise keeps,
 To our forefathers given;
 Young children in his arms he takes
 And calls them heirs of heaven.

3 Forbid them not, whom Jesus calls,
 Nor dare the claim resist,
 Since his own lips to us declare
 Of such will heaven consist.

4 With flowing tears and thankful hearts,
 We give them up to thee;
 Receive them, Lord, into thine arms;
 Thine may they ever be.

J. Peacock and A. M. Toplady.

216 C. M.
Suffer the Little Children to Come unto Me.

SEE, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands
 With all-engaging charms;
 Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
 And folds them in his arms.

2 Permit them to approach, he cries,
 Nor scorn their humble name;
 For 'twas to bless such souls as these
 The Lord of angels came.

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
 And yield them up to thee;
 Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
 Thine let our offspring be.

P. Doddridge.

BAPTISM.

217 *The Sacramental Seal.* L. M.

COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Honor the means ordained by thee;
Make good our apostolic boast,
And own thy glorious ministry.

2 We now thy promised presence claim;
Sent to disciple all mankind,
Sent to baptize into thy name,
We now thy promised presence find.

3 Father, in these reveal thy Son;
In these, for whom we seek thy face,
The hidden mystery make known,
The inward, pure, baptizing grace.

4 Jesus, with us thou always art;
Effectual make the sacred sign;
The gift unspeakable impart,
And bless the ordinance divine.

5 Eternal Spirit, from on high,
Baptizer of our spirits thou,
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.

Charles Wesley.

218 *God's Gracious Promises.* S. M.

OUR children thou dost claim,
O Lord our God, as thine:
Ten thousand blessings to thy name,
For goodness so divine.

2 Thee let the fathers own,
Thee let the sons adore;
Joined to the Lord in solemn vows,
To be forgot no more.

3 How great thy mercies, Lord!
How plenteous is thy grace,
Which, in the promise of thy love,
Includes our rising race.

SALVATION PROVIDED.

4 Our offspring, still thy care,
Shall own their father's God;
To latest times thy blessings share,
And sound thy praise abroad.

B. Williams.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

219

C. M.

Approaching the Table.

JESUS, at whose supreme command,
We now approach to God,
Before us in thy vesture stand,
Thy vesture dipped in blood.

2 Now, Saviour, now thyself reveal,
And make thy nature known;
Affix thy blessed Spirit's seal,
And stamp us for thine own.

3 The tokens of thy dying love,
O let us all receive,
And feel the quickening Spirit move,
And sensibly believe.

4 The cup of blessing, blest by thee,
Let it thy blood impart;
The bread thy mystic body be,
To cheer each languid heart.

5 The living bread sent down from heaven,
In us vouchsafe to be:
Thy flesh for all the world is given,
And all may live by thee.

Charles Wesley.

220

C. M.

Grateful Remembrance.

ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be:
Thy testimonial cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember thee!

5 Remember thee and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

James Montgomery.

221

C. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, thine influence shed,
And realize the sign;
Thy life infuse into the bread,
Thy power into the wine.

2 Effectual let the tokens prove,
And made, by heavenly art,
Fit channels to convey thy love
To every faithful heart.

Charles Wesley.

222

The Invitation.

C. M.

THE King of heaven his table spreads,
And blessings crown the board;
Not Paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

SALVATION PROVIDED.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life is given,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise our souls to heaven.

3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

4 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
 Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

P. Doddridge.

223 S. M.
Obeying the Command.

JESUS, we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word;
Here, in thine own appointed way,
We come to meet our Lord.

2 The way thou hast enjoined,
Thou wilt therein appear;
We come with confidence to find
Thy special presence here.

3 Whate'er the Almighty can
To pardoned sinners give,
The fullness of our God made man,
We here with Christ receive.

Charles Wesley.

224 L. M. 61.
The Efficacy of the Atoning Blood.

VICTIM divine! thy grace we claim
While thus thy precious death we show;
Once offered up a spotless Lamb,
In thy great temple here below,
Thou didst for all mankind atone,
And standest now before the throne.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

2 Thou standest in the holiest place,
As now for guilty sinners slain;
The blood of sprinkling speaks and prays,
All-prevalent for helpless man;
Thy blood is still our ransom found,
And speaks salvation all around.

3 The smoke of thy atonement here
Darkened the sun, and rent the veil,
Made the new way to heaven appear,
And showed the great Invisible:
Well pleased in thee, our God looked down,
And calls his rebels to a crown.

4 He still respects thy Sacrifice;
Its savor sweet does always please:
The Offering smokes through earth and skies,
Diffusing life, and joy, and peace;
To these, thy lower courts, it comes,
And fills them with divine perfumes.

5 We need not now go up to heaven,
To bring the long-sought Saviour down;
Thou art to all already given,
Thou dost even now thy banquet crown:
To every faithful soul appear,
And show thy real presence here.

Charles Wesley.

225

Till He come.

7, 6 l.

"TILL he come:" O let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that—"Till he come."

2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush, be every murmur dumb;
It is only—"Till he come."

SALVATION PROVIDED.

3 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine, and break the bread;
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
Call us round his heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only—"Till he come."

Edward H. Bickersteth

226 *The Heavenly Banquet.*

8, 7.

JESUS spreads his banner o'er us,
Cheers our famished souls with ~~joy~~ ;
He the banquet spreads before us,
Of his mystic flesh and blood.
Precious banquet; bread of heaven:
Wine of gladness, flowing free;
May we taste it, kindly given,
In remembrance, Lord, of thee.

2 In thy holy incarnation,
When the angels sang thy birth;
In thy fasting and temptation;
In thy labors on the earth;
In thy trial and rejection;
In thy sufferings on the tree;
In thy glorious resurrection;
May we, Lord, remember thee.

R. Park.

227 *The Spirit's Quickening Influences.*

8, 7.

COME, thou everlasting Spirit,
Bring to every thankful mind
All the Saviour's dying merit,
All his sufferings for mankind:
True recorder of his passion,
Now the living faith impart;
Now reveal his great salvation
Unto every faithful heart.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

2 Come, thou Witness of his dying;
Come, Remembrancer divine;
Let us feel thy power applying
Christ to every soul, and mine:
Let us groan thine inward groaning;
Look on him we pierced, and grieve;
All partake the grace atoning,
All the sprinkled blood receive.

Charles Wesley.

228 *For a Parting Blessing.* 7, 8, 6.

L AMB of God, whose dying love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find:
Think on us who think on thee,
And every struggling soul release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

2 By thine agonizing pain,
And bloody sweat, we pray,
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away:
Burst our bonds, and set us free;
From all iniquity release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

3 Let thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal:
By thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

Charles Wesley.

229

Waterford.

7, 7, 6.

JESUS drinks the bitter cup,
 The wine press treads alone:
 Tears the graves and mountains up
 By his expiring groan:
 Lo, the powers of heaven he shakes,
 Nature in convulsion lies;
 Earth's profoundest centre quakes,
 The great Jehovah dies!

2 O my God, he dies for me,
 I feel the mortal smart!
 See him hanging on the tree,
 A sight that breaks my heart!
 O that all to thee might turn!
 Sinners ye may love him too;
 Look on him ye pierced, and mourn
 For one who bled for you.

3 Weep o'er your desire and hope,
 With tears of humblest love!
 Sing, for Jesus is gone up,
 And reigns enthroned above!
 Lives our Head to die no more,
 Power is all to Jesus given;
 Worshiped as he was before,
 The immortal King of heaven.

4 Lord, we bless thee for thy grace
 And truth, which never fail;
 Hastening to behold thy face
 Without a dimming veil;
 We shall see our heavenly King,
 All thy glorious love proclaim,
 Help the angel bands to sing
 Our blest triumphant Lamb.

Charles Wesley.

FELLOWSHIP.

230 *The Loadstone of His Love.* C. M.

JESUS, united by thy grace,
And each to each endeared,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke,
A band of love, a threefold cord,
Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one spirit drink;
Baptize into thy name;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak, the same.

4 Touched by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree;
And ever toward each other move,
And ever move toward thee.

5 To thee inseparably joined,
Let all our spirits cleave;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive.

Charles Wesley

231 *All-uniting Faith.* C. M.

LET all in whom the Spirit glows,
In whom God's word hath place,
The all-uniting faith disclose,
The all-endearing grace.

2 Then shall the world, admiring, view
The gathered flock at rest;
And own the Son divinely true,
The saints divinely blest.

W. M. Bunting.

SALVATION PROVIDED.

232 C. M.
And so Fulfill the Law of Christ.

TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart:
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart.

2 If to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear:
Let each his friendly aid afford;
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up;
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride:
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

Charles Wesley.

233 C. M.
The Bond of Perfectness.

THE sacred bond of perfectness
Is spotless charity;
O let us, Lord, we pray, possess
The mind that was in thee.

2 Grant this, and then from all below
Insensibly remove:
Our souls the change shall scarcely know
Made perfect first in love.

FELLOWSHIP.

3 With ease our souls through death shall glide
 Into their paradise;
And thence on wings of angels ride
 Triumphant through the skies.
4 Yet when the fullest joy is given,
 The same delight we prove;
In earth, in paradise, in heaven,
 Our all in all is love.

Charles Wesley.

234 *Love the Test of Discipleship.* C. M.

OUR God is love; and all his saints
 His image bear below:
The heart with love to God inspired,
 With love to man will glow.
2 None who are truly born of God
 Can live in enmity;
Then may we love each other, Lord,
 As we are loved by thee.
3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
 Our hopes and fears the same,
With bonds of love our hearts unite,
 With mutual love inflame.
4 So may the unbelieving world
 See how true Christians love;
And glorify our Saviour's grace,
 And seek that grace to prove.

T. Cotterill.

235 *Witnesses for Jesus.*

7

COME, and let us sweetly join,
 Christ to praise in hymns divine:
Give we all with one accord,
 Glory to our common Lord:
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise;
Sing as in the ancient days;
Ante-date the joys above,
Celebrate the feast of love.

SALVATION PROVIDED.

2 Strive we, in affection strive;
Let the purer flame revive;
Such as in the martyrs glowed,
Dying champions for their God:
We like them may live and love;
Called we are their joys to prove;
Saved with them from future wrath;
Partners of like precious faith.

3 Sing we then in Jesus' name,
Now as yesterday the same;
One in every time and place,
Full for all of truth and grace:
We for Christ, our Master, stand,
Lights in a benighted land:
We our dying Lord confess;
We are Jesus' witnesses.

Charles Wesley.

236 *Sweet Counsel.*

7.

GLORY be to God above,
God, from whom all blessings flow;
Make we mention of his love;
Publish we his praise below:
Called together by his grace,
We are met in Jesus' name;
See with joy each other's face,
Followers of the bleeding Lamb.

2 Let us then sweet counsel take,
How to make our calling sure;
Our election how to make,
Past the reach of hell, secure:
Build we each the other up;
Pray we for our faith's increase;
Solid comfort, settled hope,
Constant joy and lasting peace.

FELLOWSHIP.

3 More and more let love abound:
Let us never, never rest,
Till we are in Jesus found,
 Of our paradise possessed:
He removes the flaming sword,
Calls us back, from Eden driven;
To his image here restored,
 Soon he takes us up to heaven.

Charles Wesley.

237 H. M.
Bear ye One Another's Burdens.

THOU God of truth and love,
 We seek thy perfect way,
Ready thy choice to approve,
 Thy providence to obey;
Enter into thy wise design,
And sweetly lose our will in thine.

2 Why hast thou cast our lot
 In the same age and place?
And why together brought
 To see each other's face;
To join with softest sympathy,
And mix our friendly souls in thee?

3 Didst thou not make us one,
 That we might one remain;
Together travel on;
 And bear each other's pain;
Till all thy utmost goodness prove,
And rise renewed in perfect love?

4 Surely thou didst unite
 Our kindred spirits here,
That all hereafter might
 Before thy throne appear;
Meet at the marriage of the Lamb,
And all thy gracious love proclaim.

SALVATION PROVIDED.

5 Then let us ever bear
The blessed end in view,
And join with mutual care,
To fight our passage through;
And kindly help each other on,
Till all receive the starry crown.

6 O may thy Spirit seal
Our souls unto that day!
With all thy fullness fill,
And then transport away,
Away to our eternal rest,
Away to our Redeemer's breast.

Charles Wesley.

238 *Meeting, after Absence.* S. M.

1 ND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For his redeeming grace.
Preserved by power divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

2 What troubles have we seen!
What conflicts have we past!
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!
But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

3 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more:
Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

C. Wesley.

FELLOWSHIP.

239

Sweet Communion.

S. M.

BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

Isaac Watts.

240

One in Christ Jesus.

S. M.

LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their Head.

2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of bliss forever flow,
And every heart is love.

B. Beddome.

241

Sympathy and Mutual Love.

S. M.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

SALVATION PROVIDED.

- 2 Before our Father's throne,
 We pour our ardent prayers,
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
 Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes;
 Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
 And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
 And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil and pain,
 And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
 Through all eternity.

J. Fawcett.

242 C. P. M. *Unity of Spirit and of Purpose.*

COME, wisdom, power and grace divine;
Come, Jesus, in thy name to join
A happy chosen band;
Who fain would prove thine utmost will,
And all thy righteous laws fulfill,
In love's benign command.

2 If pure essential love thou art,
Thy nature into every heart,
 Thy loving self, inspire:
Bid all our simple souls be one,
United in a bond unknown,
 Baptized with heavenly fire.

FELLOWSHIP.

3 Still may we to our centre tend,
To spread thy praise our common end,
 To help each other on;
Companions through the wilderness,
To share a moment's pain, and seize
 An everlasting crown.

4 Jesus, our humbled souls prepare;
Infuse the softest social care,
 The warmest charity;
The mercy of our bleeding Lamb,
The virtues of thy wondrous name,
 The heart that was in thee.

5 Impart what every member wants;
To found the fellowship of saints,
 Thy Spirit, Lord, supply;
So shall we all thy love receive,
Together to thy glory live,
 And to thy glory die.

Charles Wesley.

C. P. M.

243 *Divine Conformity.*

JESUS, fulfill our one desire,
 And spread the spark of living fire
Through every hallowed breast:
Bless with divine conformity,
And give us now to find in thee
 Our everlasting rest.

2 O that we now the power might feel,
To do on earth thy blessed will,
 As angels do above:
To walk in thee, the truth, the way,
And ever perfectly obey
 Thy sweet constraining love.

Charles Wesley.

L. M.

244 *Striving together for the faith of the Gospel.*

UNCHANGEABLE, almighty Lord,
 Our souls upon thy truth we stay;
Accomplish now thy faithful word,
And give, O give us all one way.

SALVATION PROVIDED.

2 O let us all join hand in hand,
Who seek redemption in thy blood;
Fast in one mind and spirit stand,
And build the temple of our God.

3 Thou only canst our wills control,
Our wild, unruly passions bind;
Tame the old Adam in our soul,
And make us of one heart and mind.

4 Speak but the reconciling word,
The winds shall cease, the waves subside;
We all shall praise our common Lord,
Our Jesus, and him crucified.

Charles Wesley.

245 L. M.
One Fold and one Shepherd.

GIVER of peace and unity,
Send down thy mild pacific Dove;
We all shall then in one agree,
And breathe the spirit of thy love.

2 We all shall think and speak the same
Delightful lesson of thy grace:
One undivided Christ proclaim,
And jointly glory in thy praise.

3 O let us take ■ softer mould,
Blended and gathered into thee;
Under one Shepherd make one fold,
Where all is love and harmony.

4 Regard thine own eternal prayer,
And send a peaceful answer down:
To us thy Father's name declare;
Unite and perfect us in one.

5 So shall the world believe and know
That God hath sent thee from above,
When thou art seen in us below,
And every soul displays thy love.

Charles Wesley.

246*Safety in Union.*

C. M.

JESUS, great Shepherd of the sheep,
 To thee for help we fly;
 Thy little flock in safety keep,
 For O! the wolf is nigh.

2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
 To scatter, tear and slay;
 He seizes every straggling soul
 As his own lawful prey.

3 Us into thy protection take,
 And gather with thine arm;
 Unless the fold we first forsake,
 The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
 While by our Shepherd's side;
 The sheep he never can devour,
 Unless he first divide.

5 O do not suffer him to part
 The souls that here agree;
 But make us of one mind and heart,
 And keep us one in thee.

6 Together let us sweetly live,
 Together let us die;
 And each a starry crown receive,
 And reign above the sky.

*Charles Wesley.***247***See how these Christians Love!*

C. M.

GIVER of concord, Prince of peace,
 Meek lamb-like Son of God!
 Bid our unruly passion cease,
 By thy atoning blood.

2 Rebuke our rage, our passions chide;
 Our stubborn wills control;
 Beat down our wrath, root out our pride,
 And calm each troubled soul.

SALVATION PROVIDED.

- 3 Subdue in us the carnal mind;
Its enmity destroy;
With cords of love our spirits bind,
And melt us into joy.
- 4 Us into closest union draw,
And in our inward parts
Let kindness sweetly write her law,
And love command our hearts.
- 5 Saviour, look down with pitying eyes,
Our jarring wills control;
Let cordial, kind affections rise,
And harmonize the soul.
- 6 O let us find the ancient way
Our wondering foes to move,
And force the heathen world to say,
See how these Christians love!

Charles Wesley.

248 C. M.
Perfect Harmony and Joy Unspeakable.

ALL praise to our redeeming Lord,
Who joins us by his grace,
And bids us, each to each restored,
Together seek his face.

2 He bids us build each other up;
And, gathered into one,
To our high calling's glorious hope,
We hand in hand go on.

3 The gift which he on one bestows,
We all delight to prove;
The grace through every vessel flows,
In purest streams of love.

4 E'en now we think and speak the same,
And cordially agree,
United all, through Jesus' name,
In perfect harmony.

FELLOWSHIP.

5 We all partake the joy of one;
The common peace we feel;
A peace to sensual minds unknown,
A joy unspeakable.

6 And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What height of rapture shall we know
When round his throne we meet!

Charles Wesley

249

Rejoicing in Hope.

C. M.

LIFT up your hearts to things above,
Ye followers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise his love,
And glorify his name.

2 To Jesus' name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end:
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King;
The King is now our Friend.

3 We for his sake count all things loss;
On earthly good look down;
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown.

4 O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works to approve,
By holy, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love.

5 Let all who for the promise wait,
The Holy Ghost receive;
And, raised to our unsinning state,
With God in Eden live:

6 Live, till the Lord in glory come,
And wait his heaven to share:
He now is fitting up your home;
Go on, we'll meet you there.

Charles Wesley

SALVATION PROVIDED.

250 *We shall see Him as He is.* C. M.

THE heavenly treasure now we have
In a vile house of clay;
But Christ will to the utmost save,
And keep us to that day.

2 Our souls are in his mighty hand,
And he shall keep them still;
And you and I shall surely stand
With him on Zion's hill.

3 Him eye to eye we then shall see;
Our face like his shall shine;
O what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join!

4 O what a joyful meeting there!
In robes of white arrayed;
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns upon our head.

5 Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our passage through;
Bear in our faithful mind the end,
And keep the prize in view.

Charles Wesley.

251 *One in Christ and with Each Other.* 7.

FAATHER, at thy footstool see
Those who now are one in thee;
Draw us by thy grace alone;
Give, O give us to thy Son.

2 Jesus, Friend of human kind,
Let us in thy name be joined;
Each to each unite and bless;
Keep us still in perfect peace.

3 Heavenly, all-alluring Dove,
Shed thy overshadowing love;
Love, the sealing grace impart:
Dwell within our single heart.

FELLOWSHIP.

4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be to us what Adam lost;
Let us in thine image rise;
Give us back our Paradise.

Charles Wesley.

252 *Hand in Hand to Heaven.*

7, 6 L

CENTRE of our hopes thou art;
End of our enlarged desires:
Stamp thine image on our heart;
Fill us now with heavenly fires:
Joined to thee by love divine,
Seal our souls forever thine.

2 All our works in thoo be wrought,
Levelled at one common aim:
Every word and every thought
Purge in the refining flame:
Lead us, through the paths of peace,
On to perfect holiness.

3 Let us all together rise,
To thy glorious life restored;
Here regain our Paradise,
Here preparo to meet our Lord:
Here enjoy the earnest given:
Travel hand in hand to heaven.

Charles Wesley.

253 *Of one Heart and of one Mind.*

7.

JESUS, Lord, we look to thee;
Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyself the Prince of Peace,
Bid our jars forever cease.

2 By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove;
Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and spread thy banner here.

3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful and kind;
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us for each other care;
Each the other's burden bear:
To thy Church the pattern give;
Show how true believers live.

5 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness.

6 Let us then with joy remove
To the family above;
On the wings of angels fly;
Show how true believers die.

Charles Wesley.

254 *Many, but One.*

7, 8 1.

CHRIST, from whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the saints below,
Hear us, who thy nature share,
Who thy mystic body are.
Join us, in one spirit join;
Let us still receive of thine:
Still for more on thee we call,
Thou who fillest all in all.

2 Move, and actuate, and guide;
Divers gifts to each divide:
Placed according to thy will,
Let us all our work fulfill:
Never from our office move;
Needful to each other prove;
Let us daily growth receive,
More and more in Jesus live.

FELLOWSHIP.

3 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with softest sympathy;
Kindly for each other care;
Every membor fcol its share.
Many aro wo now and one,
We who Jesus have put on:
There is neither bond nor free,
Male nor female, Lord, in thee!

4 Jesus, wo thy members are;
Cherish us with kindest care:
Of thy flesh, and of thy bone,
Love, forever love thine own!
Love, like death, hath all destroyed,
Rendered all distinctions void;
Names, and sects, and parties fall:
Thou, O Christ, art all in all!

Charles Wesley.

255 *The Feast of Endless Love.* 7, 81.

COME, thou high and lofty Lord,
Lowly, meek, incarnate Word,
Humbly stoop to earth again;
Come and visit abject me.
Jesus, dear expected Guest,
Thou art bidden to the feast:
For thyself our hearts prepare;
Come, and sit, and banquet there.

2 Jesus, we thy promise claim:
We are met in thy great name:
In the midst do thou appear;
Manifest thy presence here.
Sanctify us, Lord, and bless;
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace,
Thou thyself within us move:
Make our feast a feast of love.

3 Make us all in thee complete;
 Make us all for glory meet;
 Meet to appear before thy sight,
 Partners with the saints of light.
 Call, O call us each by name,
 To the marriage of the Lamb:
 Let us lean upon thy breast;
 Love be there our endless feast.

Charles Wesley.

256 *Mutual Love the Bond of Union.* 7.

WHILE we walk with God in light,
 God our hearts doth still unite:
 Dearest fellowship we prove,
 Fellowship in Jesus' love:
 Sweetly each, with each combined,
 In the bonds of duty joined,
 Feels the cleansing blood applied,
 Daily feels that Christ hath died.

2 Still, O Lord, our faith increase
 Cleanse from all unrighteousness:
 Thee the unholy cannot see;
 Make, O make us meet for thee:
 Every vile affection kill;
 Root out every seed of ill;
 Utterly abolish sin;
 Write thy law of love within.

3 Hence may all our actions flow;
 Love the proof that Christ we know;
 Mutual love the token be,
 Lord, that we belong to thee:
 Love, thine image, love impart;
 Stamp it now on every heart:
 Only love to us be given:
 Lord, we ask no other heaven.

Charles Wesley.

SABBATH.

257 *Anticipating the Heavenly Sabbath.* L. M.

LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy servants rise.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our laboring souls aspire,
With ardent hope and strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun;
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

P. Doddridge

258 *The Joys of the Sabbath.* L. M.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth by night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

SALVATION PROVIDED.

3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels, how divine!

4 When grace has purified my heart,
Then shall I share a glorious part:
And fresh supplies of joy be shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

Isaac Watts.

259

L. M.
The Sabbath Rest.

SWEET is the sunlight after rain,
And sweet the sleep that follows pain,
And sweetly steals the Sabbath rest
Upon the world's work-wearied breast.

2 Of heaven the sign, of earth the calm;
The poor man's birthright, and his balm;
God's witness of celestial things;
A sun with healing in its wings.

3 New rising in this gospel time,
And in its sevenfold light sublime;
Blest day of God! we hail its dawn,
To gratitude and worship drawn.

4 O nought of gloom and nought of pride
Should with the sacred hours abide;
At work for God, in loved employ,
We lose the duty in the joy.

5 Breathe on us, Lord! our sins forgive,
And make us strong in faith to live;
Our utmost, sorest need supply,
And make us strong in faith to die.

W. M. Punshon.

260

Pledge of Endless Rest.

L. M.

RETURN, my soul, enjoy thy rest;
 Improve the day thy God hath blest:
 Another six days' work is done;
 Another Sabbath is begun.

2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
 As grateful incense to the skies;
 And draw from Christ that sweet repose,
 Which none but he that feels it knows.

3 This heavenly calm within the breast,
 Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
 Which for the Church of God remains,
 The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties, let the day,
 In holy comforts, pass away;
 How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
 In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

J. Stennett.

261

In the Sanctuary.

L. M.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone,
 Let my religious hours alone;
 Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see;
 I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 O warm my heart with holy fire,
 And kindle there a pure desire:
 Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
 And fill my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Saviour, what delicious fare!
 How sweet thine entertainments are!
 Never did angels taste above
 Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
 In thee thy Father's glories shine;
 Thy glorious name shall be adored,
 And every tongue confess thee, Lord.

Isaac Watts.

262 *The Type of Everlasting Rest.* C. M.

COME, let us join with one accord
In hymns around the throne;
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made and called his own.

- 2 This is the day which God hath blest,
The brightest of the seven,
Type of that everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.
- 3 Then let us in his name sing on,
And hasten to that day
When our Redeemer shall come down,
And shadows pass away.
- 4 Not one, but all our days below,
Let us in hymns employ;
And, in our Lord rejoicing, go
To his eternal joy.

Charles Wesley.

263 *God's Service Delightful.* C. M.

WITH joy we hail the sacred day,
Which God has called his own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at his throne.

- 2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
As here thy servants throng,
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the grateful song.
- 3 Spirit of grace! O deign to dwell
Within thy Church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.
- 4 Let peace within her walls be found,
Let all her sons unite,
To spread with holy zeal around,
Her clear and shining light.

SABBATH.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which thou hast called thine own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at thy throne.

H. Auber.

S. M.

264 *Delight in Ordinances.*

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise:
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day in such a place,
Where thou, my God, art seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

Isaac Watts.

7, 6 1.

265 *Safely through Another Week.*

SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name.
Show thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

SALVATION PROVIDED.

3 Here we come thy name to praise;
May we feel thy presence near:
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May thy gospel's joyful sound,
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the Church above.

John Newton.

266 *The Day of Sacred Rest.*

H. M.

WELCOME delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return,
Lord, make these moments blest:
From low delights and mortal toys
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend
And fill his throne of grace:
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quickening word
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Disclose a Saviour's love
And bless these sacred hours;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain.

Haywood.

FAMILY.

267

A Morning Hymn.

L. M.

A WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Redeem thy mis-spent moments past,
And live this day as if thy last;
Thy talents to improve take care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy words and ways.

4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels take thy part;
Who all night long unwearied sing
High glory to the eternal King.

T. Ken.

268

SECOND PART.

L. M.

A LL praise to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

2 Lord, I my vows to thee renew,
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

3 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

I. Ken.

SALVATION PROVIDED.

269 L. M.
Morning and Evening Mercies.

MY GOD, how endless is thy love;
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently descend like early dew.

2 Thou spreadest the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield myself to thy command;
To thee devote my nights and days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Isaac Watts.

270 S. M.
Morning: Tribute of Praise.

SEE how the morning sun
Pursues his shining way;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every brightening ray.

2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly Parent sing,
And to its great Original
The humble tribute bring.

3 Serene I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near.

4 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

E. Scott.

FAMILY.

271 *Morning: The Day-star from on High.* S. M.

WE LIFT our hearts to thee,
O Day-star from on high!
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2 O let thy rising beams
The night of sin disperse,
The mists of error and of vice,
Which shade the universe.

3 How beauteous nature now;
How dark and sad before;
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.

4 O may no gloomy crime
Pollute the rising day;
Or Jesus' blood, like evening dew,
Wash all the stains away.

5 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past,
And live this short, revolving day
As if it were our last.

J. Wesley.

272 *Morning: Self-consecration.* C. M.

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes,
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
And day renewes the sound;
Wide as the heavens on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins might rouse his wrath to flame,
But yet his wrath delays.

SALVATION PROVIDED.

4 O God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.

Isaac Watts.

273 *Preparing for Public Worship.*

C. M.

L ORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye:

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints;
Presenting, at the Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 Now to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

Isaac Watts.

274 *The Christian Home.*

C. M.

H APPY the home when God is there,
And love fills every breast;
When one their wish, and one their prayer,
And one their heavenly rest.

FAMILY.

2 Happy the home where Jesus' name
Is sweet to every ear,
Where children early lisp his fame,
And parents hold him dear.

3 Happy the home where prayer is heard
And praise is wont to rise;
Where parents love the sacred word,
And live but for the skies.

4 Lord, let us in our homes agree,
This blessed peace to gain;
Unite our hearts in love to thee,
And love to all will reign.

Unknown.

275 L. M. 6 l. *For a Blessing on the Children.*

CAPTAIN of our salvation, take
The souls we here present to thee,
And fit for thy great service make
These heirs of immortality:
And let them in thine image rise,
And then transplant to paradise.

2 Unspotted from the world, and pure,
Preserve them for thy glorious cause,
Accustomed daily to endure
The welcome burden of thy cross;
Inured to toil and patient pain,
Till all thy perfect mind they gain.

3 Our sons henceforth be wholly thine,
And serve and love thee all their days;
Infuse the principle divine
In all who here expect thy grace;
Let each improve the grace bestowed;
Rise every child a man of God.

4 Train up thy hardy soldiers, Lord,
In all their Captain's steps to tread;
Or send them to proclaim thy word,
Thy gospel through the world to spread
Freely as they receive to give,
And preach the death by which we live!

SALVATION PROVIDED.

276 *For Salvation of the Family.*

PEACE be on this house bestowed
Peace on all that here reside!
Let the unknown peace of God
With the man of peace abide.
Let the Spirit now come down;
Let the blessing now take place!
Son of Peace, receive thy crown,
Fullness of the gospel grace.

2 Christ, my Master and my Lord,
Let me thy forerunner be;
O be mindful of thy word;
Visit them, and visit me!
To this house, and all herein;
Now let thy salvation come:
Save our souls from inbred sin;
Make us thy eternal home!

3 Let us never, never rest,
Till the promise is fulfilled;
Till we are of thee possessed,
Pardoned, sanctified, and sealed;
Till we all, in love renewed,
Find the pearl that Adam lost,
Temples of the living God,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Charles Wesley.

277 *Youthful Consecration.* 8, 7.

SAVIOUR, while my heart is tender,
I would yield that heart to thee;
All my powers to thee surrender,
Thine and only thine to be.

2 Take me now, Lord Jesus, take me,
Let my youthful heart be thine;
Thy devoted servant make me,
Fill my soul with love divine.

FAMILY.

3 Send me, Lord, where thou wilt send me,
Only do thou guide my way;
May thy grace through life attend me,
Gladly then shall I obey.

4 Let me do thy will or bear it,
I will know no will but thine;
Shouldst thou take my life, or spare it,
I that life to thee resign.

5 May this solemn dedication
Never once forgotten lie;
Let it know no revocation,
Published and confirmed on high.

6 Thine I am O Lord, forever,
To thy service set apart;
Suffer me to leave thee never;
Seal thine image on my heart.

J. Burton.

7.

278 *A Young Child.*

GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity;
Suffer me to come to thee.

2 Fain I would to thee be brought;
Gracious Lord, forbid it not;
Give a little child a place
In the kingdom of thy grace.

3 Lamb of God, I look to thee,
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,
Thou wast once a little child.

4 Fain I would be as thou art,
Give me thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have thy loving mind.

SALVATION PROVIDED.

5 Let me, above all, fulfill
God my heavenly Father's will;
Never his good Spirit grieve,
Only to his glory live.

Charles Wesley.

7.

279

Communion with God.

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon from us the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

George W. Doane.

280

Bereavement and Resignation.

JESUS, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say, Thy will be done.

2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken;
Though afflicted, not alone:
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken;
Blessed Lord, Thy will be done.

3 Though to-day we're filled with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne;
With thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing, Thy will be done.

FAMILY.

4 By thy hands the boon was given;
Thou hast taken but thine own:
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore, thy will be done.

T. Hastings.

281 *Confidence in God's Protection.* 8. 7.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary;
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watches where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And command us to the tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

J. Edmeston.

282 *Evening: Perfect Security* 8.

INSPIRER and Hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian divine,
My all to thy covenant care
I, sleeping or waking, resign.
While thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me:
And, fast as my minutes roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

SALVATION PROVIDED.

2 A sovereign Protector I have,
Unseen, yet forever at hand;
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.
Thy ministering spirits descend
To watch, while thy saints are asleep;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep.

A. Toplady.

283 L. M. *Evening: Trusting in God.*

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
G For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

4 O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, which shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

5 Lord, let my soul forever share
The bliss of thy paternal care:
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love.

T. Ken.

284 L. M. *Evening. Memorials of His Grace.*

THUS far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days,
And every evening shall make known,
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

FAMILY.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

Isaac Watts.

285 C. M. *Evening: Cheerful Confidence.*

IN MERCY, Lord, remember me,
Through all the hours of night,
And grant to me most graciously
The safeguard of thy might.

2 When evening slumbers press mine eyes,
With his protection blest,
In peace and safety I commit
My wearied limbs to rest.

3 My spirit, in his hand secure,
Fears no approaching ill;
For, whether waking or asleep,
The Lord is with me still.

4 With cheerful heart I close mine eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove:
O, in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love.

5 Or, if this night should prove my last,
And end my transient days;
Lord, take me to thy promised rest,
Where I may sing thy praise.

J. F. Hertzog.

SALVATION PROVIDED.

286 S. M. *Commending the Soul to God.*

GIVE me to trust in thee;
My Saviour and my God,
My sun, and shield, and fortress be,
Be thou my sure abode.

2 Myself I cannot save,
Myself I cannot keep,
But strength in thee I surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep.

3 My soul to thee alone,
Now therefore I commend:
Thou, Jesus, love me as thine own,
And love me to the end.

Charles Wesley.

287 S. M. *Evening Meditation.*

THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we've here possessed.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when we early rise,
And view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

SALVATION PROCLAIMED.

THE MINISTRY.

288

L. M.

The Commission.

G O, PREACH my Gospel, saith the Lord,
Bid the whole world my grace receive:
He shall be saved who trusts my word,
He shall be damned who won't believe.

2 I'll make your great commission known;
And ye shall prove my Gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 Teach all the nations my commands,
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in my hands,
I can destroy, and I defend.

Isaac Watts.

289

L. M.

G OD, the offended God, Most High,
Ambassadors to rebels sends;
His messengers his place supply,
And Jesus begs us to be friends.

2 Us in the stead of Christ, they pray,
Us, in the stead of God, entreat,
To cast our arms, our sins, away,
And find forgiveness at his feet.

3 Our God in Christ! thine embassy,
And proffered mercy, we embrace;
And gladly reconciled to thee,
Thy condescending mercy praise.

4 Poor debtors, by our Lord's request,
A full acquittance we receive!
And criminals, with pardon blest,
We, at our Judge's instance, live!

SALVATION PROCLAIMED.

290

L. M.
Prepare Ye the Way of the Lord.

C OMFORT, ye ministers of grace,
 Comfort the people of your Lord;
O lift ye up the fallen race,
 And cheer them by the Gospel word.

2 Go into every nation, go;
 Speak to their trembling hearts, and cry,
Glad tidings unto all we show:
 Jerusalem, thy God is nigh.

3 Hark! in the wilderness a cry,
 A voice that loudly calls, "Prepare;"
Prepare your hearts, for God is nigh,
 And waits to make his entrance there.

4 The Lord your God shall quickly come,
 Sinners, repent, the call obey;
Open your hearts to make him room;
 Ye desert souls, prepare the way.

5 The Lord shall clear his way through all,
 Whate'er obstructs, obstructs in vain;
The vale shall rise, the mountain fall,
 Crooked be straight, and rugged plain.

6 The glory of the Lord displayed
 Shall all mankind together view;
And what his mouth in truth hath said,
 His own almighty hand shall do.

Charles Wesley.

291

C. M.
The Pastoral Office.

L ET Zion's watchmen all awake,
 And take the alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
 Their awful charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import,
 The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
 And filled a Saviour's hands.

THE MINISTRY.

3 They watch for souls for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls, which must forever live
In raptures, or in wo.

4 May they in Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

P. Doddridge.

292

Clothed with Salvation.

C. M.

JESUS, the word of mercy give,
And let it swiftly run;
And let the priests themselves believe,
And put salvation on.

2 Ready thy promise to embrace,
May all thy people prove
The plenitude of gospel grace,
The joy of perfect love.

3 Jesus, let all thy servants shine
Illustrious as the sun;
And, bright with borrowed rays divine,
Their glorious circuit run.

4 Beyond the reach of mortals, spread
Their light where'er they go;
And heavenly influences shed
On all the world below.

5 As giants may they run their race
Exulting in their might;
As burning luminaries chase
The gloom of hellish night.

6 As the bright Sun of righteousness,
Their healing wings display;
And let their lustre still increase
Unto the perfect day.

Charles Wesley.

SALVATION PROCLAIMED.

293 *The Minister's Prayer.* C. M.

JESUS, my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour and my King,
Triumphantly thy name I bless,
Thy conquering name I sing.

2 Thou, Lord, hast magnified thy name,
Thou hast maintained thy cause;

And I enjoy the glorious shame,
The scandal of thy cross.

3 Thou gavest me to speak thy word,
In the appointed hour;

I have proclaimed my dying Lord;
And felt thy Spirit's power.

4 Superior to my foes I stood,
Above their smile or frown;
On all the strangers to thy blood
With pitying love looked down.

5 O let me have thy presence still;
Set as a flint my face,
To show the counsel of thy will,
Which saves a world by grace.

6 O let me never blush to own
The glorious Gospel-word;
Which saves a world through faith alone,
Faith in ■ dying Lord.

Charles Wesley.

294 *The Minister's Only Business.* C. M.

JESUS, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

THE MINISTRY.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls he speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace;
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!

Charles Wesley.

295 *The Joyful Sound.* S. M.

HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

- 2 How charming is their voice,
So sweet the tidings are;
Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here.
- 3 How happy are our ears,
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desired it long.
But died without the sight.

SALVATION PROCLAIMED.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

Isaac Watts.

296 C. P. M. .
Entire Dependence on Christ.

EXCEPT the Lord conduct the plan,
The best concerted schemes are vain,
And never can succeed;
We spend our wretched strength for nought;
But if our works in thee be wrought,
They shall be blest indeed.

2 Lord, if thou didst thyself inspire
Our souls with this intense desire,
Thy goodness to proclaim;
Thy glory if we now intend,
O let our deeds begin and end
Complete in Jesus' name.

3 In Jesus' name behold we meet,
Far from an evil world retreat,
And all its frantic ways;
One only thing resolved to know,
And square our useful lives below,
By reason and by grace.

4 Now, Jesus, now thy love impart,
To govern each devoted heart,
And fit us for thy will;
Deep founded in the truth of grace,
Build up thy rising Church, and place
The city on the hill.

THE MINISTRY.

5 O let our love and faith abound;
O let our lives, to all around,
With purest lustre shine;
That all around our works may see,
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,
The heavenly light divine.

Charles Wesley.

297 *Sow Beside All Waters.*

S. M.

SOW in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

2 Thou knowst not which shall thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown.

3 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear
And the full corn at length.

4 Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

5 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven shout, "Harvest home!"

J. Montgomery.

298 *The Minister's Prayer.*

L. M.

SAVIOUR of men, thy searching eye
Doth all mine inmost thoughts descry:
Doth aught on earth my wishes raise,
Or the world's pleasures, or its praise?

SALVATION PROCLAIMED.

2 The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wandering souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave.

3 For this let men revile my name;
No cross I shun, I fear no shame:
All hail, reproach; and welcome, pain;
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.

4 My life, my blood, I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent;
Fulfill thy sovereign counsel, Lord;
Thy will be done, thy name adored.

5 Give me thy strength, O God of power,
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar;
Thy faithful witness will I be:
'Tis fixed; I can do all through thee.

J. J. Winkler, Tr' by J. Wesley.

299

L. M.

Boldness in the Gospel.

SHALL I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or, undismayed in deed and word,
Be a true witness of my Lord?

2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God Most High?
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thine anger bear?

3 Shall I, to soothe the unholy throng,
Softten thy truth, or smooth my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross endured, my Lord, by thee?

4 What then is he whose scorn I dread?
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man! an heir of death! a slave
To sin! a bubble on the wave!

THE MINISTRY.

5 Yea, let men rage; since thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head:
Since in all pain thy tender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

J. J. Winkler, Tr' by J. Wesley.

300 L. M. *The Angels of the Churches.*

DRRAW near, O Son of God, draw near;
Us with thy flaming eye behold;
Still in thy Church do thou appear,
And let our candlestick be gold.

2 Still hold the stars in thy right hand,
And let them in thy lustre glow,
The lights of a benighted land,
The angels of thy Church below.

3 Make good their apostolic boast;
Their high commission let them prove;
Be temples of the Holy Ghost,
And filled with faith, and hope, and love.

4 Give them an ear to hear thy word;
Thou speakest to the churches now:
And let all tongues confess their Lord,
Let every knee to Jesus bow.

Charles Wesley.

301 S. M. *Laborers Parting.*

AND let our bodies part,
To different climes repair;
Inseparably joined in heart
The friends of Jesus are.

2 O let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below;
And, following our triumphant Head,
To further conquests go.

3 The vineyard of the Lord
Before his laborers lies;
And lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.

SALVATION PROCLAIMED.

4 O let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labors end;

5 Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suffering and our pain:
Who meet on that eternal shore,
Shall never part again.

C. Wesley.

302 *Success Certain.*

S. M.

L ORD, if at thy command
The word of life we sow,
Watered by thy almighty hand,
The seed shall surely grow:
The virtue of thy grace
A large increase shall give,
And multiply the faithful race,
Who to thy glory live.

2 Now, then, the ceaseless shower
Of gospel blessings send,
And let the soul-converting power
Thy ministers attend.
On multitudes confer
The heart-renewing love,
And by the joy of grace prepare
For fuller joys above.

Charles Wesley.

303 *After Receiving Appointments.* 8, 7, 4.

M EN of God, go, take your stations:
Darkness reigns throughout the earth;
Go, proclaim among the nations,
Joyful news of heavenly birth;
Bear the tidings
Of the Saviour's matchless worth.

INVITATION.

2 What, though earth and hell united,
Should oppose our Saviour's plan?
Plead his cause, nor be affrighted:
Fear ye not the face of man:
Vain their tumult;
Kill his work they never can.

3 When exposed to fearful dangers,
Jesus will his own defend;
Borne afar midst foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your friend:
And his presence
Shall be with you to the end.

T. Kelly.



SALVATION OFFERED.

INVITATION.

304 *The Invitation.* 8, 7, 4.
COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
 He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy: come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh;
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

SALVATION OFFERED.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
 This he gives you,
 'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till your're better
 You will never come at all:
 Not the righteous,
 Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him!
 Hear him cry, before he dies,
 It is finished!
 Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! the' incarnate God, ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture freely;
 Let no other trust intrude:
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with his name:
 Hallelujah!
 Sinners here may do the same.

J. Hart.

305

Hear, and Live.

8, 7, 4.

SINNERS, will you scorn the message
 Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, O how tender!
 Every line is full of love:
 Listen to it;
 Every line is full of love.

INVITATION.

2 Hear the heralds of the Gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim:
"Pardon to each rebel sinner,
Free forgiveness in his name;"
How important!
"Free forgiveness in his name."

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears,
And, with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears:
Tender heralds!
Chase away the falling tears.

4 O ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way.
Haste ye to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay,
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

Jonathan Allen.

306

S. M.

Salvation's Free.

O H! WONDROUS love divine,
The love of Christ to me;
That I, undone and lost by sin,
Should find salvation free.

CHORUS.

I'm glad salvation's free!
I'm glad salvation's free!
Salvation's free for you and me,
I'm glad salvation's free!

2 Oppressed with sin and guilt,
And none to care for me,
I cast my soul on Jesus' blood,
And found salvation free.

3 With nothing in my hand,
No gift, no price, no plea,
Through Jesus' boundless love alone
I've found salvation free.

SALVATION OFFERED.

4 O brethren, help me sing,
One song of victory,
For without money, without price,
I've found salvation free.

5 I feel it burning now,
Like fire all through my soul,
Salvation free, as free as heaven,
Salvation free and full.

6 Forever—evermore,
This my glad song shall be,
Salvation's free!—salvation's free!
I'm glad salvation's free.

Joseph McCreery.

307 *Accepting the Invitation.*

S. M.

COME, weary sinners, come,
Groaning beneath your load;
The Saviour calls his wanderers home;
Haste to your pardoning God.

2 Come, all by guilt oppressed,
Answer the Saviour's call,
“O come, and I will give you rest,
And I will save you all.”

3 Redeemer, full of love,
We would thy word obey,
And all thy faithful mercies prove:
O take our guilt away.

4 We would on thee rely;
On thee would cast our care;
Now to thine arms of mercy fly,
And find salvation there.

Charles Wesley.

308

Delay Not.

11.

DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

INVITATION.

2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For Mercy still lingers and calls thee to-day:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad
flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand,
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall
fade,
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall
stand
What power then, O sinner, will lend thee its aid!

Thomas Hastings.

L. M.

309 *All-sufficiency of His Grace.*

H^O! EVERY one that thirsts, draw nigh:
'Tis God invites the fallen race:
Mercy and free salvation buy,
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2 In search of empty joys below,
Ye toil with unavailing strife:
Whither, ah! whither would ye go?
I have the words of endless life.

3 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find his grace is free for all.

4 See from the Rock a fountain rise;
For you a healing stream it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye laboring, burdened, sin-sick souls.

SALVATION OFFERED.

5 Nothing ye in exchange shall give;
Leave all you have, and are, behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive;
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

John Wesley.

310 *The Jubilee Trumpet.* H. M.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly-solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above.
Receive it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

INVITATION.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Charles Wesley.

311 H. M.
Proclaiming the Saviour to all!

LET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be joined,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind:
To' adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

2 Jesus! transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven;
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have;
But Jesus came the world to save.

3 Jesus! harmonious name!
It charms the hosts above;
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love:
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,
'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.

4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in his ears;
'Tis life and victory;
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

5 O unexampled love!
O all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race!
What shall I do to make it known,
What thou for all mankind hast done?

SALVATION OFFERED.

6 O for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call,
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all:
For all, my Lord was crucified;
For all, for all, my Saviour died.

Charles Wesley.

312

The Gospel Feast.

L. M.

COME, sinners, to the gospel feast;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest:
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:
Come all the world! come, sinner, thou,
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live:
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

5 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice:
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

6 This is the time; no more delay;
This is the Lord's appointed day;
Come in this moment at his call,
And live for him who died for all.

Charles Wesley.

INVITATION.

313

L. M.

All Things are Now Ready.

SINNERS, obey the gospel word;
Haste to the supper of my Lord;
Be wise to know your gracious day;
All things are ready, come away.

2 Ready the Father is to own
And kiss his late-returning son;
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the Spirit of his love,
Just now the stony to remove;
To apply and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal the sons of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate;
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Are ready, with their shining host:
All heaven is ready to resound,
"The dead's alive! the lost is found!"

J. Fawcet.

314

L. M.

The Joys of Penitence.

COME, O ye sinners, to the Lord,
In Christ to paradise restored:
His proffered benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gospel grace:

2 A pardon written with his blood;
The favor and the peace of God;
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence:

3 The godly fear, the pleasing smart,
The meltings of a broken heart;
The tears that tell your sins forgiven;
The sighs that waft your souls to heaven:

SALVATION OFFERED.

4 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,
The unutterable tenderness;
The genuine, meek humility;
The wonder, "Why such love to me?"

5 The o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face;
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.

Charles Wesley.

315

"Let Him Come."

8,7,8,7,3.

HARK! the Saviour's voice from heaven
Speaks a pardon full and free;
Come, and thou shalt be forgiven;
Boundless mercy flows for thee,
Even thee.

2 See the healing fountain springing
From the Saviour on the tree;
Pardon, peace, and cleansing bringing,
Lost one, loved one, 'tis for thee,
Even thee.

3 Hear his love and mercy speaking,
"Come, and lay thy soul on me;
Though thy heart for sin be breaking,
I have rest and peace for thee,
Even thee!

4 Sinner, come to Jesus flying,
From thy sin and woe be free;
Burdened, guilty, wounded, dying,
Gladly will he welcome thee,
Even thee!

5 Every sin shall be forgiven;
Thou, through grace, a child shalt be,
Child of God, and heir of heaven;
Yes a mansion waits for thee,
Even thee!

INVITATION.

6 Then in love for ever dwelling,
Jesus all thy joy shall be;
And thy song shall still be telling
All his mercy did for thee,
Even thee!

James Montgomery.

316 *Why Will Ye Die?*

7.

SINNERS, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands;
Asks the work of his own hands,
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why?
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that ye might live.
Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again!
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why?
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace his love.
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die?

Charles Wesley.

317 *The Wideness of God's Mercy.*

8, 7.

THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea:
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.

SALVATION OFFERED.

2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in his blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Frederick W. Faber.

318 *Tender Expostulation.*

SINNERS, turn, while God is near;
Dare not think him insincere:
Now, e'en now, your Saviour stands,
All day long he spreads his hands;
Cries, "Ye will not happy be;
No, ye will not come to me,
Me, who life to none deny:
Why will ye resolve to die?"

2 "Turn," he cries, "ye sinners, turn;"
By his life, your God hath sworn,
He would have you turn and live;
He would all the world receive.
If your death were his delight,
Would he you to life invite?
Would he ask, beseech, and cry,
"Why will ye resolve to die?"

3 What could your Redeemer do,
More than he hath done for you?
To procure your peace with God,
Could he more than shed his blood?
After all his flow of love,
All his drawings from above,
Why will ye your Lord deny?
Why will ye resolve to die?

319 *Fly to Jesus.* 7, 61.

WEARY souls, that wander wide
 From the central point of bliss,
 Turn to Jesus crucified;
 Fly to those dear wounds of his:
 Sink into the purple flood;
 Rise into the life of God.

4 Find in Christ the way of peace,
 Peace unspeakable, unknown;
 By his pain he gives you ease,
 Life by his expiring groan:
 Rise exalted by his fall;
 Find in Christ your all in all.

3 O believe the record true,
 God to you his Son hath given;
 Ye may now be happy too,
 Find on earth the life of heaven:
 Live the life of heaven above,
 All the life of glorious love.

4 This the universal bliss,
 Bliss for every soul designed;
 God's original promise this,
 God's great gift to all mankind:
 Blest in Christ this moment be,
 Blest to all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

320 *The Prodigal Son* C. M.

RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,
 Thy Father calls for thee:
 No longer now an exile roam
 In guilt and misery.

2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
 Thy Saviour calls for thee:
 "The Spirit and the bride say, Come;"
 O now for refuge flee!

3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
 'Tis madness to delay:
 There are no pardons in the tomb;
 And brief is mercy's day!

Thos. Hastings.

321

Come, and Welcome.

7, 6 l.

FROM the cross uplifted high,
 Where the Saviour deigns to die,
 What melodious sounds we hear
 Bursting on the ravished ear!
 "Love's redeeming work is done,
 Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
 Why beneath thy burdens groan?
 On his pierced body laid,
 Justice owns the ransom paid;
 Bow the knee, embrace the Son,
 Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

3 "Spread for thee, the festal board
 See with richest bounties stored;
 To thy Father's bosom pressed,
 Thou shalt be a child confessed,
 Never from his house to roam;
 Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

T. Haweis.

322

The Wanderer Recalled.

C. M.

RETURN, O wanderer, return,
 And seek thy Father's face;
 Those new desires which in thee burn,
 Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return;
 He hears thy humble sigh:
 He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
 When no one else is nigh.

INVITATION.

3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thee live:
Come to his cross, and, grateful, learn
How freely he'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe the falling tear:
Thy Father calls, no longer mourn;
'Tis love invites thee near.

5 Return, O wanderer, return;
Begin thy long-sought rest:
The Saviour's melting mercies yearn
To clasp thee to his breast.

W. B. Collyer.

323

The Resolution.

C. M.

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close:
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him, I'm a wretch undone
Without his sovereign grace.

4 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

5 I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try,
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

E. Jones.

324 C. M.
He Justifieth the Ungodly.

LOVERS of pleasures more than God,
For you he suffered pain;
For you the Saviour spilt his blood:
And shall he bleed in vain?

2 Sinners, his life, for you he paid;
Your basest crimes he bore;
Your sins were all on Jesus laid,
That you might sin no more.

3 To earth the great Redeemer came,
That you might come to heaven;
Believe, believe in Jesus' name,
And all your sin's forgiven.

4 Believe in him who died for thee;
And, sure as he hath died,
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
And thou art justified.

Charles Wesley.

325 12.
The Voice of Free Grace.

THE voice of free grace calls, "Escape to the mountain;
For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain:
For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,
His blood flows most freely, in streams of salvation."

Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has purchased our pardon:
We will praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

2 Now glory to God in the highest is given;
Now glory to God is re-echoed in heaven;
Around the whole earth let us tell the glad story,
And sing of his love, his salvation and glory.

INVITATION.

3 O Jesus, ride on, thy kingdom is glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell, thou wilt make us victorious:

Thy name shall be praised in the great congregation,

And saints shall ascribe unto thee their salvation.

4 When on Zion we stand, having gained the blest shore,

With our harps in our hands, we will praise evermore:

We'll range the blest fields on the banks of the river,

And sing of redemption forever and ever.

R. Burdsall.

C. M.

326

The Gospel Feast.

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice:

The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind:

3 Eternal Wisdom hath prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

SALVATION OFFERED.

6 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

Isaac Watts.

327

L. M. 6 l.
The Lamb of God.

BEHOLD the Lamb of God, who bears
The sins of all the world away!
A servant's form he meekly wears,
He sojourns in a house of clay!
His glory is no longer seen,
But God with God is man with men.

2 See where the God incarnate stands,
And calls his wandering creatures home;
He all day long spreads out his hands;
“Come, weary souls, to Jesus come!
Ye all may hide you in my breast;
Believe, and I will give you rest.”

3 “Ah! do not of my goodness doubt;
My saving grace for all is free;
I will in nowise cast him out,
That comes a sinner unto me;
I can to none myself deny;
Why, sinners, will ye perish, why?”

Charles Wesley.

328

11, 10.
Heaven can Heal our Sorrows.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish;
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
anguish.
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
“Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.”

INVITATION.

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing,
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

T. Moore

329

Behold the Lamb.

C. M.

LOOK unto Christ, ye sinners: own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be saved through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

2 See all your sins on Jesus laid:

The Lamb of God was slain;

His soul was once an offering made
For every soul of man.

3 Awake from guilty nature's sleep,

And Christ shall give you light;

Cast all your sins into the deep,
And wash the Ethiop white.

4 With me, your chief, ye then shall know,

Shall feel, your sins forgiven;

Anticipate your heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

Charles Wesley.

330

He Waiteth to be Gracious.

C. M.

JESUS, Redeemer of mankind,
Display thy saving power;
Thy mercy let the sinner find,
And know his gracious hour.

2 Who thee beneath their feet have trod,
And crucified afresh,
Touch with thine all-victorious blood,
And turn the stone to flesh.

3 Open their eyes thy cross to see,
Their ears, to hear thy cries:

Sinner, thy Saviour weeps for thee;
For thee he weeps and dies.

SALVATION OFFERED.

4 All the day long he meekly stands,
His rebels to receive;
And shows his wounds, and spreads his hands
And bids you turn and live.
Turn, and your sins of deepest dye
He will with blood efface;
E'en now he waits the blood to apply;
Be saved, be saved by grace.

C. Wesley.

C. M.

331 *The Immensity of His Grace.*

WHAT shall I do my God to love?
My loving God to praise?
The length, and breadth, and height to prove,
And depth of sovereign grace.
2 Thy sovereign grace to all extends,
Immense and unconfined;
From age to age it never ends;
It reaches all mankind.
3 Throughout the world its breadth is known,
Wide as infinity:
So wide it never passed by one,
Or it had passed by me.
4 My trespass was grown up to heaven;
But, far above the skies,
Through Christ abundantly forgiven,
I see thy mercies rise.
5 The depth of all-redeeming love,
What angel tongue can tell?
O may I to the utmost prove
The gift unspeakable.

Charles Wesley.

332 *Come as Thou Art.*

8,6.

JUST as thou art, without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,
O guilty sinner, come!

INVITATION.

2 Burdened with guilt, wouldest thou be blest,
Trust not the world; it gives no rest;
Christ gives relief to hearts opprest,
O weary sinner, come!

3 Come, leave thy burden at the cross,
Count all thy gains but empty dross;
His grace repays all earthly loss,
O needy sinner, come!

4 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy mournful tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears,
O trembling sinner, come!

R. S. Cook.

333

P. M.

"ALMOST persuaded" now to believe:
"Almost persuaded" Christ to receive;
Seems now some soul to say,
"Go, Spirit, go thy way,
Some more convenient day
On thee I'll call."

2 "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day;
"Almost persuaded," turn not away;
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are lingering near,
Prayers rise from hearts so dear:
"O wanderer, come."

3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past!
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!
"Almost" cannot avail;
"Almost" is but to fail!
Sad, sad, that bitter wail—
"Almost—but lost!"

P. P. Bliss.

SALVATION SOUGHT.

PENITENCE AND PRAYER.

334

Deliverance and Rest.

L. M.

A WAKED from sin's delusive sleep,
My heavy guilt I feel, and weep:
Beneath a weight of woes oppressed,
I come to thee, my Lord, for rest.

2 Now, from thy throne of grace above,
Look down upon my soul in love;
That smile shall sweeten all my pain,
And make my soul rejoice again.

3 By thy divine, transforming power,
My ruined nature now restore;
And let my life and temper shine,
In blest resemblance, Lord, to thine.

Church Psalmody.

335

The Stubborn Heart.

L. M.

O FOR a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn heart away:
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountains shake:
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
O Lord, an adamant would melt:
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments too, which devils fear,
Amazing thought! unmoved I hear;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 But power divine can do the deed;
And, Lord, that power I greatly need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.

J. Hart.

336

Withdraw Not the Spirit.

L. M.

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,
And shaken off my guilty fears;
And vexed, and urged thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years:

3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen;
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved:

4 Yet O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
To exclude me from thy people's rest.

Charles Wesley.

337

Condemned, but Pleading.

L. M.

SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live.
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just, in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

Isaac Watts.

338 C. M. *Without God in the World.*

GOD is in this and every place;
But O, how dark and void
To me! 'tis one great wilderness,
This earth without my God.

2 Empty of him who all things fills,
Till he his light impart,
Till he his glorious self reveals,
The veil is on my heart.

3 O thou who seest and knowest my grief,
Thyself unseen, unknown,
Pity my helpless unbelief,
And break my heart of stone.

4 Regard me with a gracious eye;
The long-sought blessing give;
And bid me, at the point to die,
Behold thy face and live.

Charles Wesley

339*Feeling after God.*

C. M.

THOU hidden God, for whom I groan,
 Till thou thyself declare,
 God, inaccessible, unknown,
 Regard a sinner's prayer.

2 A sinner weltering in his blood,
 Unpurged and unforgiven:
 Far distant from the living God,
 As far as hell from heaven.

3 An unregenerate child of man,
 To thee for help I call;
 Pity thy fallen creature's pain,
 And raise me from my fall.

4 The darkness which through thee I feel,
 Thou only canst remove;
 Thine own eternal power reveal,
 Thine everlasting love.

5 I would not to thy foe submit,
 I hate the tyrant's chain;
 Send forth the prisoner from the pit,
 Nor let me cry in vain.

6 Show me the blood that bought my peace,
 The covenant blood apply;
 And all my griefs at once shall cease,
 And all my sins shall die.

*Charles Wesley.***340***The Surrender.*

C. M.

HOW oft have I the Spirit grieved,
 Since first with me he strove;
 How obstinately disbelieved,
 And trampled on his love!
 How have I sinned against the light;
 Broken from his embrace;
 And would not, when I freely might,
 Be justified by grace.

SALVATION SOUGHT.

2 But after all that I have done
To drive him from my heart,
The Spirit leaves me not alone,
He doth not yet depart;
He will not give the sinner o'er
Ready e'en now to save,
He bids me come as heretofore,
That I his grace may have.

3 I take thee at thy gracious word;
My foolishness I mourn;
And unto my redeeming Lord,
However late, I turn:
Saviour, I yield, I yield at last;
I hear thy speaking blood;
Myself, with all my sins, I cast
On my atoning God.

Charles Wesley.

341 C. M.
All Things Possible to God.

0 THAT thou wouldest the heavens rend,
In majesty come down,
Stretch out thine arm omnipotent,
And seize me for thine own.

2 Descend, and let thy lightnings burn
The stubble of thy foe;
My sins o'erturn, o'eturn, o'eturn,
And make the mountains flow.

3 Thou my impetuous spirit guide,
And curb my headstrong will;
Thou only canst drive back the tide,
And bid the sun stand still.

4 What though I cannot break my chain,
Or e'er throw off my load;
The things impossible to men,
Are possible to God.

Charles Wesley.

342

Godly Sorrow.

C. M.

O FOR that tenderness of heart
 Which bows before the Lord,
 Acknowledging how just thou art,
 And trembling at thy word;
 O for those humble, contrite tears,
 Which from repentance flow;
 That consciousness of guilt, which fears
 The long-suspended blow.

2 Saviour, to me, in pity, give
 The sensible distress;
 The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
 And bid me die in peace:
 Wilt from the dreadful day remove,
 Before the evil come;
 My spirit hide with saints above,
 My body in the tomb.

Charles Wesley.

343

The Heart of Stone.

S. M.

O THAT I could repent,
 With all my idols part,
 And to thy gracious eye present
 An humble, contrite heart;

2 A heart with grief oppressed,
 For having grieved my God;
 A troubled heart, that cannot rest
 Till sprinkled with thy blood.

3 Jesus, on me bestow
 The penitent desire;
 With true sincerity of woe
 My aching breast inspire.

4 With softening pity look,
 And melt my hardness down:
 Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
 And break this heart of stone.

Charles Wesley.

S. M.

344*The Only Expiation.*

PROSTRATE at Jesus' feet,
A guilty rebel lies;
And upward to the mercy-seat,
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 Will justice frown me hence?
Stay, Lord, the vengeful storm;
Forbid it, that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm.

3 If sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should, from both my weeping eyes,
In ceaseless currents flow.

4 Think of thy sorrows, Lord!
And all my sins forgive;
Then justice will approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

*S. Stennett.***345***Deprecating the Wrath to Come.*

O THOU that wouldest not have
One wretched sinner die;
Who diedst thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery:
Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe;
That when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear.

2 Thou art thyself the Way;
Thyself in me reveal;
So shall I spend my life's short day,
Obedient to thy will:
So shall I love my God,
Because he first loved me;
And praise thee in thy bright abode,
To all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

PENITENCE AND PRAYER.

346 *Groaning for Deliverance.* S. M.

WHEN shall thy love constrain,
And force me to thy breast?
When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest?

2 Ah! what avails my strife,
My wandering to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life:
Ah! whither should I go?

3 Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move;
It calls me still to seek thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.

4 Lord, at thy feet I fall;
I groan to be set free;
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for thee.

Charles Wesley.

347 *The Sinner's Only Hope.*

L. M.

WHEREWITH, O Lord, shall I draw near,
And bow myself before thy face?
How in thy purer eyes appear?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace?

2 Will gifts delight the Lord Most High?
Will multiplied oblations please?
Thousands of rams his favor buy,
Or slaughtered hecatombs appease?

3 Can these avert the wrath of God?
Can these wash out my guilty stain?
Rivers of oil, and seas of blood,
Alas! they all must flow in vain.

4 Who would himself to thee approve,
Must take the path thyself hast showed;
Justice pursue, and mercy love,
And humbly walk by faith with God.

SALVATION SOUGHT.

5 But though my life henceforth be thine,
Present for past can ne'er atone:
Though I to thee the whole resign,
I only give thee back thine own.
6 Guilty I stand before thy face;
On me I feel thy wrath abide;
'Tis just the sentence should take place;
'Tis just, but O, thy Son hath died!

Charles Wesley.

348

Only by Faith.

L. M.

L ORD, I despair myself to heal;
I see my sin, but cannot feel;
I cannot, till thy Spirit blow
And bid the obedient waters flow.

2 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give;
Thy gifts I only can receive;
Here, then, to thee I all resign;
To draw, redeem, and seal, are thine.

3 With simple faith, on thee I call,
My light, my life, my Lord, my all:
I wait the moving of the pool;
I wait the word that speaks me whole.

4 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure:
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
And pour thyself into my heart!

Charles Wesley.

349

Importunate Supplication.

L. M.

G OD of my life, what just return
Can sinful dust and ashes give?
I only live my sins to mourn:
To love my God I only live.

2 To thee, benign and saving Power,
I consecrate my lengthened days;
While, marked with blessings, every hour
Shall speak thy co-extended praise.

PENITENCE AND PRAYER.

3 Be all my added life employed
Thine image in my soul to see:
Fill with thyself the mighty void;
Enlarge my heart to compass thee.

4 The blessing of thy love bestow;
For this my cries shall never fail;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
I will not, till my suit prevail.

5 Come, then, my Hope, my Life, my Lord,
And fix in me thy lasting home:
Be mindful of thy gracious word,
Thou, with thy promised Father, come,

6 Prepare, and then possess my heart:
O take me, seize me from above;
Thee may I love, for God thou art;
Thee may I feel; for God is love!

Charles Wesley.

350 C. M. *I Would be Thine.*

I WOULD be thine; O take my heart,
And fill it with thy love;
Thy sacred image, Lord, impart,
And seal it from above.

2 I would be thine; but while I strive
To give myself away,
I feel rebellion still alive,
And wander while I pray.

■ I would be thine; but, Lord, I feel
Evil still lurks within:
Do thou thy majesty reveal,
And overcome my sin.

4 I would be thine; I would embrace
The Saviour, and adore;
Inspire with faith, infuse thy grace,
And now my soul restore.

A. Reed.

SALVATION SOUGHT.

351 *Self Loathed; Christ Exalted.*

C. M.

1 COULD I lose myself in thee,
Thy depth of mercy prove,
Thou vast, unfathomable sea
Of unexhausted love.

2 My humbled soul, when thou art near,
In dust and ashes lies:
How shall a sinful worm appear,
Or meet thy purer eyes?

3 I loathe myself when God I see,
And into nothing fall;
Content if thou exalted be,
And Christ be all in all.

Charles Wesley.

352 *Continued.—Urgent Pleadings.*

C. M.

1 IS THERE a thing too hard for thee,
Almighty Lord of all;
Whose threatening looks dry up the sea,
And make the mountains fall?

2 Who, who shall in thy presence stand,
And match Omnipotence?
Ungrasp the hold of thy right hand,
Or pluck the sinner thence!

3 Sworn to destroy, let earth assail;
Nearer to save thou art,
Stronger than all the powers of hell,
And greater than my heart.

4 Lo! to the hills I lift mine eye;
Thy promised aid I claim:
Father of mercies, glorify
Thy favorite Jesus' name.

5 Salvation in thy name is found,
Balm of my grief and care;
A medicine for every wound,
All, all I want is there.

Charles Wesley.

353 *To Whom should we Go.* S. M.

A H! WHITHER should I go,
 Burdened, and sick, and faint?
 To whom should I my trouble show,
 And pour out my complaint?
 My Saviour bids me come;
 Ah! why do I delay?
 He calls the weary sinner home,
 And yet from him I stay

2 What is it keeps me back,
 From which I cannot part,
 Which will not let the Saviour take
 Possession of my heart?
 Searcher of hearts, in mine
 Thy trying power display,
 Into its darkest corners shine,
 And take the vail away.

3 I now believe, in thee
 Compassion reigns alone;
 According to my faith, to me
 O let it, Lord, be done!
 In me is all the bar,
 Which thou wouldst fain remove:
 Remove it, and I shall declare
 That God is only love.

Charles Wesley.

354 *Yielding All.* S. M.

A ND can I yet delay
 My little all to give?
 To tear my soul from earth away
 For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;
 I can hold out no more:
 I sink, by dying love compelled,
 And own thee conqueror.

SALVATION SOUGHT.

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all, resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

5 My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know,
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.

6 My life, my portion thou;
Thou all-sufficient art:
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter, and keep my heart.

Charles Wesley.

355 S. M. *The Redeemer's Tears.*

DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

B. Beddome.

356 S. M. *Waiting at the Cross.*

FATHER, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true:
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,
My fallen soul renew.

PENITENCE AND PRAYER.

2 Come then, for Jesus' sake,
And bid my heart be clean,
An end of all my troubles make,
An end of all my sin.

3 I cannot wash my heart,
But by believing thee,
And waiting for thy blood to impart
The spotless purity.

4 While at thy cross I lie,
Jesus, the grace bestow;
Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And I am white as snow.

Charles Wesley.

357 L. M. 6 l.
Desiring Conviction.

FATHER of lights, from whom proceeds,
Whate'er thy every creature needs;
Whose goodness, providently nigh,
Feeds the young ravens when they cry;
To thee I look; my heart prepare;
Suggest, and hearken to my prayer.

2 Since by thy light myself I see
Naked, and poor, and void of thee,
Thine eyes must all my thoughts survey,
Foreseeing what my lips would say:
Thou seest my wants; for help they call;
And, ere I speak, thou knowest them all.

3 Fain would I know, as known by thee,
And feel the poverty I see,
Fain would I all my vileness own,
And deep beneath the burden groan;
Abhor the pride that lurks within,
Detest and loathe myself and sin.

4 Ah, give me, Lord, myself to feel;
My total misery reveal:
Ah, give me, Lord, I still would say,
A heart to mourn, a heart to pray:
My business this, my only care,
My life my every breath, be prayer.

358*Resolution to Return.*

YES, from this instant, now, I will
 To my offended Father cry;
 My base ingratitude I feel;
 Vilest of all thy children, I;
 Not worthy to be called thy son,
 Yet will I thee my Father own.

2 Guide of my life hast thou not been,
 And rescued me from passion's power?
 Ten thousand times preserved from sin,
 Nor let the greedy grave devour?
 And wilt thou now thy wrath retain,
 Nor ever love thy child again?

3 If thou hast called me to return,
 If weeping at thy feet I fall,
 The prodigal thou wilt not spurn,
 But pity and forgive me all,
 In answer to my Friend above,
 In honor of his bleeding love.

*Charles Wesley.***359***Even Me.*

8,7,3.

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
 Thou art scattering full and free;
 Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
 Let some drops now fall on me,
 Even me.

2 Pass me not, O God, my Father,
 Sinful though my heart may be;
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
 Let thy mercy light on me:
 Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
 Let me live and cling to thee;
 I am longing for thy favor:
 Whilst thou'rt calling, oh! call me;
 Even me.

PENITENCE AND PRAYER.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Testify of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me:
Even me.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
O forgive and rescue me!
Even me.

6 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me:
Even me.

7 Pass me not, thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, oh! bless me:
Even me.

Mrs. E. Codner.

360 C. M. *Unwearied Earnestness.*

FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee:
No other help I know:
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 O Jesus, could I this believe
I now should feel thy power;
And all my wants thou wouldest relieve,
In this accepted hour.

SALVATION SOUGHT.

4 Author of faith! to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes.
O let me now receive that gift,
My soul without it dies.

5 Surely thou canst not let me die;
O speak, and I shall live;
And here will I unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

6 How would my fainting soul rejoice,
Could I but see thy face,
Now let me hear thy quickening voice,
And taste thy pardoning grace.

Charles Wesley.

361

C. M.

Lord, Help my Unbelief.

HOW sad our state by nature is,
Our sin, how deep it stains;
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word.

Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust a faithful Lord.

3 My soul obeys the gracious call,
And runs to this relief,

I would believe thy promise, Lord:
O help my unbelief!

4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly,

Here let me wash my guilty soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into thine arms I fall;

Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour, and my all.

Isaac Watts.

PENITENCE AND PRAYER.

362

The Sun of Righteousness.

C. M.

O SUN of righteousness, arise
With healing in thy wing:
To my diseased, my fainting soul,
Life and salvation bring.

2 These clouds of pride and sin dispel,
By thy all-piercing beam:
Lighten mine eyes with faith; my heart
With holy hope inflame.

3 My mind, by thy all-quick'ning power,
From low desires set free,
Unite my scattered thoughts, and fix
My love entire on thee.

4 Father, thy long-lost son receive;
Saviour, thy purchase own
Blest Comforter, with peace and joy
Thy new-made creature crown.

5 Eternal, undivided Lord,
Co-equal One in Three,
On thee all faith, all hope be placed;
All love be paid to thee.

J. Wesley.

363

The Conquering Love of Jesus.

C. M.

O THAT I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem;
Who gave his life that I might live
A life concealed in him.

2 O that I could the blessing prove,
My heart's extreme desire;
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in his arms expire.

3 Mercy I ask to seal my peace,
That, kept by mercy's power,
I may from every evil cease,
And never grieve thee more.

SALVATION SOUGHT.

4 Now, if thy gracious will it be,
E'en now my sins remove,
And set my soul at liberty
By thy victorious love.

Charles Wesley.

364

C. P. M.
The Gift of Faith.

AUTHOR of faith, to thee I cry,
To thee, who wouldst not have me die,
But know the truth and live:
Open mine eyes to see thy face;
Work in my heart the saving grace;
The life eternal give.

2 Shut up in unbelief, I groan,
And blindly serve a God unknown,
Till thou the veil remove;
The gift unspeakable impart,
And write thy name upon my heart,
And manifest thy love.

3 I know the work is only thine;
The gift of faith is all divine;
But, if on thee we call,
Thou wilt that gracious gift bestow,
And cause our hearts to feel and know
That thou hast died for all.

4 Thou bidst us knock and enter in,
Come unto thee, and rest from sin,
The blessing seek and find:
Thou bid'st us ask thy grace, and have;
Thou canst, thou wouldst, this moment save
Both me and all mankind.

5 Be it according to thy word;
Now let me find my pardoning Lord;
Let what I ask be given:
The bar of unbelief remove;
Open the door of faith and love,
And let me into heaven.

Charles Wesley.

PENITENCE AND PRAYER.

365

The Man on Calvary.

C. P. M.

O THOU who hast our sorrows borne,
Help us to look on thee and mourn,
On thee whom we have slain:
Have pierced a thousand, thousand times
And by reiterated crimes,
Renewed thy sacred pain.

2 O give us eyes of faith to see
The Man transfixed on Calvary,
To know thee who thou art;
The one eternal God and true;
And let the sight affect, subdue,
And break my stubborn heart.

3 Lover of souls, to rescue mine,
Reveal the charity divine,
That suffered in my stead:
That made thy soul a sacrifice,
And quenched in death those flaming eyes,
And bowed that sacred head.

4 The veil of unbelief remove;
And by thy manifested love,
And by thy sprinkled blood,
Destroy the love of sin in me,
And get thyself the victory,
And bring me back to God.

Charles Wesley.

366

Clinging to the Cross.

7, 6 l.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

SALVATION SOUGHT.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to the cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

A. M. Toplady.

367 *The Publican's Prayer.* i, 6 t.

SAVIOUR, Prince of Israel's race,
See me from thy lofty throne;
Give the sweet relenting grace;
Soften this obdurate stone;
Stone to flesh, O God, convert;
Cast a look, and break my heart!

2 By thy Spirit, Lord, reprove;
All mine inmost sins reveal;
Sins against thy light and love,
Let me see, and let me feel;
Sins that crucified my God,
Spilt again thy precious blood.

3 Jesus, seek thy wandering sheep;
Make me restless to return
Bid me look on thee, and weep,
Bitterly as Peter mourn:
Till I say, by grace restored,
"Now, thou knowest, I love thee, Lord."

4 Might I in thy sight appear
As the publican distressed.
Stand, not daring to draw near;
Smite on my unworthy breast;
Groan the sinner's only plea,
God be merciful to me!

PENITENCE AND PRAYER.

5 O remember me for good:
Passing through the mortal vale,
Show me the atoning blood:
When my strength and spirits fail,
Give my fainting soul to see
Jesus crucified for me.

Charles Wesley.

368 7, 6 1.
The Light of Life.

O DISCLOSE thy lovely face!
Quicken all my drooping powers;
Gasps my fainting soul for grace,
As a thirsty land for showers:
Hasten, Lord, no more delay;
Come, my Saviour, come away.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see:
Till thou inward life impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief,
Fill me, Radiancy divine;
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

Charles Wesley.

369 7, 6 1.
Help, or I Perish.

BY THY birth, and by thy tears;
By thy human griefs and fears;
By thy conflict in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power,
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

SALVATION SOUGHT.

2 By the tenderness that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the bitter tears that flowed
Over Salem's lost abode,
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

3 By thy lonely hour of prayer;
By the fearful conflict there;
By thy cross and dying cries;
By thy one great sacrifice,
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

4 By thy triumph o'er the grave;
By thy power the lost to save;
By thy high, majestic throne;
By the empire all thine own,
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

R. Grant.

370 *Humility and Contrition.* ^{7,6,8.}

JESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back ■ wandering sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep.
Let me be by grace restored;
On me be all long-suffering shown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 For thine own compassion's sake,
 The gracious wonder show:
 Cast my sins behind thy back,
 And wash me white as snow:
 If thy mercy now is stirred,
 If now I do myself bemoan,
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

Charles Wesley.

371 *Continued.—The heart Broken.* ^{7,8,8.}

SAVIOUR, see me from above,
 Nor suffer me to die;
 Life, and happiness, and love,
 Drop from thy gracious eye:
 Speak the reconciling word,
 And let thy mercy melt me down;
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

2 Look, as when thine eye pursued
 The first apostate man,
 Saw him weltering in his blood,
 And bade him rise again:
 Speak my paradise restored;
 Redeem me by thy grace alone:
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

3 Look, as when thy languid eye
 Was closed that we might live;
 Father, (at the point to die
 My Saviour prayed,) forgive!
 Surely with that dying word.
 He turns, and looks, and cries, “tis done!”
 O, my bleeding, loving Lord,
 Thou break’st my heart of stone.

Charles Wesley.

SALVATION SOUGHT.

372 *Refuge in the Blood of the Lamb.* 7, 6, 8.

GOD of my salvation hear,
And help me to believe;
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy blessing to receive.
Full of guilt, alas! I am,
But to thy wounds for refuge flee:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

2 Standing now as newly slain,
To thee I lift mine eye;
Balm of all my grief and pain,
Thy blood is always nigh.
Now as yesterday the same
Thou art, and wilt forever be:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

3 Saviour, from thy wounded side
I never will depart;
Here will I my spirit hide,
When I am pure in heart.
Till my place above I claim,
This only shall be all my plea,
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

Charles Wesley.

373 *Saved by Grace.* 7, 6, 8.

LET the world their virtue boast,
Their works of righteousness;
I, a wretch undone and lost,
Am freely saved by grace;
Other title I disclaim;
This, only this, is all my plea:
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me,

PENITENCE AND PRAYER.

2 Happy they whose joys abound,
Like Jordan's swelling stream;
Who their heaven in Christ have found,
And give the praise to him.
Meanest follower of the Lamb,
His steps I at a distance see;
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

3 I, like Gideon's fleece, am found
Unwatered still, and dry,
While the dew on all around
Falls plenteous from the sky:
Yet my Lord I cannot blame,
The Saviour's grace for all is free;
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

4 Jesus, thou for me hast died,
And thou in me wilt live;
I shall feel thy death applied;
I shall thy life receive:
Yet, when melted in the flame
Of love, this shall be all my plea,
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

Charles Wesley.

374 *The True Light.*

8, 7.

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and, by thyself revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.

2 Thou, new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.

SALVATION SOUGHT.

3 Still we wait for thine appearing:
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.

4 Come, extend thy wonted favor
To our ruined, guilty race;
Come, thou blest, exalted Saviour;
Come, apply thy saving grace.

5 By thine all-aton ing merit,
Every burdened soul release;
By the teachings of thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace.

Charles Wesley.

375 *Mercy for the Chief of Sinners.* ^{7.}

D EPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

4 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

5 There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands.
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

Charles Wesley.

376 L. M. *Christ the Good Physician.*

JESUS, thy far-extended fame
My drooping soul exults to hear;
Thy name, thy all-restoring name,
Is music in a sinner's ear.

2 Sinners of old thou didst receive
With comfortable words, and kind;
Their sorrows cheer, their wants relieve,
Heal the diseased, and cure the blind.

3 And art thou not the Saviour still,
In every place and age the same?
Hast thou forgot thy gracious skill,
Or lost the virtue of thy name?

4 Faith in thy changeless name I have:
The good, the kind Physician, thou
Art able now our souls to save,
Art willing to restore them now.

Charles Wesley.

377 L. M. *The Healing Power of Christ.*

THOUGH eighteen hundred years are past
Since Christ did in the flesh appear,
His tender mercies ever last,
And still his healing power is here.

2 Would he the body's health restore,
And not regard the sin-sick soul?
The sin-sick soul he loves much more,
And surely he will make it whole.

3 All my disease, my every sin,
To thee, O Jesus, I confess:
In pardon, Lord, my cure begin,
And perfect it in holiness.

4 That token of thine utmost good,
Now, Saviour, now, on me bestow;
And purge my conscience with thy blood,
And wash my nature white as snow.

Charles Wesley.

378 *The Only Plea.*

L. M.

JESUS, the sinner's friend, to thee,
 Lost and undone, for aid I flee;
 Weary of earth, myself, and sin:
 Open thine arms, and take me in.

2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul;
 'Tis thou alone canst make me whole;
 Dark, till in me thine image shine,
 And lost, I am, till thou art mine.

3 At last I own it cannot be
 That I should fit myself for thee:
 Here, then, to thee I all resign;
 Thine is the work, and only thine.

4 What shall I say thy grace to move?
 Lord, I am sin, but thou art love:
 I give up every plea beside,
 Lord, I am lost but thou hast died.

Charles Wesley.

379

Just as I am.

L. M.

JUST as I am, without one plea,
 But that thy blood was shed for me,
 And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 Fightings within, and fears without,
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

PENITENCE AND PRAYER.

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Charlotte Elliott.

380 *The Only Refuge.*

7.

JESUS lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

■ Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want:
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Reach me out thy gracious hand,
While I of thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold I live.

SALVATION SOUGHT.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
 Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
 Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart;
 Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

381

L. M.
Joy in Heaven.

WHO can describe the joys that rise
 Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born!

2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down, and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The contrite soul he forms anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

Isaac Watts.

BACKSLIDING DEPLORED.

382

C. M.
Return of the Spirit.

0 FOR a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
 When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus and his word?

BACKSLIDING DEPLORED.

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

W. Cowper.

383 C. M.
Mourning Departed Joys.

SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

4 But now when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns,
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

SALVATION SOUGHT.

5 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail;
O make my soul thy care;
I know thy mercy cannot fail;
Let me that mercy share.

J. Newton.

384 *The Returning Prodigal.* C. M.

THE long-lost son, with streamin^g eyes,
From folly just awake,
Reviews his wanderings with surprise:
His heart begins to break.

2 I starve, he cries, nor can I bear
The famine in this land,
While servants of my Father share
The bounty of his hand.

3 With deep repentance I'll return,
And seek my Father's face;
Unworthy to be called a son,
I'll ask a servant's place.

4 Far off the Father saw him move,
In pensive silence mourn,
And quickly ran, with arms of love,
To welcome his return.

5 Through all the courts the tidings flew,
And spread the joy around;
The angels tuned their harps anew,
The long lost son is found!

Unknown.

385 *The vanity of Mere Formality.* C. M.

LONG have I seemed to serve thee, Lord,
With unavailing pain;
Fasted, and prayed, and read thy word,
And heard it preached in vain.

2 Oft did I with the assembly join,
And near thy altar drew:
A form of godliness was mine,
The power I never knew.

BACK SLIDING DEPLORED.

- 3 I rested in the outward law,
Nor knew its deep design:
The length and breadth, I never saw,
And height, of love divine.
- 4 To please thee, thus at length I see,
Vainly I hoped and strove;
For what are outward things to thee,
Unless they spring from love?
- 5 I see the perfect law requires
Truth in the inward parts;
Our full consent, our whole desires,
Our undivided hearts.
- 6 But I of means have made my boast;
Of means an idol made:
The spirit in the letter lost,
The substance, in the shade.
- 7 Where am I now, or what my hope?
What can my weakness do?
Jesus, to thee my soul looks up:
'Tis thou must make it new.

Charles Wesley.

386 ^{7,6,8.} *The Deceitfulness of Sin.*

JESUS, friend of sinners, hear
Yet once again, I pray;
From my debt of sin set clear,
For I have naught to pay:
Speak, O speak the kind release;
A poor backsliding soul restore,
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

2 For my selfishness and pride
Thou hast withdrawn thy grace;
Left me long to wander wide,
An outcast from thy face;
But I now my sins confess,
And mercy, mercy, I implore,
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

SALVATION OBTAINED.

3 Sin's deceitfulness hath spread
A hardness o'er my heart;
But if thou thy Spirit shed,
The stony shall depart:
Shed thy love, thy tenderness,
And let me feel thy softening power;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

Charles Wesley.

SALVATION OBTAINED.

JUSTIFICATION.

387 L. M.
Salvation by grace through faith.
WE HAVE no outward righteousness,
No merits or good works, to plead;
We only can be saved by grace:
Thy grace, O Lord, is free indeed.

2 Save us by grace, through faith alone,
A faith thou must thyself impart;
A faith that would by works be shown,
A faith that purifies the heart:

3 A faith that doth the mountains move,
A faith that shows our sins forgiven,
A faith that sweetly works by love,
And ascertains our claim to heaven.

4 This is the faith we humbly seek,
The faith in thy all-cleansing blood;
That faith which doth for sinners speak,
O let it speak us up to God!

Charles Wesley.

JUSTIFICATION.

388 *The Lord our Righteousness.* L. M.

L ET not the wise their wisdom boast,
The mighty glory in their might;
The rich in flattering riches trust,
Which take their everlasting flight.

2 The rush of numerous years bears down
The most gigantic strength of man;
And where is all his wisdom gone,
When, dust, he turns to dust again?

3 One only gift can justify
The boasting soul that knows his God;
When Jesus doth his blood apply,
I glory in his sprinkled blood.

4 The Lord my righteousness I praise,
I triumph in the love divine;
The wisdom, wealth, and strength of grace,
In Christ to endless ages mine.

Charles Wesley.

389 *The Realizing Light of Faith.* L. M.

A UTHOR of faith, eternal Word,
Whose Spirit breathes the active flame:
Faith, like its finisher and Lord,
To-day, as yesterday, the same:

2 To thee our humble hearts aspire,
And ask the gift unspeakable;
Increase in us the kindled fire,
In us the work of faith fulfill.

3 By faith we know thee strong to save:
Save us, ■ present Saviour thou:
Whate'er we hope, by faith we have;
Future, and past, subsisting now.

4 To him that in thy name believes,
Eternal life with thee is given;
Into himself he all receives,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

SALVATION OBTAINED.

5 The things unknown to feeble sense,
 Unseen by reason's glimmering ray,
With strong commanding evidence,
 Their heavenly origin display.
6 Faith lends its realizing light;
 The clouds disperse, the shadows fly;
The Invisible appears in sight,
 And God is seen by mortal eye.

Charles Wesley.

390

C. M.
Victorious Faith.

IN HOPE, against all human hope,
 Self-desperate, I believe,
Thy quickening word shall raise me up;
 Thou wilt thy Spirit give.

2 The thing surpasses all my thought;
 But faithful is my Lord;
Through unbelief I stagger not,
 For God hath spoke the word.

3 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
 And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
 And cries, "It shall be done!"

4 To thee the glory of thy power
 And faithfulness I give;
I shall in Christ, at that glad hour,
 And Christ in me shall live.

5 Obedient faith, that waits on thee,
 Thou never wilt reprove;
But thou wilt form thy Son in me,
 And perfect me in love.

Charles Wesley.

391

C. M.
Peace in Believing.

JESUS, to thee I now can fly,
 On whom my help is laid:
Oppressed by sins, I lift mine eye,
 And see the shadows fade.

JUSTIFICATION.

2 Believing on my Lord, I find
A sure and present aid:
On thee alone my constant mind
Be every moment stayed.

3 Whate'er in me seems wise, or good,
Or strong, I here disclaim:
I wash my garments in the blood
Of the atoning Lamb.

4 Jesus, my strength, my life, my rest,
On thee will I depend,
Till summoned to the marriage-feast,
When faith in sight shall end.

Charles Wesley.

392 *Convicted—Pardoned.*

C. M.

IN EVIL long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look:
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not ■ word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.

5 Alas! I knew not what I did!
But now my tears are vain:
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain!

SALVATION OBTAINED.

6 A second look he gave, which said,
“I freely shall forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou mayst live.”

- 7 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

John Newton.

393

C. M.

The Blood Applied.

IN ANSWER to ten thousand prayers,
Thou pardoning God, descend:
Number me with salvation's heirs,
My sins and troubles end.

2 Nothing I ask or want beside,
Of all in earth or heaven:
But let me feel thy blood applied,
And live and die forgiven.

Charles Wesley.

394

L. M. 6 L

The Soul's Anchor.

NOW I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain;
The wounds of Jesus for my sin,
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 Father, thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far:
Thy heart still melts with tenderness;
Thine arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste and live.

JUSTIFICATION.

3 O love, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallowed up in thee;
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me:
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.
4 By faith I plunge me in this sea;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee;
I look into my Saviour's breast:
Away, sad doubt and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that's written there.

J. A. Rothe, Tr. by J. Wesley.

395 L. M. 61. *Deliverance in Christ Jesus.*

A ND can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died he for me, who caused his pain?
For me, who him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be,
That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?
2 'Tis mystery all; the' Immortal dies!
Who can explore his strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine;
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore:
Let angel minds inquire no more.
3 He left his Father's throne above;
So free, so infinite his grace!
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race;
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me!
4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night:
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray;
I woke; the dungeon flamed with light:
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.

SALVATION OBTAINED.

5 No condemnation now I dread,
Jesus, with all in him, is mine;
Alive in him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.
Charles Wesley

396 *The Solid Rock.* L. M. f l.

MY HOPE is built on nothing less,
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness:
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to vail his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, his covenant, and blood
Support me in the whelming flood:
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

Ed. Motte

397 *Self-righteousness Destroyed.* S. M.

A GOODLY formal saint,
A I long appeared in sight,
By self and Satan taught to paint
 My tomb, my nature, white.
The Pharisee within
 Still undisturbed remained,
The strong man; armed with guilt of sin,
 Safe in his palace reigned.

JUSTIFICATION.

2 But, O, the jealous God
In my behalf came down;
Jesus himself the stronger showed,
And claimed me for his own.
My spirit he alarmed,
And brought into distress,
He shook and bound the strong man, armed
In his self-righteousness.

3 Faded my virtuous show,
My form without the power;
The sin-convincing Spirit blew,
And blasted every flower
My mouth was stopped, and shame
Covered my guilty face,
I fell on the atoning Lamb,
And I was saved by grace.

Charles Wesley.

398 S. M. *No more a Wanderer.*

I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold,
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled,
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child,
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
He found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
He bound me with the bands of love,
He saved the wandering one.

SALVATION OBTAINED.

3 Jesus my shepherd is;
'Twas he that loved my soul,
'Twas he that washed me in his blood.
'Twas he that made me whole:
'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep:
'Twas he that brought me to the fold,
'Tis he that still doth keep.

4 No more a wandering sheep,
I love to be controlled,
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold:
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam;
I love my heavenly Father's voice,
I love, I love his home!

Horatius Bonar.

399

C. M.

The Blood of Sprinkling.

MY GOD, my God, to thee I cry,
Thee only would I know,
Thy purifying blood apply,
And wash me white as snow.

2 Touch me, and make the leper clean,
Purge my iniquity:
Unless thou wash my soul from sin,
I have no part in thee.

3 But art thou not already mine?
Answer, if mine thou art;
Whisper within, thou love divine,
And cheer my drooping heart.

4 Behold, for me the Victim bleeds,
His wounds are open wide,
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me justified.

Charles Wesley.

C. M.

400

The Voice of Jesus.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
 "Come unto me and rest;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon my breast!"
 I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary, and worn, and sad;
 I found in him a resting place,
 And he hath made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold, I freely give
 The living water, thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream,
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's Light;
 Look unto me, thy morn shall rise
 And all thy day be bright!"
 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In him my Star, my Sun;
 And in that light of life I'll walk,
 Till all my journey's done.

Horatius Bonar.

401

Amazing Grace.

C. M.

AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound,
 That saved a wretch like me!
 I once was lost, but now am found,
 Was blind, but now I see.
 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
 And grace my fears relieved,
 How precious did that grace appear
 The hour I first believed!

SALVATION OBTAINED.

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

3 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.
The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

John Newton.

L. M.

402 *Vows Remembered and Renewed.*

0 HAPPY day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest,
Nor ever from thy Lord depart.
With him of every good possessed.

5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

JUSTIFICATION.

403

The Narrow Way.

L. M.

JESUS, my all to heaven is gone,
 He, whom I fixed my hopes upon
 His track I see, and I'll pursue
 The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
 The road that leads from banishment,
 The King's highway of holiness,
 I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
 And mourned because I found it not;
 My grief a burden long has been,
 Because I was not saved from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
 I felt its weight and guilt the more;
 Till late I heard my Saviour say,
 Come hither, soul, I am the way.

5 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
 Shalt take me to thee as I am;
 Nothing but sin have I to give,
 Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
 What a dear Saviour I have found;
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
 And say, "Behold the way to God."

J. Cennick.

404

Shouting God's Praises.

L. M.

MY SOUL, through my Redeemer's care,
 Saved from the second death I feel;
 Mine eyes from tears of dark despair,
 My feet from falling into hell.

2 Wherefore to him my feet shall run;
 My eyes on his perfections gaze;
 My soul shall live for God alone,
 And all within me shout his praise.

Charles Wesley.

405

Accepted in the Beloved.

10, 11.

ALL praise to the Lamb! accepted I am,
 Through faith in the Saviour's adorable name,
 In him I confide, his blood is applied,
 For me he hath suffered, for me he hath died.

2 Not a doubt doth arise, to darken the skies,
 Or hide for a moment my Lord from mine eyes,
 In him I am blest, I lean on his breast,
 And lo! in his wounds I continue to rest.

Charles Wesley.

406

Rejoicing in His Grace.

L. M.

GLORY to God, whose sovereign grace
 Hath animated senseless stones,
 Called us to stand before his face,
 And raised us into Abrah'm's sons.

2 The people that in darkness lay,
 In sin and error's deadly shade,
 Have seen a glorious gospel-day
 In Jesus' lovely face displayed.

3 Thou only, Lord the work hast done,
 And bared thine arm in all our sight;
 Hast made the reprobates thine own,
 And claimed the outcasts as thy right.

4 Thy single arm, almighty Lord,
 To us the great salvation brought;
 Thy Word, thy all-creating Word,
 That spake at first the world from naught.

5 For this the saints lift up their voice,
 And ceaseless praise to thee is given;
 For this the hosts above rejoice,
 And praise thee in the highest heaven.

Charles Wesley

407 *Joy of the Young Convert.*

12, 9.

O HOW happy are they,
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above;
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I received through the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song:
O that all his salvation might see;
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem even rebels like me.

5 I then rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat:
My glad soul mounted higher
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

6 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood,
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fullness of God.

Charles Wesley.

408

Love to the Saviour.

HARK, my soul, it is the Lord;
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word.
 Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee:
 "Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
 And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
 Sought thee wandering, set thee right.
 Turned thy darkness into light."

3 "Can a mother's tender care
 Cease toward the child she bare?
 Yes, she may forgetful be,
 Yet will I remember thee."

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the heights above;
 Deeper than the depths beneath,
 Free and faithful, strong as death."

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
 When the work of faith is done;
 Partner of my throne shalt be;
 Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
 That my love is weak and faint,
 Yet I love thee and adore:
 O for grace to love thee more!"

William Cowper.

409

The Plenteousness of His Grace.

10, 11.

O WHAT shall I do my Saviour to praise,
 So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace;
 So strong to deliver, so good to redeem,
 The weakest believer that hangs upon him.

2 How happy the man whose heart is set free;
 The people that can be joyful in thee!
 Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,
 And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.

WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT.

3 For thou art their boast, their glory, and power.
And I also trust to see the glad hour,
My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,
The day of salvation that lifts up my head.

4 For Jesus, my Lord, is now my defense:
I trust in his word; none plucks me from thence:
Since I have found favor, he all things will do;
My King and my Saviour shall make me anew.

5 Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thine own,
Thy secret to me shall soon b made known;
For sorrow and sadness I ~~in~~ shall receive,
And share in the gladness of all that believe,

Charles Wesley

WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT.

410 S. M. *Knowledge of Forgiveness.*

HOW can a sinner know
His sins on earth forgiven?
How can my gracious Saviour show
My name inscribed in heaven?

2 What we have felt and seen
With confidence we tell;
And publish to the sons of men,
The signs infallible.

3 We who in Christ believe
That he for us hath died,
We all his unknown peace receive,
And feel his blood applied.

4 Exults our rising soul,
Disburdened of her load,
And swells, unutterably full
Of glory and of God.

5 His love, surpassing far
The love of all beneath,
We find within our hearts, and da
The pointless darts of death.

6 Stronger than death or hell
 The sacred power we prove;
 And, conquerors of the world, we dwell
 In heaven, who dwell in love.

Charles Wesley.

S. M.

411 *The Witnessing Spirit.*

SPIRIT of faith, come down,
 Reveal the things of God;
 And make to us the Godhead known,
 And witness with the blood:
 'Tis thine the blood to apply,
 And give us eyes to see,
 That he who did for sinners die,
 Hath surely died for me.

2 No man can truly say
 That Jesus is the Lord,
 Unless thou take the veil away,
 And breathe the living word:
 Then, only then we feel
 Our interest in his blood,
 And cry, with joy unspeakable,
 Thou art my Lord, my God!

3 O that the world might know
 The all-atoning Lamb!
 Spirit of faith, descend and show
 The virtue of his name:
 The grace which all may find,
 The saving power impart;
 And testify to all mankind,
 And speak in every heart.

4 Inspire the living faith,
 Which whosoe'er receives,
 The witness in himself he hath,
 And consciously believes;
 The faith that conquers all,
 And doth the mountains move,
 And saves whoe'er on Jesus call,
 And perfects them in love.

WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT.

412 *The Indwelling Spirit.* S. M.

WE BY his Spirit prove,
And know the things of God,
The things which freely of his love
He hath on us bestowed.
His Spirit, which he gave,
Now dwells in us, we know;
The witness in ourselves we have,
And all its fruits we show.

2 The meek and lowly heart,
That in our Saviour was,
To us his Spirit does impart,
And signs us with his cross.
Our nature's turned, our mind
Transformed in all its powers;
And both the witnesses are joined,
Thy Spirit, Lord, with ours.

3 Whate'er our pardoning Lord
Commands, we gladly do;
And, guided by his sacred word,
We all his steps pursue.
His glory our design,
We live our God to please;
And rise, with filial fear divine,
To perfect holiness.

Charles Wesley

413 *The Inward Witness.* C. P. M.

THOU great mysterious God unknown,
Whose love has gently led me on,
E'en from my infant days;
Mine inmost soul expose to view,
And tell me if I ever knew
Thy justifying grace.

SALVATION OBTAINED.

2 If I have only known thy fear,
And followed, with a heart sincere,
Thy drawings from above;
Now, now the further grace bestow,
And let my sprinkled conscience know
Thy sweet forgiving love.

3 Short of thy love I would not stop,
A stranger to the Gospel hope,
The sense of sin forgiven;
I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,
Without the inward witness live,
That ante-past of heaven.

4 If now the witness were in me,
Would he not testify of thee,
In Jesus reconciled?
And should I not with faith draw nigh,
And boldly, Abba, Father, cry,
And know myself thy child?

5 Father, in me reveal thy Son,
And to my inmost soul make known
How merciful thou art;
The secret of thy love reveal,
And by thy hallowing Spirit dwell
Forever in my heart.

Charles Wesley

414 *The Signature of Divine Love.*

L. M. 61

WHEN shall I hear the inward voice,
Which only faithful souls can hear?
Pardon, and peace, and heavenly joys,
Attend the promised Comforter:
O come, and righteousness divine,
And Christ, and all with Christ, are mine.

2 O that the Comforter would come,
Nor visit as a transient guest;
But fix in me his constant home,
And keep possession of my breast;
And make my soul his loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God.

WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT.

3 Come, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire;
Attest that I am born again;
Come, and baptize me now with fire,
Nor let thy former gifts be vain:
I cannot rest in sins forgiven;
Where is the earnest of my heaven?

4 Where the indubitable seal,
That ascertains the kingdom mine?
The powerful stamp I long to feel,
The signature of love divine;
O shed it in my heart abroad,
Fullness of love, of heaven, of God!

Charles Wesley.

415 L. M. 61.
The Antepast of Heaven.

WHERE shall my wondering soul begin?
How shall I all to heaven aspire?
A slave redeemed from death and sin,
A brand plucked from eternal fire,
How shall I equal triumphs raise,
Or sing my great Deliverer's praise?

2 O how shall I the goodness tell,
Father, which thou to me hast showed?
That I, a child of wrath and hell,
I should be called a child of God,
Should know, should feel my sins forgiven
Blest with this antepast of heaven.

3 And shall I slight my Father's love,
Or basely fear his gifts to own?
Unmindful of his favors prove?

Shall I, the hallowed cross to shun,
Refuse his righteousness to impart,
By hiding it within my heart?

4 No: though the ancient dragon rage,
And call forth all his hosts to war;
Though earth's self-righteous sons engage
Them and their god alike I dare;
Jesus, the sinner's Friend, proclaim;
Jesus, to sinners still the same.

416

H. M.

"Abba, Father."

A RISE, my soul, arise;
 Shake off thy guilty fears,
 The bleeding Sacrifice
 In my behalf appears:
 Before the throne my Surety stands,
 My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
 For me to intercede;
 His all-redeeming love,
 His precious blood to plead;
 His blood atoned for all our race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
 Received on Calvary;
 They pour effectual prayers,
 They strongly plead for me:
 "Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
 "Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

4 The Father hears him pray,
 His dear anointed One:
 He cannot turn away
 The presence of his Son:
 His Spirit answers to the blood,
 And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled;
 His pardoning voice I hear:
 He owns me for his child;
 I can no longer fear:
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

Charles Wesley.

417

C. M.

SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
 Allow my humble claim;
 Nor while, unworthy, I draw nigh,
 Disdain a Father's name.

WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT.

2 My Father, God! that gracious word
Dispels my guilty fear;
Not all the notes by angels heard
Could so delight my ear.

3 Come, Holy Ghost, thyself impress
On my expanding heart;
And show that in the Father's grace
I share a filial part.

4 Cheered by that witness from on high,
Unwavering, I believe;
And Abba, Father, humbly cry;
Nor can the sign deceive.

P. Doddridge.

418 H. M.
The Witness of the Spirit.

EARNEST of future bliss,
Thee, Holy Ghost, we hail;
Fountain of holiness,
Whose comforts never fail;
The cleansing gift on saints bestowed,
The witness of their peace with God.

2 By thee, on earth, we know
Ourselves in Christ renewed;
Brought by thy grace into
The family of God;
Of his adopting love the seal,
And faithful teacher of his will.

3 Great Comforter, descend
In gentle breathings down;
Preserve us to the end,
That no man take our crown;
Our Guardian still vouchsafe to be,
Nor suffer us to go from thee.

A. M. Toplady.

419 C. M. *The Pledge of Joys to Come.*

WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
The tokens of thy grace.

- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
May thy blest wings, celestial Dove,
Convey me safely home.

Isaac Watts.

420 L. M. *Filial Confidence and Joy.*

GREAT God, indulge my humble claim;
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.
- 3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look;
As travelers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.
- 4 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise:
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And fill the remnant of my days.

Isaac Watts.

421 *The Bliss of Assurance.*

L. M.

LORD, how secure and blest are they
 Who feel the joys of pardoned sin;
 Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
 Their minds have heaven and peace within.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
 Made up of innocence and love;
 And soft, and silent as the shades,
 Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts, their joys come on,
 But fly not half so swift away:
 Their souls are ever bright as noon,
 And calm — summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to the' heavenly hills,
 Where groves of living pleasure grow;
 And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles,
 Sit undisturbed upon their brow..

5 They scorn to seek earth's golden toys,
 But spend the day, and share the night,
 In numbering o'er the richer joys
 That heaven prepares for their delight.

Isaac Watts

SANCTIFICATION.

422 *The Hope of our High Calling.*

C. M.

WHAT is our calling's glorious hope,
 But inward holiness?
 For this to Jesus I look up;
 I calmly wait for this.

2 I wait till he shall touch me clean,
 Shall life and power impart;
 Give me the faith that casts out sin.
 And purifies the heart.

3 This is the dear redeeming grace
 For every sinner free;
 Surely it shall on me take place,
 The chief of sinners,—me.

4 From all iniquity, from all,
 He shall my soul redeem;
 In Jesus I believe, and shall
 Believe myself to him.

5 When Jesus makes my heart his home,
 My sin shall all depart;
 And, lo! he saith, I quickly come,
 To fill and rule thy heart.

6 Be it according to thy word;
 Redeem me from all sin:
 My heart would now receive thee, Lord;
 Come in, my Lord, come in!

Charles Wesley.

423 C. M. *The Believer's Rest.*

L ORD, I believe a rest remains
 To all thy people known;
 A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
 And thou art loved alone:

2 A rest where all our soul's desire
 Is fixed on things above;
 Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
 Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that I now the rest might know,
 Believe, and enter in:
 Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
 And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from my heart;
 This unbelief remove:
 To me the rest of faith impart,
 The Sabbath of thy love.

Charles Wesley.

SANCTIFICATION.

424 *The Good Pleasure of His Will.* C. M.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me:
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be!
What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfill.

4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

5 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

Charles Wesley.

425 *The Will of God.* L. M.

HE WILLS that I should holy be:
That holiness I long to feel;
That full divine conformity
To all my Saviour's righteous will.

2 See, Lord, the travail of thy soul
Accomplished in the change of mine;
And plunge me, every whit made whole,
In all the depths of love divine.

3 On thee, O God, my soul is stayed,
And waits to prove thine utmost will;
The promise by thy mercy made,
Thou caust, thou wilt, in me fulfill.

SALVATION OBTAINED.

4 No more I stagger at thy power,
Or doubt thy truth, which cannot move,
Hasten the long-expected hour,
And bless me with thy perfect love.

Charles Wesley.

426

Mark of Perfection.

L. M.

WHAT! never speak one evil word?
Or rash, or idle, or unkind?
O how shall I, most gracious Lord,
This mark of true perfection find?
2 Thy sinless mind in me reveal;
Thy Spirit's plenitude impart;
And all my spotless life shall tell
The abundance of ■ loving heart.
3 Come, Lord, and make my nature whole;
My inbred malady remove;
To perfect health restore my soul,
To perfect holiness and love.

Charles Wesley.

427

Purity of Heart.

S. M.

BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is his abode.

2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne,
Selects the pure in heart.

John Keble.

428

The Perfect Law of Love.

S. M.

THE thing my God doth hate,
That I no more may do,
Thy creature, Lord, again create,
And all my soul renew.

SANCTIFICATION.

2 My soul shall then, like thine,
Abhor the thing unclean,
And, sanctified by love divine,
Forever cease from sin.

3 That blessed law of thine,
Jesus, to me impart;
The Spirit's law of life divine,
O write it on my heart!

4 Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove,
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love.

5 Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity;
And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to thee.

6 Soul of my soul, remain!
Who didst for all fulfill,
In me, O Lord, fulfill again
Thy heavenly Father's will.

Charles Wesley.

429

10, 11.
The Heavenly Pattern.

A PPOINTED by thee, we meet in thy name,
And meekly agree to follow the Lamb;
To trace thy example, the world to disdain,
And constantly trample on pleasure and pain.

2 O what shall we do our Saviour to love?
To make us all new, come, Lord, from above:
The fruit of thy passion, thy holiness give;
Give us the salvation of all that believe,

3 O Jesus! appear; no longer delay,
To sanctify here, and bear us away;
The end of our meeting on earth let us see—
Triumphantly sitting in glory with thee.

Charles Wesley.

430 *The mind that was in Christ.*

7.

JESUS, plant and root in me
All the mind that was in thee;
Settled peace I then shall find;
Jesus' is a quiet mind.

2 Anger I no more shall feel,
Always even, always still;
Meekly on my God reclined;
Jesus' is a gentle mind.

3 I shall suffer and fulfill
All my Father's gracious will;
Be in all alike resigned;
Jesus' is a patient mind.

4 When 'tis deeply rooted here,
Perfect love shall cast out fear;
Fear doth servile spirits bind;
Jesus' is a noble mind.

5 I shall nothing know beside
Jesus, and him crucified:
Perfectly to him be joined;
Jesus' is a loving mind.

6 I shall triumph evermore;
Gratefully my God adore;
God so good, so true, so kind;
Jesus' is a thankful mind.

7 Lowly, loving, meek, and pure,
I shall to the end endure;
Be no more to sin inclined;
Jesus' is a constant mind.

8 I shall fully be restored
To the image of my Lord,
Witnessing to all mankind,
Jesus' is a perfect mind.

Charles Wesley.

431 *Perfect Submission.*

7.

WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be
Perfectly resigned to thee?
Poor and vile in my own eyes,
Only in thy wisdom wise?

2 Only thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below?
Only guided by thy light?
Only mighty in thy might?

3 So I may thy Spirit know,
Let him as he listeth blow.
Let the manner be unknown,
So I may with thee be one:

4 Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness;
Sweetly let my spirit prove,
All the depths of humble love.

Charles Wesley.

432 *Panting for Purity.*

7.

HOLY Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou art, so let us be!

2 Jesus, see my panting breast;
See, I pant in thee to rest,
Gladly would I now be clean;
Cleanse me now from every sin.

3 Fix, O fix my wavering mind,
To thy cross my spirit bind:
Earthly passions still remove;
Swallow up my soul in love.

4 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of sin and misery;
Thine we are, thou Son of God;
Take the purchase of thy blood!

A. S. Dover. Tr. by J. Wesley.

SALVATION OBTAINED.

433

For a Perfect Heart.

C. M.

1 FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me:

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within:

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above,
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

Charles Wesley.

434

Love Alone Victorious.

C. M.

1 WHEN shall I see the welcome hour
That plants my God in me?
Spirit of health, and life, and power,
And perfect liberty.

2 Love only can the conquest win,
The strength of sin subdue:
Come, O my Saviour, cast out sin,
And form my soul anew.

3 No longer then my heart shall mourn,
While, sanctified by grace,
I only for his glory burn,
And always see his face.

Charles Wesley.

435 *The Grace that Saves.* C. M.

JESUS, the sinner's rest thou art,
From guilt, and fear, and pain;
While thou art absent from the heart
We look for rest in vain.

2 O when wilt thou my Saviour be?
O when shall I be clean?
The true eternal Sabbath see,
A perfect rest from sin?

3 The consolations of thy word
My soul have long upheld;
The faithful promise of the Lord
Shall surely be fulfilled.

4 I look to my incarnate God
Till he his work begin;
And wait till his redeeming blood
Shall cleanse me from all sin.

5 Thy blood shall over all prevail,
And sanctify the' unclean;
The grace that saves the soul from hell,
Will save from present sin.

A. M. Toplady,

436 *Perfect Freedom.* C. M.

IF THOU impart thyself to me,
No other good I need:
If thou, the Son, shalt make me free,
I shall be free indeed.

2 I cannot rest till in thy blood
I full redemption have;
But thou, through whom I come to God,
Canst to the utmost save.

3 From sin,—the guilt, the power, the pain,
Thou wilt redeem my soul:
Lord, I believe—and not in vain;
My faith shall make me whole.

SALVATION OBTAINED.

4 I, too, with thee, shall walk in white ,
With all thy saints shall prove
The length and depth, and breadth and height
Of everlasting love.

Charles Wesley.

437 L. M.
Thirsting for the Fullness of God.

I THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood ;
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee:
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live,

4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quickening Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move;
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring;
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown?

6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,—
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

N. I. Zinzendorf. Tr. by J. Wesley.

438 L. M.
The Light Yoke and Easy Burden.

O THAT my load of sin were gone;
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down;
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

SANCTIFICATION.

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove;
The cross all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release:
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot-wheels delay;
Appear, in my poor heart appear!
My God, my Saviour, come away!

Charles Wesley.

439 L. M. *Renouncing all for Christ.*

COME, Saviour, Jesus, from above,
Assist me with thy heavenly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

2 O let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free;
Which pants to have no other will,
But night and day to feast on thee.

3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue:
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glittering snares, adieu.

SALVATION OBTAINED.

4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine,
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but thine.
5 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.
6 Nothing on earth do I desire,
But thy pure love within my breast:
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

Mad. A. Bourignon. Tr. by J. Wesley.

440 S. M.
The Opened Fountain.

CALLED from above, I rise,
And wash away my sin;
The stream to which my spirit flies,
Can make the foulest clean.

2 It runs divinely clear,
A fountain deep and wide:
'Twas opened by the soldier's spear,
In my Redeemer's side.

Charles Wesley.

441 S. M.
Christ, the Guide and Counsellor.

JESUS, my Truth, my Way,
My sure, unerring Light,
On thee my feeble steps I stay,
Which thou wilt guide aright.

2 My Wisdom and my Guide,
My Counsellor thou art;
O never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart.
3 I lift mine eyes to thee,
Thou gracious, bleeding Lamb,
That I may now enlightened be,
And never put to shame.

SANCTIFICATION.

4 Never will I remove
Out of thy hands my cause;
But rest in thy redeeming love,
And hang upon thy cross.

5 O make me all like thee,
Before I hence remove,
Settle, confirm, and 'stablish me,
And build me up in love.

6 Let me thy witness live,
When sin is all destroyed;
And then my spotless soul receive,
And take me home to God.

Charles Wesley

442 *Glorious Liberty.* S. M.

1 COME, and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within:
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow fear and sin!

2 The seed of sin's disease
Spirit of health, remove,
Spirit of finished holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.

3 Hasten the joyful day
Which shall my sins consume,
When old things shall be done away
And all things new become.

4 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,
According to thy will and word,
Well pleasing in thy sight.

5 I ask no higher state;
Indulge me but in this,
And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss.

Charles Wesley.

SALVATION OBTAINED

443

The Glorious Hope.

C. P. M.

O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love.
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below.
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up;
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess;
This moment end my legal years;
Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,
A howling wilderness.

5 Now, O my Joshua, bring me in!
Cast out thy foes; the inbred sin,
The carnal mind remove;
The purchase of thy death divide!
And O! with all the sanctified
Give me a lot of love.

Charles Wesley.

444 C. P. M.
Panting After the Fullness of Love.

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see,
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart:
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine;
Be mine this better part.

4 O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

5 O that I could, with favored John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast:
From care, and sin, and sorrow free.
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

Charles Wesley.

C. P. M.

445 *The Blessed Hope.*

BUT can it be that I should prove
 Forever faithful to thy love,
 From sin forever cease?
 I thank thee for the blessed hope:
 It lifts my drooping spirits up
 It gives me back my peace.

2 In thee, O Lord, I put my trust;
 Mighty, and merciful, and just,
 Thy sacred word is past;
 And I who dare thy word believe,
 Without committing sin shall live,
 Shall live to God at last.

3 I rest in thine almighty power;
 The name of Jesus is my tower
 That hides my life above:
 Thou canst, thou wilt, my helper be;
 My confidence is all in thee,
 The faithful God of love,

4 Wherefore, in never-ceasing prayer,
 My soul to thy continual care
 I faithfully commend;
 Assured that thou through life wilt save,
 And show thyself beyond the grave,
 My everlasting friend.

*Charles Wesley.*446 *Christ in you, the Hope of Glory.*

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
 Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows:
 I see from far thy beauteous light;
 Only I sigh for thy repose.
 My heart is pained, nor can it be
 At rest, till it finds rest in thee.

L. M. 61.

SANCTIFICATION.

2 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there;
Then shall my heart from earth be free
When it hath found repose in thee.

3 O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live;
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive:
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but thee.

4 O Love, thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care.
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there:
Make me thy dutous child, that I,
Ceaseless, may Abba, Father, cry.

5 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call.
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy love, thy God, thy all!"
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

G. Terstergen. Tr. by J. Wesley.

L. M. 6 l.

447 *The Witness of Entire Consecration.*

COME, Holy Ghost, all-quicken fire,
Come, and in me delight to rest;
Drawn by the lure of strong desire,
O come and consecrate my breast,
The temple of my soul prepare,
And fix thy sacred presence there.

2 If now thine influence I feel,
If now in thee begin to live,
Still to my heart thyself reveal;
Give me thyself, forever give:
A point my good, a drop my store,
Eager I ask, I pant for more.

SALVATION OBTAINED.

3 Eager for thee I ask and pant,
So strong the principle divine
Carries me out with sweet constraint,
Till all my hallowed soul is thine:
Plunged in the Godhead's deepest sea,
And lost in thy immensity

4 My peace, my life, my comfort thou,
My treasure and my all thou art,
True witness of my sonship now
Engraving pardon on my heart:
Seal of my sins in Christ forgiven,
Earnest of love, and pledge of heaven.

Charles Wesley.

448 L. M. 61
A Living Sacrifice to God.

1 GOD, what offering shall I give
To thee, the Lord of earth and skies?
My spirit, soul, and flesh receive,
A holy, living sacrifice.
Small as it is, 'tis all my store,
More shouldst thou have, if I had more.

2 Now, then, my God, thou hast my soul:
No longer mine, but thine I am:
Guard thou thine own, possess it whole;
Cheer it with hope, with love inflame.
Thou hast my spirit; there display
Thy glory to the perfect day.

3 Thou hast my flesh, thy hallowed shrine,
Devoted solely to thy will:
Here let thy light forever shine.
This house still let thy presence fill.
O Source of life! live, dwell, and move
In me, till all my life be love.

4 Send down thy likeness from above,
And let this my adorning be;
Clothe me with wisdom, patience, love,
With lowliness and purity!
Than gold and pearls more precious far,
And brighter than the morning star.

SANCTIFICATION.

5 Lord, arm me with thy Spirit's might:
Since I am called by thy great name,
In thee let all my thoughts unite;
Of all my works be thou the aim:
Thy love attend me all my days,
And my sole business be thy praise.

J. Lange. Tr. by J. Wesley.

449

H. M.

Rejoicing in Hope.

YE RANSOMED sinners, hear,
The prisoners of the Lord,
And wait till Christ appear,
According to his word:

Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

2 Let others hug their chains,
For sin and Satan plead,
And say, from sin's remains
They never can be freed:

Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

3 In God we put our trust;
If we our sins confess,
Faithful is he and just,
From all unrighteousness

To cleanse us all, both you and me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

4 Surely in us the hope
Of glory shall appear
Sinners, your heads lift up,
And see redemption near:

Again I say, Rejoice with me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

5 Who Jesus' sufferings share,
My fellow-prisoners now,
Ye soon the crown shall wear
On your triumphant brow:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

SALVATION OBTAINED.

6 The word of God is sure,
And never can remove;
We shall in heart be pure,
And perfected in love:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

7 Then let us gladly bring
Our sacrifice of praise:
Let us give thanks and sing,
And glory in his grace:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

Charles Wesley.

450

Birthday.

H. M.

LONG as I live beneath,
To thee, O Lord, I'll live;
To thee my every breath
In thanks and praises give:
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

2 My soul and all its powers
Thine, wholly thine, shall be;
All, all my happy hours
I consecrate to thee:
Me to thine image now restore,
And I shall praise thee evermore.

3 I wait thy will to do,
As angels do in heaven;
In Christ a creature new,
Most graciously forgiven:
I wait thy perfect will to prove,
All sanctified by spotless love.

4 Then, when the work is done,
The work of faith with power,
Receive thy favor'd son,
In death's triumphant hour:
Like Moses, to thyself convey
And kiss my raptured soul away.

288 *Charles Wesley.*

451 *The Spirit of God in You.* 7, 6 L

A BBA, Father, hear thy child,
 Late in Jesus reconciled;
 Hear, and all the graces shower,
 All the joy, and peace, and power;
 All my Saviour asks above,
 All the life and heaven of love.

2 Lord, I will not let thee go
 Till the blessing thou bestow:
 Hear my Advocate divine:
 Lo! to his my suit I join:
 Joined to his, it cannot fail:
 Bless me; for I will prevail.

3 Heavenly Father, life divine,
 Change my nature into thine;
 Move, and spread throughout my soul,
 Actuate, and fill the whole:
 Be it I no longer now
 Living in the flesh, but thou.

4 Holy Ghost, no more delay;
 Come, and in thy temple stay;
 Now thine inward witness bear,
 Strong, and permanent, and clear:
 Spring of life, thyself impart;
 Rise eternal in my heart.

Charles Wesley.

452 *Entire Consecration.* 7, 6 L

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One in Three and Three in One,
 As by the celestial host,
 Let thy will on earth be done;
 Praise by all to thee be given,
 Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

SALVATION OBTAINED.

2 Vilest of the sinful race,
Lo! I answer to thy call:
Meanest vessel of thy grace,
Grace divinely free for all;
Lo! I come to do thy will,
All thy counsel to fulfill.

3 If so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive;
Claim me for thy service, claim
All I have, and all I am.

4 Take my soul and body's powers;
Take my memory, mind, and will;
All my goods, and all my hours;
All I know, and all I feel;
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart, but make it new.

• 5 Now, O God, thine own I am;
Now I give thee back thine own;
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
Consecrate to thee alone:
Thine I live, thrice happy I!
Happier still if thine I die.

Charles Wesley.

453

Perfect Peace.

7.

PRINCE of peace, control my will;
Bid this struggling heart be still;
Bid my fears and doubtings cease,
Hush my spirit into peace.

2 Thou hast bought me with thy blood,
Opened wide the gate to God
Peace I ask—but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with thee.

SANCTIFICATION.

3 May thy will, not mine, be done;
May thy will and mine be one:
Chase these doubtings from my heart;
Now thy perfect peace impart.

4 Saviour! at thy feet I fall;
Thou, my life, my God, my all!
Let thy happy servant be
One forever more with thee!

M. A. S. Barber.

454 *Entire Consecration.*

7.

TAKE my life and let it be
Consecrated Lord to thee:
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

2 Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of thy love:
Take my feet and let them be
Swift to ever follow thee.

3 Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold:
Take my intellect and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.

4 Take my voice and let me sing
Always, only, for my King:
Take my lips and let them be
Filled with messages from thee.

5 Take my will and make it thine,
It shall be no longer mine:
Take my heart, it is thine own;
It shall be thy royal throne.

6 Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure store:
Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only all for thee.

Miss F. R. Havergal.

SALVATION OBTAINED.

455

Dedicated to God.

C. M.

LET him to whom we now belong,
His sovereign right assert;
And take up every thankful song,
And every loving heart.

- 2 He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price:
The Christian lives to Christ alone;
To Christ alone he dies.
- 3 Jesus, thine own at last receive;
Fulfill our hearts' desire:
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire.
- 4 Our souls and bodies we resign;
With joy we render thee
Our all,—no longer ours, but thine
To all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

456

A Hope Full of Immortality.

C. M.

JOYFUL sound of gospel grace,
Christ shall in me appear;
I, even I, shall see his face,
I shall be holy here.

- 2 This heart shall be his constant home;
I hear his Spirit's cry:
“Surely,” he saith “I quickly come;”
He saith, who cannot lie.
- 3 The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reached out I view:
Conqueror through him, I soon shall seize,
And wear it as my due.
- 4 The promised land, from Pisgah's top,
I now exult to see:
My hope is full, (O glorious hope!)
Of immortality.

SANCTIFICATION.

5 With me, I know, I feel, thou art;
But this cannot suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.

6 My earth thou waterest from on high.
But make it all a pool:
Spring up, O Well, I ever cry;
Spring up within my soul.

7 Come, O my God, thyself reveal;
Fill all this mighty void:
Thou only canst my spirit fill;
Come, O my God, my God.

8 Fulfill, fulfill my large desires,
Large as infinity:
Give, give me all my soul requires,
All, all that is in thee.

Charles Wesley.

457 C. M. *Thy Commandments Broad.*

DEEPEN the wounds thy hands have made
In this weak, helpless soul:
Till mercy, with its balmy aid,
Descend to make me whole.

2 The sharpness of thy two-edged sword
Enable me to endure;
Till bold to say, "My hallowing Lord
Hath wrought a perfect cure."

3 I see the exceeding broad command,
Which all contains in one:
Enlarge my heart to understand
The mystery unknown.

4 O that, with all thy saints, I might
By sweet experience prove
What is the length, and breadth, and height
And depth of perfect love.

Charles Wesley.

SALVATION OBTAINED.

458 *The Affections Crucified.*

C. M

JESUS, my life, thyself apply;
Thy Holy Spirit breathe:
My vile affections crucify;
Conform me to thy death.

2 Conqueror of hell, and earth, and sin,
Still with the rebel strive:
Enter my soul and work within,
And kill and make alive.

3 More of thy life, and more I have,
As the old Adam dies:
Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,
That I with thee may rise.

4 Reign in me, Lord; thy foes control,
Who would not own thy sway;
Diffuse thine image through my soul;
Shine to the perfect day.

5 Scatter the last remains of sin,
And seal me thine abode;
O make me glorious all within,
A temple built by God!

Charles Wesley.

459 *Refining Fire of the Holy Spirit.*

C. M.

JESUS, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad:
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow:
Burn up the dross of base desire:
And make the mountains flow.

3 O that it now from heaven might fall.
And all my sins consume:
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come.

SANCTIFICATION.

4 Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move;
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

Charles Wesley.

460 L. M. 61.
Wrestling Jacob;—Determination.

COME, O thou Traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see:
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am;
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name:
Look on thy hands, and read it there:
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free;
I never will unloose my hold:
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name thy nature know.

SALVATION OBTAINED.

5 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain:
When I am weak, then am I strong?
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.
Charles Wesley.

461 L. M. 6 L
Continued.—Victorious Prayer.

YIELD to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer:
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name be Love.

2 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! thou diedst for me;
I hear thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure, universal Love thou art:
To me, to all, thy mercies move,
Thy nature and thy name is love.

3 My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see thee face to face;
I see thee face to face, and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

4 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend:
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end:
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Charles Wesley.

SANCTIFICATION.

462 L. M. 6 l.
Concluded.—Thy name is Love.

THE Sun of Righteousness on me
Hath risen with healing in his wings:
Withered my nature's strength, from thee
My soul its life and succor brings:
My help is all laid up above;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

2 Contented now, upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end:
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On thee alone for strength depend:
Nor have I power from thee to move;
Thy nature and thy name is love.

3 Lame as I am, I take the prey;
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And, as a bounding hart, fly home,
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Charles Wesley.

463 L. M. 6 l.
Ardent Longings for the Blessing.

COME, O thou universal Good,
Balm of the wounded conscience, come!
The hungry, dying spirit's food,
The weary, wandering pilgrim's home;
Haven to take the shipwrecked in;
My everlasting rest from sin,

2 Come, O my comfort and delight;
My strength and health, my shield and sun;
My boast, and confidence, and might,
My joy, my glory, and my crown:
My gospel hope, my calling's prize;
My tree of life, my paradise.

SALVATION OBTAINED.

3 The Secret of the Lord thou art,
The mystery so long unknown ;
Christ in a pure and perfect heart;
The name inscribed on the white stone:
The life divine, the little leaven,
My precious pearl, my present heaven,
Charles Wesley.

464 C. M.
The Exceeding Great Reward.

THY name to me, thy nature grant!
This, only this be given!
Nothing beside my God I want;
Nothing in earth or heaven.

2 Come, O my Saviour, come away:
Into my soul descend;
No longer from thy creature stay,
My Author and my End.

3 The bliss thou hast for me prepared,
No longer be delayed;
Come, my exceeding great Reward,
For whom I first was made.

4 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And seal me thine abode;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
Let all be lost in God.

Charles Wesley.

465 C. M.
Desire for the Fullness of God.

I ASK, the gift of righteousness,
The sin-subduing power;
Power to believe, and go in peace,
And never grieve thee more.

2 I ask the blood-bought pardon sealed,
The liberty from sin,
The grace infused, the love revealed,
The kingdom fixed within.

SANCTIFICATION.

3 Thou hear'st me for salvation pray,
Thou seest my heart's desire;
Made ready in thy powerful day,
Thy fullness I require.

4 My restless soul cries out, oppressed,
Impatient to be freed;
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,
Till I am saved indeed.

5 Thou canst, thou wilt, I dare believe,
So arm me with thy power,
That I to sin may never cleave,
May never feel it more.

Charles Wesley.

466 C. M.
Cordial Obedience.

COME, Lord, and claim me for thine own,
Saviour, thy right assert;
Come, gracious Lord, set up thy throne,
And reign within my heart.

2 The day of thy great power I feel,
And pant for liberty;
I loathe myself, deny my will,
And give up all to thee.

3 I hate my sins, no longer mine,
For I renounce them too;
My weakness with thy strength I join;
Thy strength shall all subdue.

4 So shall I bless thy pleasing sway,
And, sitting at thy feet,
Thy laws with all my heart obey,
With all my soul submit.

Charles Wesley.

467 C. M.
The Perfect Rest from Sin.

JESUS, my Lord, I cry to thee,
Against the foe within:
I want a constant liberty,
A perfect rest from sin.

SALVATION OBTAINED.

2 Thy killing and thy quickening power,
Jesus, in me display;
The life of nature, from this hour,
My pride and passion slay.
3 Then, then, my utmost Saviour, raise
My soul with saints above,
To serve thy will, and spread thy praise,
And sing thy perfect love.

Charles Wesley.

L. M.

468 *Social Dedication to God.*

JESUS, our best beloved Friend,
Draw out our souls in sweet desire;

Jesus, in love to us descend,

Baptize us with thy Spirit's fire.

2 On thy redeeming name we call,
Poor and unworthy though we be;
Pardon and sanctify us all,
Let each thy full salvation see.

3 Our souls and bodies we resign,
To fear and follow thy commands;
O take our hearts, our hearts are thine;
Accept the service of our hands.

4 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
Our Master's voice will we obey;
Toil in the vineyard here, and bear
The heat and burden of the day.

5 Yet, Lord, for us a resting place,
In heaven, at thy right hand, prepare;
And till we see thee face to face,
Be all our conversation there.

James Montgomery.

L. M.

469 *For Lowness and Purity.*

JESUS, in whom the Godhead's rays
Beam forth with mildest majesty;
I see thee full of truth and grace,
And come for all I want to thee.

SANCTIFICATION.

2 Save me from pride, the plague expel;
Jesus, thine humble self impart:
O let thy mind within me dwell;
O give me lowness of heart.

3 Enter thyself, and cast out sin;
Thy spotless purity bestow:
Touch me, and make the leper clean;
Wash me, and I am white as snow.

4 Sprinkle me, Saviour, with thy blood,
And all thy gentleness is mine;
And plunge me in the purple flood,
Till all I am is lost in thine.

Charles Wesley.

470 C. M. *On Earth as it is in Heaven.*

JESUS, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
In whom I now believe,
As taught by thee, in faith I pray,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thy will by me on earth be done,
As by the powers above,
Who always see thee on thy throne,
And glory in thy love.

3 I ask in confidence the grace,
That I may do thy will,
As angels, who behold thy face,
And all thy words fulfill.

4 Surely I shall, the sinner, I,
Shall serve thee without fear,
If thou my nature sanctify
In answer to my prayer.

5 When thou the work of faith hast wrought,
I shall be pure within,
Nor sin in word, or deed, or thought;
For thou wilt keep me clean.

Charles Wesley.

471*Christ in You.*

C. M.

JESUS hath died that I might live,
 Might live to God alone;
 In him eternal life receive,
 And be in spirit one.

2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
 The gift unspeakable;
 And wait with arms of faith to-embrace
 And all thy love to feel.

3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
 The perfect bliss to prove;
 My longing heart is all on fire
 To be dissolved in love.

4 Give me thyself; from every boast,
 From every wish set free;
 Let all I am in thee be lost,
 But give thyself to me.

5 Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice,
 Unless thyself be given;
 Thy presence makes my paradise,
 And where thou art is heaven.

Charles Wesley.

472*Entire Purification.*

C. M.

FOREVER here my rest shall be,
 Close to thy bleeding side;
 This all my hope, and all my plea,
 For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
 Fountain for guilt and sin,
 Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
 And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own:
 Wash me, and mine thou art;
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,
 My hands, my head, my heart.

SANCTIFICATION.

4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

C. Wesley.

473 C. M.
The Work Accomplished.

COME, O my God, the promise seal,
This mountain, sin, remove;
Now in my waiting soul reveal
The virtue of thy love.

2 I want thy life, thy purity,
Thy righteousness, brought in:
I ask, desire, and trust in thee
To be redeemed from sin.

3 For this, as taught by thee, I pray,
My inbred sin cast out:
Thou wilt, in me, thy power display;
I can no longer doubt.

4 Let anger, sloth, desire, and pride,
This moment be subdued;
Be cast into the crimson tide
Of my Redeemer's blood.

5 Saviour, to thee my soul looks up,
My present Saviour thou!
In all the confidence of hope
I claim the blessing now.

6 'Tis done; thou dost this moment save—
With full salvation bless;
Redemption through thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace.

Charles Wesley.

474 C. M.
The Omnipotence of Love

GOD of eternal truth and grace,
Thy faithful promise seal;
Thy Word, thy oath, to Abraham's race,
In me, O Lord, fulfill.

SALVATION OBTAINED.

2 That mighty faith on me bestow,
Which cannot ask in vain;
Which holds, and will not let thee go,
Till I my suit obtain:

3 Till thou into my soul inspire
The perfect love unknown;
And tell my infinite desire,
Whate'er thou wilt, be done.

4 On me the faith divine bestow,
Which doth the mountain move;
And all my spotless life shall show
The omnipotence of love.

Charles Wesley.

475 *Speak the Word.* 7, 6, 8.

EVER fainting with desire,
For thee, O Christ, I call;
Thee I restlessly require;
I want my God, my all.
Jesus, dear redeeming Lord,
I wait thy coming from above;
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

2 Wilt thou suffer me to go
Lamenting all my days?
Shall I never, never know
Thy sanctifying grace?
Wilt thou not thy light afford?
The darkness from my soul remove?
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

3 Thou my life, my treasure be,
My portion here below:
Nothing would I seek but thee,
Thee only would I know;
My exceeding great reward,
My heaven on earth, my heaven above:
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

SANCTIFICATION.

4 Grant me now the bliss to feel,
Of those who are in thee:
Son of God, thyself reveal;
Engrave thy name on me.
As in heaven, be here adored,
And let me now the promise prove:
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

Charles Wesley

476

The New Creation.

8, 7.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast:
Let us all in thee inherit;
Let us find that second rest,
Take away our bent to sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive,
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

SALVATION OBTAINED.

4 Finish then thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Charles Wesley.

L. M.

477 *The Promised Rest.*

GOD of all power, and truth and grace,
Which shall from age to age endure;
Whose word, when heaven and earth shall pass,
Remains, and stands forever sure:

2 That I thy mercy may proclaim,
That all mankind thy truth may see,
Hallow thy great and glorious name,
And perfect holiness in me.

3 Give me a new, a perfect heart,
From doubt, and fear, and sorrow free;
The mind which was in Christ impart,
And let my spirit cleave to thee.

4 O that I now, from sin released,
Thy word may to the utmost prove;
Enter into the promised rest,
The Canaan of thy perfect love.

Charles Wesley.

L. M.

478 *Christ All in All.*

HOLY, and true, and righteous Lord,
I wait to prove thy perfect will:
Be mindful of thy gracious word,
And stamp me with thy Spirit's seal.

2 Open my faith's interior eye:
Display thy glory from above;
And all I am shall sink and die,
Lost in astonishment and love.

3 Confound, o'erpower me by thy grace;
 I would be by myself abhorred;
 All might, all majesty, all praise,
 All glory, be to Christ my Lord.

4 Now let me gain perfection's height;
 Now let me into nothing fall,
 As less than nothing in thy sight,
 And feel that Christ is all in all.

Charles Wesley.

479

The New Covenant.

L. M.

O GOD, most merciful and true,
 Thy nature to my soul impart;
 Establish with me the covenant new,
 And stamp thine image on my heart.

2 To real holiness restored,
 O let me gain my Saviour's mind;
 And in the knowledge of my Lord,
 Fullnes of life eternal find;

3 Then every murmuring thought, and vain.
 Expires, in sweet confusion lost:
 I cannot of my cross complain,
 I cannot of my goodness boast.

4 O'erwhelmed with thy stupendous grace,
 I shall not in thy presence move;
 But breathe unutterable praise,
 And rapturous awe, and silent love.

Charles Wesley.

480

Finish the Work.

7.

SAVIOUR of the sin-sick soul,
 Give me faith to make me whole;
 Finish thy great work of grace;
 Cut it short in righteousness.

3 Speak the second time, "Be clean!"
 Take away my inbred sin;
 Every stumbling-block remove;
 Cast it out by perfect love.

3 Nothing less will I require;
 Nothing more can I desire:
 None but Christ to me be given;
 None but Christ in earth or heaven.

4 O that I might now decrease!
 O that all I am might cease!
 Let me into nothing fall;
 Let my Lord be all in all!

Charles Wesley.

481

Rejoicing in Hope.

7.

JESUS comes with all his grace,
 Comes to save a fallen race;
 Object of our glorious hope,
 Jesus comes to lift us up.

2 Let the living stones cry out;
 Let the sons of Abraham shout:
 Praise we all our lowly King;
 Give him thanks, rejoice, and sing.

3 We are now his lawful right;
 Walk as children of the light;
 We shall soon obtain the grace,
 Pure in heart to see his face.

4 We shall gain our callings's prize;
 After God we all shall rise,
 Filled with joy, and love, and peace,
 Perfected in holiness.

5 Let us then rejoice in hope;
 Steadily to Christ look up;
 Trust to be redeemed from sin,
 Wait till he appear within.

6 Haste, Lord, the perfect day:
 Let thy every servant say,
 I have now obtained the power,
 Born of God to sin no more.

Charles Wesley.

482 L. M. 6 L. *All Things Possible to the Believer.*

ALL things are possible to him
 That can in Jesus' name believe:
 Lord, I no more thy truth blaspheme;
 Thy truth I lovingly receive;
 I can, I do believe in thee,
 All things are possible to me.

2 When thou the work of faith hast wrought,

I here shall in thine image shine,

Nor sin in deed, or word, or thought.

Let men exclaim, and fiends repine,
 They cannot break the firm decree,
 All things are possible to me.

3 Thy mouth, O Lord, hath spoke, hath sworn,

That I shall serve thee without fear,

Shall find the pearl which others spurn,

Holy, and pure, and perfect here:

The servant as his Lord shall be;

All things are possible to me.

4 All things are possible to God,

To Christ, the power of God in man,

To me, when I am all renewed,

When I in Christ am formed again,

And witness, from all sin set free,

All things are possible to me.

Charles Wesley.

483 L. M. 6 L. *The Prize of our High Calling.*

TO THEE, great God of love, I bow,

And prostrate in thy sight adore:

By faith I see thee passing now:

I have, but still I ask for more:

A glimpse of love cannot suffice;

My soul for all thy presence cries.

SALVATION OBTAINED.

2 More favored than the saints of old,
Who now by faith approach to thee,
Shall all, with open face, behold
In Christ, the glorious Deity;
Shall see and put salvation on,
The nature of thy sinless Son.

3 This, this is our high calling's prize;
Thine image in thy Son I claim;
And still to higher glories rise,
Till, all transformed, I know thy name,
And glide to all my heaven above,
My highest heaven in Jesus' love.

Charles Wesley.

484 L. M.
Waiting for the Promise.

0 JESUS, full of truth and grace!
O all-atoning Lamb of God!
I wait to see thy glorious face;
I seek redemption in thy blood.

2 Thou art the anchor of my hope,
The faithful promise I receive:
Surely thy death shall raise me up,
For thou hast died that I might live.

3 Satan with all his arts, no more
Me from the gospel hope can move;
I shall receive the gracious power,
And find the pearl of perfect love.

4 Though nature gives my God the lie,
I all his truth and grace shall know;
I shall, the helpless creature I
Shall perfect holiness below.

5 My flesh, which cries, "It cannot be,"
Shall silence keep before the Lord;
And earth, and hell, and sin shall flee
At Jesus' everlasting word.

Charles Wesley.

PRAYING.

485

The Land of Rest.

L. M.

THY loving Spirit, Lord, alone,
Can lead me forth, and make me free;
The bondage break in which I groan,
And set my heart at liberty.

2 Now let thy Spirit bring me in,
And give thy servant to possess
The land of rest from inbred sin,
The land of perfect holiness.

3 Lord, I believe thy power the same,
The same thy truth and grace endure;
And in thy blessed hands I am,
And trust thee for a perfect cure.

5 Come, Saviour, come, and make me whole,
Entirely all my sins remove;
To perfect health restore my soul,
To perfect holiness and love.

Charles Wesley.



FRUITS OF SALVATION.

PRAYING.

486

The Lord's Prayer.

C. M.

OUR Father, God, who art in heaven,
All hallowed be thy name;
Thy kingdom come; thy will be done
In heaven and earth the same.

2 Give us this day our daily bread;
And as we those forgive
Who sin against us, so may we
Forgiving grace receive.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

3 Into temptation lead us not;
From evil set us free;
And thine the kingdom, thine the power,
And glory, ever be.

A. Judson.

487

What is prayer?

C. M.

PRAAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels, in their songs, rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

6 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray!

J. Montgomery.

488

Secret Communion with God.

C. M.

SWEET is the prayer whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows;
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows.

2 Faith grasps the blessing she desires;
 Hope points the upward gaze;
 And Love, celestial Love, inspires
 The eloquence of praise.

3 But sweeter far the still small voice,
 Unheard by human ear,
 When God has made the heart rejoice,
 And dried the bitter tear.

4 No accents flow, no words ascend;
 All utterance faileth there;
 But God himself doth comprehend,
 And answer, silent prayer.

Unknown.

175 /
489

L. M.

The Mercy-seat.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
 From every swelling tide of woes,
 There is a calm, a sure retreat;
 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds
 The oil of gladness on our heads ;
 A place than all besides more sweet,
 It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is ■ scene, where spirits blend,
 Where friend holds fellowship with friend.
 Though sundered far, by faith they meet,
 Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
 When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
 Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
 Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
 And sin and sense molest so more;
 And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
 While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

H. Stowell.

490

Design of Prayer.

L. M.

PRAYER is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray;
They learn to pray when first they live.

2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject; if sin distress;
In every case, still watch and pray.

3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak:
Though thought be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak;
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

4 Depend on him; thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not; his merits must prevail:
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

J. Hart.

491

Blessings of Prayer.

L. M.

WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat;
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer keeps the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Were half the breath that's vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

William Cowper.

492 *Blest Hour of Prayer.*

BLEST hour, when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God;
To send to Heaven his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred word.

2 Blest hour, when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased his people's voice to hear;
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

3 Blest hour, for, when the Lord resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given;
And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

4 Hail, peaceful hour! supremely blest
Amid the hours of worldly care;
The hour that yields the spirit rest,
That sacred hour, the hour of prayer.

5 And when my hours of prayer are past,
And this frail tenement decays,
Then may I spend in heaven at last
A never-ending hour of praise.

Thomas Raffles.

493 *The Power of Prayer.*

O WONDROUS power of faithful prayer!
What tongue can tell the' almighty grace?
God's hands are bound or open are,
As Moses or Elijah prays:
Let Moses in the Spirit groan,
And God cries out, "Let me alone!"

2 Let me alone, that all my wrath
May rise, the wicked to consume;
While justice hears thy praying faith,
It cannot seal the sinner's doom:
My Son is in my servant's prayer,
And Jesus forces me to spare.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

3 Father, we ask in Jesus' name;
In Jesus' power and spirit pray;
Divert thy vengeful thunder's aim;
O turn thy threatening wrath away!
Our guilt and punishment remove,
And magnify thy pardoning love.

4 Father, regard thy pleading Son;
Accept his all-availing prayer;
And send a peaceful answer down,
In honor of our Spokesman there;
Whose blood proclaims our sins forgiven,
And speaks thy rebels up to heaven.

Charles Wesley.

494 L. M. 6 l.
Lord, Teach us to Pray.

JESUS, thou sovereign Lord of all,
The same through one eternal day,
Attend thy feeblest follower's call,
And O, instruct us how to pray!
Pour out the supplicating grace,
And stir us up to seek thy face.

2 We cannot think a precious thought
We cannot feel a good desire,
Till thou, who callest worlds from naught,
The power into our hearts inspire;
And then we in the Spirit groan,
And then we give thee back thine own.

3 Come in thy pleading Spirit down
To us who for thy coming stay;
Of all thy gifts we ask but one,
We ask the constant power to pray;
Indulge us, Lord, in this request,
Thou canst not then deny the rest.

Charles Wesley.

495 *The Throne of Grace.* S. M.

BEHOLD the throne of grace;
 The promise calls us near;
 There Jesus shows a smiling face,
 And waits to answer prayer.

2 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
 Thou canst not be too bold:
 Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
 What else can he withhold?

3 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
 Thy presence and thy love,
 That we may serve thee here below,
 And reign with thee above.

4 Teach us to live by faith,
 Conform our wills to thine;
 Let us victorious be in death,
 And then in glory shine.

5 If thou these blessings give,
 And thou our portion be,
 All worldly joys we'll gladly leave,
 To find our heaven in thee.

John Newton.

496 *The Spirit of Prayer.* S. M.

THE praying spirit breathe!
 The watching power impart;
 From all entanglements beneath,
 Call off my peaceful heart;
 My feeble mind sustain,
 By worldly thoughts oppressed;
 Appear, and bid me turn again
 To my eternal rest.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

2 Swift to my rescue come;
Thine own this moment seize;
Gather my wandering spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace:
Suffered no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the prisoner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

Charles Wesley.

497 S. M.
For Fervent Zeal.

JESUS, I fain would find
Thy zeal for God in me;
Thy yearning pity for mankind,
Thy burning charity.

2 In me thy Spirit dwell;
Through me thy Spirit move;
So shall the fervor of my zeal
Be the pure flame of love.

Charles Wesley.

498 S. M.
For Perfect Submission.

I WANT a heart to pray,
To pray, and never cease;
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.
This blessing, above all,
Always to pray, I want;
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

2 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To thee and thy great name;
A jealous, just concern,
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.

■ I rest upon thy word,
 The promise is for me;
 My succor and salvation, Lord,
 Shall surely come from thee:
 But let me still abide,
 Nor from my hope remove,
 Till thou my patient spirit guide
 Into thy perfect love.

Charles Wesley.

499

God Everywhere.

7.

THEY who seek the throne of grace,
 Find that throne in every place:
 If we live a life of prayer,
 God is present everywhere.

2 In our sickness or our health,
 In our want or in our wealth,
 If we look to God in prayer,
 God is present everywhere.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
 When the foes of life prevail,
 'Tis the time for earnest prayer;
 God is present everywhere.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait
 To thy Father come and wait;
 He will answer every prayer;
 God is present everywhere.

Oliver Holden, Alt.

500

The Litany.

7.

SAVIOUR, when, in dust, to thee
 Low we bow the adoring knee,
 When, repentant, to the skies
 Scarce we lift our streaming eyes,
 O, by all thy pain and wo
 Suffered once for man below,
 Bending from thy throne on high,
 Hear us when to thee we cry.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

2 By thine hour of dark despair,
By thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,—
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Listen to our humble cry.

3 By the deep, expiring groan;
By the sad, sepulchral stone;
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God,
O, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
Saviour, Prince, exalted high,
Hear, O hear, our humble cry.

R. Grant.

501 ^{7.} For Humility and Protection.

GOD of Love, who hearest prayer,
Kindly for thy people care,
Who on thee alone depend:
Love us, save us to the end.

2 Save us, in the prosperous hour,
From the flattering tempter's power;
From his unsuspected wiles;
From the world's pernicious smiles.

3 Men of worldly, low design,
Let not these thy people join,
Poison our simplicity,
Drag us from our trust in thee.

4 Save us from the great and wise,
Till they sink in their own eyes,
Tamely to thy yoke submit,
Lay their honor at thy feet.

5 Never let the world break in;
Fix a mighty gulf between;
Keep us little and unknown,
Prized and loved by God alone.

PRAYING.

6 Let us still to thee look up,
Thee, thy Israel's strength and hope;
Nothing know, or seek, beside
Jesus, and him crucified.

Charles Wesley.

502 *Encouragements to Pray.* 7.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself invites thee near,
Bids thee ask him, waits to hear.

2 Lord, I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There, thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

3 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

4 Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

J. Newton.

503 7.

LORD, that I may learn of thee,
Give me true simplicity;
Wean my soul, and keep it low,
Willing thee alone to know.

2 Worldly wisdom cast aside,
All that feeds my knowing pride;
Not to man, but God submit,
Lay my reasonings at thy feet:

3 Of my boasted wisdom spoiled,
Docile, helpless as a child;
Only seeing in thy light,
Only walking in thy might.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

4 Then infuse the teaching grace,
Spirit of truth and righteousness;
Knowledge, love divine, impart,
Life eternal, to my heart.

Charles Wesley.

8, 7.

504 *The Desire of Nations.*

COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free:
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.

2 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

Charles Wesley.

8, 7.

505 *Before His Cross.*

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before thy throne I spend:
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.

3 Here it is I find my heaven
While upon the cross I gaze;
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

PRAYING.

4 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

5 Here in tender, grateful sorrow,
With my Saviour will I stay;
Here new hope and strength will borrow;
Here will love my fears away.

Jas. Allen, alt. by Walter Shirley.

506 8, 7.
In Deep Affliction.

FULL of trembling expectation,
Feeling much, and fearing more,
Mighty God of my salvation,
I thy timely aid implore.

2 Suffering Son of man, be near me,
In my sufferings to sustain;
By thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
By thy more than mortal pain.

3 By thy most severe temptation
In that dark Satanic hour;
By thy last mysterious passion,
Screen me from the adverse power.

4 By thy fainting in the garden,
By thy dreadful death, I pray,
Write upon my heart the pardon;
Take my sins and fears away.

Charles Wesley.

507 S. M.
For a Revival.

O LORD, thy work revive,
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And let our dying graces live
By thy restoring power.

2 O let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer;
Their covenant again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,
Till rebels shall obey.
4 Now lend thy gracious ear;
Now listen to our cry:
O come, and bring salvation near;
Our souls on thee rely.

P. H. Brown.

508 *For a Single Eye.*

S. M.

GOD of almighty love,
By whose sufficient grace
I lift my heart to things above,
And humbly seek thy face:
2 Through Jesus Christ the Just,
My faint desires receive,
And let me in thy goodness trust,
And to thy glory live.
3 Whate'er I say or do,
Thy glory be my aim;
My offerings all be offered through
The ever-blessed name.
4 Jesus, my single eye
Be fixed on thee alone:
Thy name be praised on earth, on high,
Thy will by all be done.
5 Spirit of faith, inspire
My consecrated heart;
Fill me with pure, celestial fire,
With all thou hast, and art.

Charles Wesley.

509 *For the Coming of Christ's Kingdom.*

C. M.

FATHER, of me and all mankind,
And all the hosts above,
Let every understanding mind
Unite to praise thy love.

PRAYING.

2 To know thy nature and thy name,
One God in persons Three;
And glorify the great I AM,
Through all eternity.

3 Thy kingdom come with power and grace,
To every heart of man,
Thy peace and joy and righteousness,
In all our bosoms reign.

4 The righteousness that never ends,
But makes an end of sin,
The joy that human thought transcends,
Into our souls bring in.

Charles Wesley.

510 C. M.
"Lord, Increase our Faith."

INCREASE our faith, almighty Lord!
For thou alone canst give
The faith that takes thee at thy word,
The faith by which we live.

2 Increase our faith, that we may claim
Each starry promise sure,
And always triumph in thy name,
And to the end endure.

3 Increase our faith, O Lord, we pray
That we may not depart
From thy commands, but all obey
With free and faithful heart.

4 Increase our faith, that never dim
Or faltering it may be
Crowned with the perfect peace of him
Whose mind is stayed on thee.

5 Increase our faith, that unto thee
More fruit may still abound,
That in the harvest time may be
To thy great glory found.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

6 Increase our faith, O Saviour dear,
By thy rich sovereign grace,
Till changing faith for vision clear,
We see thee face to face.

Miss F. R. Havergal.

511

C. M.

Thy Will be Done.

THY presence, Lord, the place shall fill;
My heart shall be thy throne;
Thy holy, just, and perfect will,
Shall in my flesh be done.

2 I thank thee for the present grace,
And now in hope rejoice;
In confidence to see thy face,
And always hear thy voice.

3 I have the things I ask of thee;
What more shall I require?
That still my soul may restless be,
And only thee desire.

4 Thy only will be done, not mine,
But make me, Lord, thy home:
Come as thou wilt, I that resign,
But O, my Jesus, come!

Charles Wesley.

512

C. M.

Resting in God's Will.

AUTHOR of good, we rest on thee:
Thine ever watchful eye
Alone our real wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.

2 In thine all gracious providence
Our cheerful hopes confide;
O let thy power be our defence,
Thy love our footsteps guide.

PRAYING.

3 And since, by passion's force subdued,
Too oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill.

4 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Let mercy still supply:
The good unasked, O Father, grant:
The ill, though asked, deny.

J. Merrick.

513 *Persevering Prayer.* 7, 6.

COME, ye followers of the Lord,
In Jesu's service join:
Jesus gives the sacred word,
The ordinance divine:
Let us his command obey,
And ask to have whate'er we want;
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint.

2 Let us patiently endure,
And still our wants declare;
All the promises are sure
To persevering prayer:
Till we see the perfect day,
And each wakes up a sinless saint,
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint.

3 Pray we on when all renewed,
And perfected in love;
Till we see the Saviour God
Descending from above,
All his heavenly charms survey,
Beyond what angel minds can paint,
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint.

Charles Wesley.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

514 *Keep me, O Lord.* 7, 6, 8.

SON of God, if thy free grace,
Again hath raised me up,
Called me still to seek thy face,
And given me back my hope;
Still thy timely help afford,
And all thy lovingkindness show:
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go!

2 By me, O my Saviour, stand,
In sore temptation's hour;
Save me with thine outstretched hand,
And show forth all thy power;
O be mindful of thy word;
Thine all-sufficient grace bestow;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go!

3 Give me, Lord, a holy fear,
And fix it in my heart;
That I may from evil near
With timely care depart:
Sin be more than hell abhorred:
Till thou destroy the tyrant foe,
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go!

4 Never let me leave thy breast,
From thee, my Saviour, stray;
Thou art my Support and Rest,
My true and living Way;
My exceeding great Reward,
In heaven above, and earth below:
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go!

Charles Wesley.

515

Tears of Joy.

7, 6, 8.

L ORD, and is thine anger gone,
 L And art thou pacified?
 After all that I have done,
 Dost thou no longer chide?
 Let thy love my heart constrain,
 And all my restless passions sway:
 Keep me lest I turn again
 Out of the narrow way.

2 To the cross, thine altar, bind
 Me with the cords of love;
 Freedom never let me find
 From thee, my Lord, to move:
 That I never, never more
 May with my much-loved Master part,
 To the posts of mercy's door,
 O nail my willing heart!

3 See my utter helplessness,
 And leave me not alone;
 O preserve in perfect peace,
 And seal me for thine own:
 More and more thyself reveal,
 Thy presence let me always find;
 Comfort, and confirm, and heal
 My feeble, sin-sick mind.

4 As the apple of thine eye,
 Thy weakest servant keep;
 Help me at thy feet to lie,
 And there forever weep:
 Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow,
 That I have any hope of heaven;
 Much of love I ought to know,
 For I have much forgiven.

Charles Wesley.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

516 *Help Comes from the Lord.* ^{7, 6, 7.}

TO THE hills I lift mine eyes,
The everlasting hills;
Streaming thence in fresh supplies,
My soul the Spirit feels:
Will he not his help afford?
Help, while yet I ask, is given:
God comes down; the God and Lord
Who made both earth and heaven.

2 Faithful soul, pray always; pray,
And still in God confide;
He thy feeble steps shall stay,
Nor suffer thee to slide;
Lean on thy Redeemer's breast;
He thy quiet spirit keeps;
Rest in him, securely rest;
Thy Watchman never sleeps.

3 Neither sin, nor earth, nor hell,
Thy Keeper can surprise;
Careless slumbers cannot steal
On his all-seeing eyes;
He is Israel's sure defence;
Israel all his care shall prove;
Kept by watchful providence,
And ever-waking Love.

Charles Wesley

517 *The Lord is thy Keeper* ^{7, 3,}

SEE the Lord, thy Keeper, stand
Omnipotently near:
Lo! he holds thee by the hand,
And banishes thy fear:
Shadows with his wings thy head;
Guards from all impending harms;
Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.

PRAYING.

2 Christ shall bless thy going out,
Shall bless thy coming in;
Kindly compass thee about,
Till thou art saved from sin;
Like thy spotless Master, thou,
Filled with wisdom, love, and power;
Holy, pure, and perfect now,
Henceforth, and evermore.

Charles Wesley.

518 C. M.
Returning from a Journey.

THOU, Lord, hast blest my going out,
O bless my coming in:
Compass my weakness round about,
And keep me safe from sin.
2 Still hide me in thy secret place;
Thy tabernacle spread:
Shelter me with preserving grace,
And screen my naked head.
3 To thee for refuge may I run,
From sin's alluring snare:
Ready its first approach to shun,
And watching unto prayer.
4 Fix my new heart on things above,
And then from earth release;
I ask not life, but let me love,
And lay me down in peace.

Charles Wesley.

519 C. M.
For Victorious Faith.

0 FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;
2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile;

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

W. H. Bathurst.

520 C. M.
For a Tender Conscience.

I WANT a principle within,
Of jealous, godly fear;
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near:
I want the first approach to feel,
Of pride, or fond desire;
To catch the wandering of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

2 From thee that I no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience give.
Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God my conscience make;
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

PRAYING.

3 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
And let me weep my life away,
For having grieved thy love.
O may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul,
And drive me to the blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole.

Charles Wesley.

521 C. M. *Pray Without Ceasing.*

SHEPHERD Divine, our wants relieve
In this our evil day;
To all thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.
2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer.
3 Till thou thy perfect love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,
I will not let thee go;
4 I will not let thee go unless
Thou tell thy name to me;
With all thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like thee.
5 Then let me on the mountain-top
Behold thy open face;
When faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in endless praise.

Charles Wesley.

522 C. M. *For the Waters of Salvation.*

FOUNTAIN of life, to all below,
Let thy salvation roll;
Water, replenish, and o'erflow
Every believing soul.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

2 Into that happy number, Lord,
Us weary sinners take;
Jesus, fulfill thy gracious word,
For thine own mercy's sake.

3 Turn back our nature's rapid tide,
And we shall flow to thee,
While down the stream of time we glide
To our eternity.

4 The well of life to us thou art,
Of joy, the swelling flood;
Wafted by thee, with willing heart,
We swift return to God.

5 We soon shall reach the boundless sea;
Into thy fullness fall;
Be lost and swallowed up in thee,
Our God, our All in All.

Charles Wesley.

523 L. M. *For the Fire of Divine Love.*

O THOU who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
On the mean altar of my heart.

2 There let it for thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze;
And trembling to its Source return,
In humble love and fervent praise.

3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire,
To work, and speak, and think for thee,
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me.

4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

Charles Wesley.

524 *For the Spirit's Guidance.* L. M.

JESUS, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
On whom I cast my every care,
On whom for all things I depend,
Inspire, and then accept, my prayer.

2 If I have tasted of thy grace,
The grace that sure salvation brings;
If with me now thy Spirit stays,
And, hovering, hides me in his wings;

3 Still let him with my weakness stay,
Nor for a moment's space depart;
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep, till he renews, my heart.

4 If to the right or left I stray,
His voice behind me may I hear,
Return, and walk in Christ, thy way;
Fly back to Christ, for sin is near!

Charles Wesley.

525 *Sick: Praying for Recovery.* L. M.

ANGEL of covenanted grace,
Come, and thy healing power infuse;
Descend in thine own time, and bless,
And give the means their hallowed use.

2 Obedient to thy will alone,
To thee in means I calmly fly:
My life, I know, is not my own;
To God I live, to God I die.

3 Thy holy will be ever mine:
If thou on earth detain me still,
I bow, and bless the grace divine,
I suffer all thy holy will.

4 I come, if thou my strength restore,
To serve thee with my strength renewed;
Grant me but this, I ask no more,
To spend and to be spent for God.

Charles Wesley.

526 *For the Saviour's Protection.*

L. M.

JESUS, I fain would walk in thee,
 From nature's every path retreat;
 Thou art my Way, my Leader be,
 And set upon the rock my feet.

2 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall;
 O reach me out thy gracious hand:
 Only on thee for help I call,
 Only by faith in thee I stand.

Charles Wesley.

527 *For the Saviour's Guidance.*

6, 4.

MY FAITH looks up to thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 Saviour divine,
 Now hear me while I pray;
 Take all my guilt away;
 O let me, from this day,
 Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart.

My zeal inspire;
 As thou hast died for me,
 O may my love to thee
 Pure, warm, and changeless be,
 A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread
 And griefs around me spread,

Be thou my Guide;
 Bid darkness turn to day;
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From thee aside.

PRAYING.

4 When ends life's transient dream;
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distress remove;
O, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

Ray Palmer.

528 *Nearer, my God, to Thee.* 6, 4, 6.

NEARER, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 Though like the wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps up to heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

5 Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

6 Thou by whose cross I rise,
Saviour benign!
Help me to grasp the prize,
That life divine:
May I thy glory see,
And be eternally
Nearer to thee!

Sarah F. Adams, & A. B. Garrett.

529 *For Reviving Grace.*

7,

LIGHT of life, seraphic fire,
Love divine, thyself impart:
Every fainting soul inspire;
Shine in every drooping heart:
Every mournful sinner cheer;
Scatter all our guilty gloom:
Son of God, appear! appear!
To thy human temples come.

2 Come in this accepted hour;
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin:
Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less;
Be thou all our hearts' desire,
All our joy, and all our peace.

C. Wesley.

L. M.

530 *For the Peace of Jerusalem.*

O THOU, our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Behold a cloud of incense rise;
The prayers of saints to heaven ascend,
Grateful, accepted sacrifice.

PRAYING.

2 Regard our prayers for Zion's peace:
Shed in our hearts thy love abroad;
Thy gifts abundantly increase;
Enlarge, and fill us all with God.

3 Before thy sheep, great Shepherd, go,
And guide into thy perfect will;
Cause us thy hallowed name to know;
The work of faith in us fulfill.

4 Help us to make our calling sure;
O let us all be saints indeed,
And pure, as thou thyself art pure,
Conformed in all things to our Head.

5 Take the dear purchase of thy blood;
Thy blood shall wash us white as snow:
Present us sanctified to God,
And perfected in love below.

Charles Wesley.

531 L. M.
For Mourners in Zion.

O LET the prisoner's mournful cries
As incense in thy sight appear;
Their humble wailings pierce the skies,
If haply they may feel thee near.

2 The captive exiles make their moans,
From sin impatient to be free:
Call home, call home thy banished ones,
Lead captive their captivity.

3 Show them the blood that bought their peace,
The anchor of their steadfast hope,
And bid their guilty terrors cease,
And bring the ransomed prisoners up.

4 Out of the deep regard their cries;
The fallen raise, the mourners cheer;
O Sun of righteousness, arise,
And scatter all their doubt and fear.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

5 Pity the day of feeble things;
O gather every halting soul;
And drop salvation from thy wings,
And make the contrite sinner whole.
Charles Wesley.

532 L. M. *For Sustaining Grace.*

M Y HOPE, my all, my Saviour thou;
To thee, lo, now my soul I bow;
I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,
I find thee, Saviour, in my heart.

2 Be thou my strength, be thou my way;
Protect me through my life's short day:
In all my acts may wisdom guide,
And keep me, Saviour, near thy side.

3 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
Save me from sin and Satan's power;
Tear every idol from thy throne,
And reign, my Saviour, reign alone.

4 My suffering time shall soon be o'er;
Then shall I sigh and weep no more:
My ransomed soul shall soar away,
To sing thy praise in endless day.

T. Coke.

533 C. P. M. *For Power over Temptation.*

H ELP, Lord, to whom for help I fly,
And still my tempted soul stand by
Throughout the evil day;
The sacred watchfulness impart,
And keep the issues of my heart,
And stir me up to pray.

2 My soul with thy whole armor arm:
In each approach of sin, alarm,
And show the danger near:
Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,
And fill with godly jealousy
And sanctifying fear.

PRAYING.

3 Whene'r my careless hands hang down,
O let me see thy gathering frown

 And feel thy warning eye;

And starting, cry, from ruin's brink,
Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink;

 O save me, or I die.

4 If near the pit I rashly stray,
Before I wholly fall away,

 The keen conviction dart;

Recall me by thy pitying look,
That kind, upbraiding glance, which broke
 Unfaithful Peter's heart.

5 In me thine utmost mercy show,
And make me, like thyself below,

 Unblamable in grace;

Ready prepared and fitted here,
By perfect holiness, to appear
 Before thy glorious face.

Charles Wesley.

534 *The Gates of Death.*

7, 6 l.

O THOU God who hearest prayer,
 Every hour and everywhere,
Listen to my feeble breath,
Now I touch the gates of death.
For his sake whose blood I plead,
Hear me in this hour of need.

2 Hear and save me, gracious Lord.
For my trust is in thy word:
Wash me from the stain of sin,
That thy peace may rule within;
May I know myself thy child,
Ransomed, pardoned, reconciled.

3 Thou art merciful to save:
Thou hast snatched me from the grave;
I would kiss the chastening rod,
 O my Father, and my God!
Only hide not now thy face,
God of all-sufficient grace.

4 Leave me not, my strength, my trust;
 O remember I am dust:
 Leave me not again to stray;
 Leave me not the tempter's prey
 Fix my heart on things above;
 Make me happy in thy love.

J. Cowder.

535

Strength Renewed.

L. M.

A WAKE, our souls! away our fears!
A Let every trembling thought be gone
 Awake, and run the heavenly race,
 And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
 And mortal spirits tire and faint;
 But they forget the mighty God,
 That feeds the strength of every saint.

3 O mighty God, thy matchless power
 Is ever new, and ever young;
 And firm endures, while endless years
 Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the ever-flowing Spring,
 Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
 While such as trust their native strength
 Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as the eagle cuts the air,
 We'll mount aloft to thine abode,
 On wings of love our souls shall fly,
 Nor tire along the heavenly road.

Isaac Ware

536

For Constant Devotedness.

L. M.

LORD, fill me with an humble fear;
 My utter helplessness reveal;
 Satan and sin are always near,
 Thee may I always nearer feel.

PRAYING

■ O that to thee my constant mind
Might with an even flame aspire;
Pride in its earliest motions find,
And mark the risings of desire.

3 O that my tender soul might fly
The first abhorred approach of ill;
Quick as the apple of an eye,
The slightest touch of sin to feel.

4 Till thou anew my soul create,
Still may I strive, and watch, and pray,
Humbly and confidently wait,
And long to see the perfect day.

Charles Wesley.

37 *Abide with me.*

10.

BIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

I need thy presence every passing hour,
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
None, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!

I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
I have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
Triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold thou the cross before my closing eyes;
Lead through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
Life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Henry F. Lyte.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

538 *For Watchfulness.* S. M.

BID me of men beware,
And to my ways take heed;
Discern their every secret snare,
And circumspectly tread.

2 O may I calmly wait
Thy succors from above;
And stand against their open hate
And well-dissembled love.

3 My spirit, Lord, alarm,
When men and devils join.
'Gainst all the powers of Satan arm,
In panoply divine.

4 O may I set my face,
His onsets to repel;
Quench all his fiery darts, and chase
The fiend to his own hell.

5 But, above all, afraid
Of my own bosom foe,
Still let me seek to thee for aid,
To thee my weakness show.

6 Hang on thine arm alone,
With self-distrusting care,
And deeply in the Spirit groan
The never-ceasing prayer.

Charles Wesley.

539 *For Diligence and Watchfulness.* S. M.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;

A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,

O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

PRAYING.

2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

Charles Wesley.

540

S. M.

Restored by Grace.

JESUS, if thy free grace
Again hath raised me up,
And called me still to seek thy face,
And given me back my hope,
Thy timely help afford,
Thy loving-kindness show;
O keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

2 By me, my Saviour, stand,
In sore temptation's hour;
O save me with thine out-stretched hand,
And show forth all thy power.
Be mindful of thy word;
Sufficient grace bestow;
O keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

3 Give me a holy fear,
And fix it in my heart;
That thus I may from evil near
With timely care depart;
Be every sin abhorred,
Till thou destroy the foe;
O keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

Charles Wesley.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

541 *For Entire Consecration.*

S. M.

JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee,—almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down, and casts behind,
The baits of pleasing ill:
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick, discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly:
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care;
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

Charles Wesley.

542 *Victory in the Dying Hour.*

S. M.

WHEN on the brink of death
My trembling soul shall stand,
Waiting to pass that awful flood,
Great God! at thy command;

2 When every scene of life
Stands ready to depart;
And the last sigh that shakes the frame
Shall rend this bursting heart;

WORKING.

- 3 Thou Source of joy supreme,
Whose arm alone can save,
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave.
- 4 Lay thy supporting hand
Beneath my sinking head;
And with a ray of love divine
Illume my dying bed.
- 5 Leaning on Jesus' breast,
May I resign my breath;
And in his kind embraces lose
The bitterness of death.

W. B. Collyer.

WORKING

543 *Lending to the Lord.* L. M.

HELP us, O Lord, thy yoke to wear,
Delighting in thy perfect will;
Each other's burdens learn to bear,
And thus thy law of love fulfill.

- 2 He that hath pity on the poor,
Lendeth his substance to the Lord;
And, lo! his recompense is sure,
For more than all shall be restored.
- 3 Teach us, with glad, ungrudging heart,
As thou hast blest our various store,
From our abundance to impart
A liberal portion to the poor.
- 4 To thee our all devoted be,
In whom we breathe, and move, and live;
Freely we have received from thee;
Freely may we rejoice to give.
- 5 And while we thus obey thy word,
And every call of want relieve,
O! may we find it, gracious Lord!
More blest to give than to receive.

T. Cotterill.

544 *Now and Afterward.* 8, 7.

NOW, the sowing and the weeping,
Working hard and waiting long.
Afterward, the golden reaping,
Harvest-home and grateful song.

2 Now, the long and toilsome duty,
Stone by stone to carve and bring
Afterward, the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King.

3 Now, the spirit conflict-riven,
Wounded heart, and painful strife;
Afterward, the triumph given,
And the victor's crown of life.

4 Now, the training, hard and lowly
Weary feet and aching brow;
Afterward, the service holy.
And the Master's, "Enter thou!"

Miss F. R. Havergal.

545 *The Labors of the Day.* L. M.

FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labors to pursue;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 Thee will I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see;
And labor on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

3 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day:

4 For thee delightfully employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace has given
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

Charles Wesley.

546*Deeds of Charity.*

C. M.

HIGH on a throne of light, O Lord
 Dost thou exalted shine:
 What can our poverty bestow,
 Since all the world is thine?

- 2 But thou hast brethren here below,
 Partakers of thy grace,
 Whose humble names thou wilt confess
 Before thy Father's face.
- 3 In them mayest thou be clothed and fed.
 And visited and cheered;
 And, in their accents of distress,
 The Saviour's voice be heard.
- 4 Whate'er our willing hands can give
 Lord, at thy feet we lay;
 Grace will the humble gift receive,
 And grace at length repay.

*P. Doddridge.***547***To Doubt, Disloyal.*

C. M.

IT is hard to work for God,
 To rise and take his part
 Upon this battle-field of earth,
 And not sometimes lose heart.

- 2 He hides himself so wondrously,
 As though there were no God;
 He is least seen when all the powers
 Of ill are most abroad;
- 3 Or he deserts us in the hour
 The fight is all but lost;
 And seems to leave us to ourselves
 Just when we need him most.
- 4 It is not so, but so it looks;
 And we lose courage then;
 And doubts will come if God hath kept
 His promises to men.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

5 But right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

Frederick W. Faber.

548 *Christian Courage.* C. M.

WORKMAN of God! O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

2 Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when he
Is most invisible.

3 Blest too is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

4 Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
And learn to lose with God;
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee his road.

Frederick W. Faber.

549 *Toil Recompensed.* S. M.

LABORERS of Christ, arise,
And gird you for the toil!
The dew of promise from the skies
Already cheers the soil.

2 Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore,
And where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your hallowed store.

3 Be faith, which looks above,
With prayer, your constant guest;
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love
A mantle round your breast.

WORKING,

4 So shall you share the wealth
That earth may ne'er despoil,
And the blest gospel's saving health.
Repay your arduous toil.

Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney.

550 C. P. M.
A Good Example.

I AND my house will serve the Lord:
But first, obedient to his word
I must myself appear:
By actions, words, and tempers, show
That I my heavenly Master know,
And serve with heart sincere.

2 I must the fair example set;
From those that on my pleasure wait
The stumbling-block remove;
Their duty by my life explain,
And still in all my works maintain
The dignity of love.

3 Easy to be entreated, mild,
Quickly appeased and reconciled,
A follower of my God:
A saint indeed I long to be,
And lead my faithful family
In the celestial road.

4 Lord, if thou didst the wish infuse,
A vessel fitted for thy use
Into thy hands receive:
Work in me both to will and do;
And show them how believers true,
And real Christians, live.

Charles Wesley

551

7s.

Be Courteous.

WORLDLINGS in the shadow rest:
 Taught and tutored, Lord, by thee,
 Christians bear within their breast
 True, substantial courtesy:
 Not by art, but nature, prove
 All the courtesy of love.

2 Born again from heaven to please,
 Who thy softening Spirit know,
 Meek and lowly gentleness
 They in words and actions show;
 They the polished pattern give,
 Show the world how angels live.

552

7s. 6, 5.

WORK, for the night is coming,
 Work through the morning hours;
 Work, while the dew is sparkling,
 Work 'mid springing flowers;
 Work, when the day grows brighter,
 Work in the glowing sun;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
 Work through the sunny noon;
 Fill brightest hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon.
 Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store:
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies.
 Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more;
 Work while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

WARRING.

553 C. M.
Faith Sees the Final Triumph.

A M I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord,
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die:
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

Isaac Watts.

554 C. M.
Heavenly Rest in Anticipation.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not ■ wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Isaac Watts.

555

C. M.

JESUS, now claim me for thine own;
To me thy right assert!
Come, gracious Lord, set up thy throne,
And reign within my heart!

2 So shall I bless thy pleasing sway!
And, sitting at thy feet,
Thy laws with all my heart obey,
With all my soul submit.

3 So shall I do thy will below,
As angels do above;
The virtue of thy passion show,
The triumphs of thy love.

4 To thee shall earth and hell submit,
And every foe shall fall,
Till death expires beneath thy feet,
And God is all in all.

Charles Wesley.

WARNING.

556 S. M. *The Whole Armor of God.*

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

3 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole:
Indissolubly joined,
To battle all proceed;
But arm yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ your Head.

Charles Wesley.

557 S. M. *The Shield of Faith.*

SOLDIERS of Christ, lay hold
On faith's victorious shield;
Armed with that adamant and gold,
Be sure to win the field:
If faith surround your heart,
Satan shall be subdued;
Repelled his every fiery dart,
And quenched with Jesus' blood.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

■ Jesus hath died for you;
What can his love withstand?
Believe, hold fast your shield, and who
Shall pluck you from his hand?
Believe that Jesus reigns;
All power to him is given:
Believe, till freed from sin's remains;
Believe yourselves to heaven.

Charles Wesley.

558 S. M.
The Mind that was in Christ.

EQUIP me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight;
My simple, upright heart prepare,
And guide my words aright.

2 Control my every thought;
My whole of sin remove:
Let all my works in thee be wrought;
Let all be wrought in love.

3 O arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb, that was in thee:
And let my knowing zeal be joined
With perfect charity.

4 With calm and tempered zeal
Let me enforce thy call;
And vindicate thy gracious will,
Which offers life to all.

5 O may I love like thee,
In all thy footsteps tread;
Thou hatest all iniquity,
But nothing thou hast made.

6 O may I learn the art,
With meekness to reprove;
To hate the sin with all my heart,
But still the sinner love.

Charles Wesley.

WARRING.

559 S. M.
The Violent Take it by Force.

O MAY thy powerful word
Inspire a feeble worm
To rush into thy kingdom, Lord,
And take it ■ by storm.

2 O may we all improve
The grace already given,
To seize the crown of perfect love,
And scale the mount of heaven.

Charles Wesley.

560 L. M.
The Sword and Shield.

A RM me with thy whole armor, Lord;
Support my weakness with thy might;
Gird on my thigh thy conquering sword,
And shield me in the threatening fight:
From faith to faith, from grace to grace,
So in thy strength shall I go on;
Till heaven and earth flee from thy face,
And glory end what grace begun.

J. Wesley.

561 L. M.
Heavenly Zeal.

O KING of glory, thy rich grace
Our feeble thought surpasses far;
Yea, e'en our crimes, though numberless,
Less numerous than thy mercies are.

2 Still, Lord, thy saving health display,
And arm our souls with heavenly zeal;
So, fearless, shall we urge our way
Through all the powers of earth and hell.

J. Wesley.

562 *The Panoply of Truth.*

L. M.

B EHOLD the Christian warrior stand
 In all the armor of his God;
 The Spirit's sword is in his hand,
 His feet are with the gospel shod;

2 In panoply of truth complete,
 Salvation's helmet on his head;
 With righteousness a breast-plate meet,
 And faith's broad shield before him spread;

3 Undaunted to the field he goes;
 Yet vain were skill and valor there,
 Unless, to foil his legion foes,
 He takes the trustiest weapon, prayer.

4 Thus, strong in his Redeemer's strength,
 Sin, death, and hell, he tramples down;
 Fights the good fight, and wins at length,
 Through mercy, an immortal crown.

*J. Montgomery.*563 *Victory over the World.*

L. M. 61.

S URROUNDED by a host of foes,
 Stormed by a host of foes within,
 Nor swift to flee, nor strong to oppose,
 Single against hell, earth, and sin:
 Single, yet undismayed, I am;
 I dare believe in Jesus' name.

2 What though a thousand hosts engage
 A thousand worlds, my soul to shake;
 I have a shield shall quell their rage,
 And drive the alien armies back:
 Portrayed, it bears a bleeding Lamb;
 I dare believe in Jesus' name.

3 Me to retrieve from Satan's hands,
 Me from this evil world to free,
 To purge my sins, and loose my bands,
 And save from all iniquity,
 My Lord and God from heaven he came!
 I dare believe in Jesus' name.

WARRING.

4 Salvation in his name there is;
 Salvation from sin, death, and hell!
Salvation into glorious bliss;
 How great salvation, who can tell?
But all he hath for mine I claim;
I dare believe in Jesus' name.

Charles Wesley.

564

L. M. 6 1.

Sober Vigilance.

THIS slumber from my spirit shake;
 Warned by the Spirit's inward call,
Let me to righteousness awake,
 And pray that I may never fall;
Or give to sin or Satan place,
 But walk in all thy righteous ways.

2 O wouldst thou, Lord, thy servant guard
 'Gainst every known or secret foe;
A mind for all assaults prepared,
 A sober vigilance bestow;
Ever apprized of danger nigh,
And when to fight and when to fly.

3 O never suffer me to sleep
 Secure within the verge of hell;
But still my watchfnl spirit keep
 In lowly awe and loving zeal;
And bless me with ■ godly fear,
And plant that guardian angel here.

4 Attended by that sacred dread,
 And wise from evil to depart,
Let me from strength to strength proceed,
 And rise to purity of heart:
Through all the paths of duty move,
From humble faith to perfect love.

Charles Wesley.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

565

S. M.

Perseverance.

M^Y SOUL, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

G. Heath.

566

S. M.

Continued.—Enemies to be Met.

A NGELS our march oppose,
Who still in strength excel,
Our secret, sworn, eternal foes,
Countless, invisible;
From thrones of glory driven,
By flaming vengeance hurled,
They throng the air, and darken heaven,
And rule this lower world.

2 But shall believers fear?
But shall believers fly?
Or see the bloody cross appear,
And all their powers defy?
By all hell's host withstood,
We all hell's host o'erthrew;
And, conquering them through Jesus' blood,
We on to conquer go.

Charles Wesley.

567 S. M. *The Standard of the Cross.*

HARK, how the watchmen cry!
Attend the trumpet's sound;
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh,
The powers of hell surround.
Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare;
The day of battle is at hand,
Go forth to glorious war.

2 See on the mountain top
The standard of your God;
In Jesus' name 'tis lifted up,
All stained with hallowed blood.
His standard-bearers, now
To all the nations call:
To Jesus' cross, ye nations, bow;
He bore the cross for all.

3 Go up with Christ your Head;
Your Captain's footsteps see;
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.
All power to him is given;•
He ever reigns the same:
Salvation, happiness, and heaven,
Are all in Jesus' name.

Charles Wesley.

568 S. M. *The Well-fought Day.*

PRAY, without ceasing, pray,
(Your Captain gives the word;) His summons cheerfully obey,
And call upon the Lord:
To God your every want
In instant prayer display;
Pray always; pray, and never faint;
Pray, without ceasing, pray.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

2 In fellowship,—alone,
To God with faith draw near;
Approach his courts, besiege his throne
With all the power of prayer:
His mercy now implore,
And now show forth his praise;
In shouts, or silent awe, adore
His miracles of grace.

3 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down
And win the well-fought day:
Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
And take the conquerors home.

Charles Wesley.

569 S. M. *Victory is on the Lord's Side.*

A RISE, ye saints, arise!
The Lord our leader is;
The foe before his banner flies,
And victory is his.

2 We follow thee, our Guide,
Our Saviour, and our King;
We follow thee, through grace supplied
From heaven's eternal spring.

3 We soon shall see the day
When all our toils shall cease;
When we shall cast our arms away
And dwell in endless peace.

4 This hope supports us here;
It makes our burdens light;
'Twill serve our drooping hearts to cheer
Till faith shall end in sight:

WARRING.

5 Till, of the prize possessed,
We hear of war no more;
And ever with our Leader rest,
On yonder peaceful shore.

T. Kelly.

570 S. M. *Courage Ensures Victory.*

URGE on your rapid course,
Ye blood-besprinkled bands;
The heavenly kingdom suffers force;
'Tis seized by violent hands:
See there the starry crown
That glitters through the skies;
Satan, the world, and sin, tread down
And take the glorious prize.

2 Through much distress and pain,
Through many a conflict here,
Through blood, ye must the entrance gain,
Yet, O disdain to fear:
"Courage," your Captain cries,
(Who all your toil foreknew,)
"Toil ye shall have, yet all despise;
I have o'ercome for you."

3 The world cannot withstand
Its ancient Conqueror;
The world must sink beneath the Hand
Which arms us for the war:
This is the victory,
Before our faith they fall;
Jesus hath died for you and me;
Believe, and conquer all.

Charles Wesley.

571 S. M. *Victory.*

I THE good fight have fought,
O when shall I declare!
The victory of my Saviour got,
I long with Paul to share.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

■ O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past;
And, dying, find my latest foe
Under my feet at last.

3 This blessed word be mine,
Just ■ the port is gain'd,
Kept by the power of grace divine,
I have the faith maintained.

4 The apostles of my Lord,
To whom it first was given,
They could not speak a greater word,
Nor all the saints in heaven.

Charles Wesley.

572 *Jesus Victorious.* S. M.

JESUS, the Conqueror, reigns,
In glorious strength arrayed;
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad:
Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesus' mighty love;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To him who rules above.

■ Extol his kingly power;
Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives to die no more,
High on his Father's throne:
Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad
The vict'ry of his cross.

Charles Wesley.

SUBMISSION AND TRUST.

573 — C. M.
Light Shining out of Darkness.

GOD moves in ■ mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

SUBMISSION AND TRUST.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs
 And works his sov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
 The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace;
Behind ■ frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

William Cowper

574 *Crosses are Blessings.*

C. M.

SINCE all the varying scenes of time
 God's watchful eye surveys,
O, who so wise to choose our lot,
 Or to appoint our ways?

2 Good, when he gives—supremely good,
 Nor less when he denies.
E'en crosses, from his sovereign hand,
 Are blessings in disguise.

3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
 So constant and so kind?
To his unerring, gracious will
 Be every wish resigned.

J. Hervey.

575

Habitual Devotion.

C. M.

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
 Be my vain wishes stilled;
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be filled.

- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
 To thee my thoughts would soar:
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
 That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see!
 Each blessing to my soul more dear,
 Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
 In every pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
 Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
 My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
 The gathering storm shall see:
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
 That heart will rest on thee.

Helen M. Williams.

576

Safety in the Arms of Jesus.

L. M.

GOD of my life, whose gracious power
 Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
 Or turned aside the fatal hour,
 Or lifted up my sinking head;

- 2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
 Thy ruling providence I see;
 Assist me still my course to run,
 And still direct my paths to thee.

SUBMISSION AND TRUST.

3 Whither, O whither should I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast!
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest.

4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art:
I ever into ruin run,
But thou art greater than my heart.

5 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving thee alone.

Charles Wesley.

577 L. M.
Resignation to God's Will.

THOU sweet, beloved will of God,
My anchor ground, my fortress hill,
My spirit's silent, fair abode,
In thee I hide me and am still.

2 O will, that wildest good alone,
Lead thou the way, thou guidest best;
A little child, I follow on,
And, trusting, lean upon thy breast.

3 Thy beautiful sweet will, my God,
Holds fast in his sublime embrace
My captive will, a gladsome bird,
Prisoned in such a realm of grace.

4 Within this place of certain good,
Love evermore expands her wings;
Or, nestling in thy perfect choice,
Abides content with what it brings.

5 Upon God's will I lay me down,
As child upon its mother's breast;
No silken couch, nor softest bed,
Could ever give me such sweet rest.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

■ Thy wonderful grand will, my God,
With triumph now I make it mine;
And faith shall cry a joyous Yes!
To every dear command of thine.

Madame Guion.

578 L. M.
God's Presence with his People.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,

Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.

2 By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;

By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Return'd the fiery column's glow.

3 Thus present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen.
To temper the deceitful ray.

4 And O, when gathers on our path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

Sir W. Scott.

579 S. M.
Jesus Unchangeable.

SUBMISSIVELY, my God,

I all to thee resign,
And bow before thy chastening rod;
Nor will I, Lord, repine.

2 Why should my heart complain,
When wisdom, truth, and love
Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
And point to joys above?

3 How short my sufferings here;
How needful every cross
Away with doubt, distrust, and fear,
Nor call my gain my loss.

SUBMISSION AND TRUST.

¶ Then give, or take away,
I'll bless thy sacred name:
Jesus to-day, and yesterday,
And ever, is the same.

T. Haweis.

580

L. M. 6 l.

Steadfast Reliance.

THOUGH waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone;
Though joys be withered all, and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn;
On this my steadfast soul relies,
Father, thy mercy never dies.

2 Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with ■ everlasting Love.

J. A. Rothe.

581

L. M. 6 l.

PEACE, doubting heart, my God's I am,
Who formed me man forbids my fear;
The Lord hath called me by my name;
The Lord protects, forever near:
His blood for me did once atone,
And still he loves and guards his own.

2 When, passing through the watery deep
I ask in faith his promised aid,
The waves an awful distance keep,
And shrink from my devoted head;
Fearless, their violence I dare,
They cannot harm, for God is there.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

3 To him mine eyes of faith I turn,
And through the fire pursue my way,
The fire forgets its power to burn,
The lambent flaines around me play:
I own his power, accept the sign,
And shout to prove the Saviour mine.
Charles Wesley.

L. M. 61.
582 *Triumphant Confidence.*

STILL nigh me, O my Saviour, stand,
And guard in fierce temptation's hour;
Hide in the hollow of thy hand;
Show forth in me thy saving power:
Still be thy arms my sure defence,
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.

2 Since thou hast bid me come to thee,
(Good as thou art, and strong to save,)
I'll walk o'er life's tempestuous sea,
Upborne by the unyielding wave;
Dauntless though rocks of pride be near,
And yawning whirlpools of despair.

3 When darkness intercepts the skies,
And sorrow's waves around me roll,
And high the storms of trouble rise,
And half o'erwhelm my sinking soul;
My soul a sudden calm shall feel,
And hear a whisper, "Peace; be still!"

4 Though in affliction's furnace tried,
Unhurt, on snares and death I'll tread;
Though sin assail, and hell, thrown wide,
Pour all its flames upon my head;
Like Moses' bush I'll mount the higher,
And flourish, unconsumed, in fire.

Charles Wesley.

583 S. M.
Safe Trusting in the Lord.

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure trust and tender care
Who earth and heaven commands:
Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey:
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

2 Thou on the Lord rely,
So, safe thou shalt go on;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye
So shall thy work be done. •
No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To him commend thy cause,—his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

P. Gerhardt. Tr. by J. Wesley.

584 S. M.
He Ruleth All Things Well.

GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears
God shall lift up thy head;
Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

2 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight,—let fear depart,
And every care be gone.
What though thou rulest not;
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell,
Proclaim, “God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.”

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

3 Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command:
So shalt thou, wondering, own his way
How wise, how strong his hand!
Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

P. Gerhardt. Tr. By J Wesley.

585 S. M. *Walking by Faith.*

IF, ON a quiet sea,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to thy control:
Thy tender mercies shall illumine
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart
To live by faith alone.

A. M. Toplady.

586 C. M. *Deliverance is at Hand.*

MY SPAN of life will soon be done,
The passing moments say;
As lengthening shadows o'er the mead,
Proclaim the close of day.

2 O that my heart might dwell aloof
From all created things
And learn that wisdom from above,
Whence true contentment springs.

SUBMISSION AND TRUST.

■ Courage, my soul; thy bitter cross,
In every trial here,
Shall bear thee to thy heaven above,
But shall not enter there.

4 The sighing ones, that humbly seek
In sorrowing paths below,
Shall in eternity rejoice,
Where endless comforts flow.

5 Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er
Of sublunary care,
And life's dull vanities no more
This anxious breast ensnare.

6 Courage, my soul; on God rely,
Deliverance soon will come;
A thousand ways has providence
To bring believers home.

F. M. Cowper.

587

C. M.

Remember Me.

O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
O Lord, remember me.

2 If, for thy sake, upon my name
Reproach and shame shall be,
I hail reproach, and welcome shame,
O Lord, remember me.

3 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
O Lord, remember me.

4 When, in the solemn hour of death,
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
O Lord, remember me.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

5 And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to thee,
Then, with the saints at thy right hand,
O Lord, remember me.

T. Haweis.

L. M.

588 *He Careth for You.*

PEACE, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear,
Thy great Provider still is near;
Who fed thee last, will feed thee still:
Be calm, and sink into his will.

2 The Lord who built the earth and sky,
In mercy stoops to hear thy cry;
His promise all may freely claim:
Ask and receive in Jesus' name.

3 Without reserve give Christ your heart;
Let him his righteousness impart;
Then all things else he'll freely give;
With him you all things shall receive.

4 Thus shall the soul be truly blest,
That seeks in God his only rest;
May I that happy person be,
In time and in eternity.

S. Ecking.

L. M.

589 *Trial and Faith of Abraham.*

WHEN Abraham, though severely tried,
His faith by his obedience showed;
He with the stern command complied,
And gave his Isaac back to God.

2 His son the father offered up,
Son of his age, his only son;
Object of all his joy and hope,
And less beloved than God alone.

3 O for a faith like his, that we
The bright example may pursue;
May gladly give up all to thee,
To whom our more than all is due.

SUBMISSION AND TRUST.

4 Is there ■ thing than life more dear?
A thing from which we cannot part?
We can; we now rejoice to tear
The idol from our bleeding heart.

5 Jesus, accept our sacrifice;
All things for thee we count but loss;
Lo! at thy word our idol dies,
Dies on the altar of thy cross.

6 For what to thee, O Lord, we give,
A hundred-fold we here obtain;
And soon with thee shall all receive,
And loss shall be eternal gain.

Charles Wesley.

590 L. M.
Resignation to God's Will.

A LL scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impressed with sacred love;
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee;
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

2 To me remains nor place nor time;
My country is in every clime,
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore since God is there.

3 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with my God to guide my way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

4 Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot.
But regions none remote I call
Secure of finding God in all.

Madame Guion.

591 L. M.
Patient Thankfulness and Trust.

E TERNAL Beam of light divine,
Fountain of unexhausted love;
In whom the Father's glories shine,
Through earth beneath, and heaven above:

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

2 Jesus, the weary wanderer's rest,
Give me thy easy yoke to bear;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love and lowly fear.

3 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepared and mingled by thy skill:
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

4 Be thou, O Rock of ages, nigh!
So shall each murmuring thought be gone,
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
As clouds before the mid day sun.

5 Speak to my warring passions, "Peace;"
Say to my trembling heart, "Be still;"
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve thy sovereign will.

6 O death! where is thy sting? Where now
That boasted victory, O grave?
Who shall contend with God? or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save.

Charles Wesley.

592 L. M.
Meekness and Patience.

THOU Lamb of God, thou Prince of peace,
For thee my thirsty soul doth pine;
My longing heart implores thy grace;
O make me in thy likeness shine.

2 With fraudless, even, humble mind,
Thy will in all things may I see,
In love be every wish resigned,
And hallowed my whole heart to thee.

3 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast;
When grief my wounded soul assails,
In lowly meekness may I rest.

SUBMISSION AND TRUST.

4 Close by thy side still may I keep,
Howe'er life's various currents flow;
With steadfast eye mark every step,
And follow where my Lord doth go.

5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won;
Alone thou hast the wine-press trod;
In me thy strengthening grace be shown.
O may I conquer through thy blood.

6 So, when on Zion thou shalt stand,
And all heaven's host adore their King,
Shall I be found at thy right hand,
And, free from pain, thy glories sing.

C. F. Richter.

593 "Thy Will be Done." 8, 4.

MY GOD, and Father while I stray
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
 Thy will be done!

2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
 Thy will be done.

3 If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what was thine:
 Thy will be done.

4 Should grief or sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
Father divine, I still would say,
 Thy will be done.

5 If but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest:
 Thy will be done.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

6 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say.

Thy will be done.

C. Elliott.

594

The Cross Taken.

8, 7

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee,
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition;
All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue:
And, while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me:
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, early fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In thy service, pain is pleasure;
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee, "Abba Father;"
I have set my heart on thee:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

SUBMISSION AND TRUST.

5 Know, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What ■ Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee:
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Henry F. Lyte.

595 8, 7. *Trust in Sorrow.*

LORD of life, when foes assail us,
And our hearts are bowed in pain,
Earthly friends cannot deliver;
Swords and bucklers, are all vain.
Be our buckler, thou whose pity
Bore the shame upon the tree:
Man of Sorrows! in our sorrows
We can only trust in thee.

2 On the darkly heaving billows,
Thou didst walk, and they were still;
Thou canst stay the ills that press us,
They are servants to thy will.
Thou alone art King of nations,
Lord of life and victory:
Man of Sorrows! in our sorrows
We can only trust in thee.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

3 O subdue our heart's rebellion,
That we faint not, nor repine;
Nought of evil can befall us,
That comes down from hand of thine.
May we, like thy great disciple,
Meet thee on the swelling sea:
Man of Sorrows! in our sorrows
We can only trust in thee.

H. Dodds.

596

The Lord will Provide.

10, 11.

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all
unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us, "The Lord will provide."

2 The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written, "The Lord will provide."

3 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us (though oft he has tried)
The heart-cheering promise, "The Lord will pro-
vide."

4 He tells us we're weak,—our hope is in vain;
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain:
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
This answers all questions, "The Lord will pro-
vide."

5 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim:
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' name;
In this our strong tower for safety we hide;
The Lord is our power, "The Lord will provide."

SUBMISSION AND TRUST.

■ When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through:
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, "The Lord will pro-
vide."

J. Newton.

597

The Firm Foundation.

11.

HOW firm ■ foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say, than to you he hath said,
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to
stand,

Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall
lie,

My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

George Keith.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

598 C. P. M.
God a Present Help in Trouble.

O GOD, thy faithfulness I plead:
My present help in time of need,
My great deliv'rer thou!
Haste to mine aid, thine ear incline,
And rescue this poor soul of mine:
I claim the promise now.

2 One only way the erring mind
Of man, short-sighted man, can find,
From inbred sin to fly:
Stronger than love, I fondly thought
Death, only death, can cut the knot,
Which love cannot untie.

3 But thou, O Lord, art full of grace;
Thy love can find a thousand ways
To foolish man unknown:
My soul upon thy love I cast;
I rest me till the storm is past,
Upon thy love alone.

Charles Wesley.

599 L. M.
God our Refuge.

GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide.
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

SUBMISSION AND TRUST.

4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

Isaac Watts.

600

L. M.

Believing against Hope.

A WAY, my unbelieving fear!
A Fear shall in me no more have place
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face:
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no,
I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The withering fig-trees droop and die,
The fields elude the tiller's toil,
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race,
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

3 In hope, believing against hope,
Jesus, my Lord, my God, I claim;
Jesus, my strength, shall lift me up,
Salvation is in Jesus' name;
To me he soon shall bring it nigh;
My soul shall then outstrip the wind;
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

601 *Jesus the Same Forever.* 7, 6, 8

CAST on the fidelity
Of my redeeming Lord,
I shall his salvation see,
According to his word:
Credence to his word I give;
My Saviour in distresses past
Will not now his servant leave,
But bring me through at last.

2 Better than my boding fears
To me thou oft hast proved;
Oft observed my silent tears,
And challenged thy beloved:
Mercy to my rescue flew,
And death ungrasped his fainting prey;
Pain before thy face withdrew,
And sorrow fled away.

3 Now as yesterday the same,
In all my troubles nigh,
Jesus, on thy word and name
I steadfastly rely:
Sure as now the grief I feel,
The promised joy I soon shall have;
Saved again, to sinners tell
The power and will to save.

4 To thy blessed will resigned,
And stayed on that alone,
I thy perfect strength shall find,
Thy faithful mercies own;
Compassed round with songs of praise,
My all to my Redeemer give;
Spread thy miracles of grace,
And to thy glory live.

Charles Wesley.

602

88, 86.

Resting in Jesus.

O HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,
 Since on thy arm thou biddest me lean
 Help me throughout life's varying scene,
 By faith to rest in thee.

2 Blest with this fellowship divine,
 Take what thou wilt, I'll ne'er repine,
 E'en as the branches in the vine
 My soul shall rest in thee.

3 Far from her home, fatigued, oppressed,
 Here has she found her place of rest;
 An exile still, though not unblessed,
 While she can rest in thee.

4 Without a murmur I dismiss
 My former dreams of earthly bliss,
 My joy, my consolation this,
 Each hour to rest in thee.

5 Though faith and hope may long be tried,
 I ask not, need not, aught beside;
 How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
 The soul that rests on thee.

■ They fear not Satan, nor the grave,
 They feel thee near and strong to save;
 Nor dread to cross e'en death's cold wave,
 Because they rest in thee.

Charlotte Elliott.

603

8, 7, 6.

God a Mighty Fortress.

A MIGHTY fortress is our God,
 A bulwark never failing:
 Our Helper he, amid the flood
 Of mortal ills prevailing.
 For still our ancient foe
 Doth seek to work us woe;
 His craft and power are great,
 And, armed with cruel hate,
 On earth is not his equal.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.

Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is he,
Lord Sabaoth is his name,
From age to age the same,
And he must win the battle.

3 And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us;
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
The prince of darkness grim—
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.

4 That word above all earthly powers,
No thanks to them—abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also:
The body they may kill:
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is forever.

Martin Luther. Tr. by F. H. Hedge.

604 *Gently Lead Us.*

8, 7, 4.

GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us
Through this gloomy vale of tears;
And, O Lord, in mercy give us
Thy rich grace in all our fears.
O refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

SUBMISSION AND TRUST.

2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish.
Suffer not our souls to fear.

4 When this mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel-bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

Thomas Hastings.

605

C. M.

In Fear and Trembling.

FATHER of lights, thy needful aid
To us that ask, impart;
Mistrustful of ourselves, afraid
Of our own treacherous heart.

2 O'erwhelmed with justest fear, again
To thee for help we call:
Where many mightier have been slain,
By thee unsaved, we fall.

3 Ah! what avails superior light,
Without superior love;
We see the truth, we judge aright,
And wisdom's ways approve.

4 In spite of our resolves, we fear
Our own infirmity;
And tremble at the trial near,
And cry, O God, to thee!

5 Our only help in danger's hour,
Our only strength thou art;
Above the world and Satan's power,
And greater than our heart.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

■ Us from ourselves thou canst secure,
In nature's slippery ways;
And make our feeble footsteps sure,
By thy sufficient grace.

Charles Wesley.

606

C. M.

A Calm and Thankful Heart.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

Anne Steele.

607

C. M.

The Only Solace in Sorrow.

O THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee.

2 The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

3 But Christ can heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

4 O who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not his wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above.

SUBMISSION AND TRUST.

5 Then sorrow, touched by him, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We never saw by day.

T. Moore.

608

Lessons of the Cross.

7.

NEVER further than thy cross,
Never higher than thy feet:
Here earth's precious things seem dross:
Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.

2 Gazing thus our sin we see,
Learn thy love while gazing thus,
Sin, which laid the cross on thee,
Love, which bore the cross for us.

3 Here we learn to serve and give,
And, rejoicing, self deny;
Here we gather love to live,
Here we gather faith to die.

4 Pressing onward as we can,
Still to this our hearts must tend;
Where our earliest hopes began,
There our last aspirings end;

5 Till amid the hosts of light,
We in thee redeemed, complete,
Through thy cross made pure and white,
Cast our crowns before thy feet.

Mrs. Elizabeth Charles.

609

Weak and Helpless.

7.

SON of God, thy blessing grant;
Still supply my every want;
Tree of life, thine influence shed:
From thy fullness I am fed.

2 Tenderest branch, alas! am I,
Wither without thee and die;
Weak as helpless infancy:
O confirm my soul in thee!

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

3 Unsustained by thee, I fall;
Send the help for which I call:
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I every moment need.

4 All my hopes on thee depend;
Love me, save me to the end;
Give me persevering grace;
Take the everlasting praise.

Charles Wesley.

610

C. M.

A Refuge in Distress.

NOW to the haven of thy breast,
O Son of man, I fly;
Be thou my refuge and my rest,
For O! the storm is high.

2 Protect me from the furious blast;
My shield and shelter be:
Hide me, my Saviour, till o'erpast
The storm of sin I see.

3 As welcome as the water-spring
Is to ■ barren place,
Jesus, descend on me, and bring
Thy sweet, refreshing grace.

4 As o'er ■ parched and weary land,
A rock extends its shade,
So hide me, Saviour, with thy hand,
And screen my naked head.

5 In all the times of my distress
Thou hast my succor been;
And in my utter helplessness,
Restraining me from sin;

6 How swift to save me didst thou move
In every trying hour;
O still protect me with thy love,
And shield me with thy power.

Charles Wesley.

SUBMISSION AND TRUST.

611 C. M.
Glorying in Tribulations.

THEE, Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Thee, Saviour, we adore:
Thee in affliction's furnace praise,
And magnify thy power.

2 Thy power, in human weakness shown,
Shall make us all entire;
We now thy guardian presence own,
And walk, unburnt, in fire.

3 Thee, Son of man, by faith we see,
And glory in our Guide;
Surrounded and upheld by thee,
The fiery test abide.

4 The fire our graces shall refine,
Till, moulded from above,
We bear the character divine,
The stamp of perfect love.

Charles Wesley.

612 C. M.
Fullness of Joy in His Presence.

THY gracious presence, O my God,
All that I wish contains;
With this, beneath affliction's load,
My heart no more complains.

2 This can my every care control,
Gild each dark scene with light:
This is the sunshine of the soul;
Without it all is night.

A. Steele.

613 7, 6 l.
Christ our Exemplar.

GO TO dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished!" hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid his breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken him away?
Christ is risen; he meets our eyes;
Saviour, teach us so to rise!

J. Montgomery.

614 *Glorying in the Cross.* 8, 7.

IN THE cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Still it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that evermore abide.

Sir J. Bowering.

HUMILIATION.

HUMILIATION.

615

For Quickening Grace.

C. M.

LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord:
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2 My gracious Saviour and my God,
How little art thou known
By all the judgments of thy rod,
Or blessings of thy throne!

3 How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

4 Great God! thy sovereign aid impart,
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation on my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

Isaac Watts.

616

Awaking in Thy Likeness

C. M.

JESUS, the all-restoring Word,
My fallen spirit's hope,
After thy lovely likeness, Lord,
Ah! when shall I wake up?

■ Thou, O my God, thou only art
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
Quicken my soul, instruct my heart,
My sinking footsteps stay.

■ Of all thou hast in earth below,
In heaven above, to give,
Give me thy only love to know,
In thee to walk and live.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

4 Fill me with all the life of love;
In mystic union join
Me to thyself, and let me prove
The fellowship divine.
5 Open the intercourse between
My longing soul and thee,
Never to be broke off again
To all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

617

Instability.

7.

JESUS, shall I never be
Firmly grounded upon thee?
Never by thy work abide?
Never in thy wounds reside?

2 O how wavering is my mind,
Tossed about with every wind;
O how quickly doth my heart
From the living God depart.

3 Jesus, let my nature feel
Thou art God unchangeable:
JAH, JEHOVAH, great I AM,
Speak into my soul thy name.

4 Grant that every moment I
May believe and feel thee nigh;
Steadfastly behold thy face,
Established with abiding grace.

Charles Wesley.

618

The Warning Voice of Jesus.

S. M.

GRACIOUS Redeemer, shake
This slumber from my soul!
Say to me now, "Awake, awake!"
And Christ shall make thee whole.

2 Lay to thy mighty hand;
Alarm me in this hour;
And make me fully understand
The thunder of thy power.

HUMILIATION.

3 Give me on thee to call,
Always to watch and pray,
Lest I into temptation fall,
And cast my shield away.

4 For each assault prepared,
And ready may I be;
Forever standing on my guard,
And looking up to thee.

5 O do thou always warn
My soul of evil near;
When to the right or left I turn,
Thy voice still let me hear:

6 "Come back! this is the way;
Come back, and walk therein;"
O may I hearken and obey,
And shun the paths of sin.

Charles Wesley.

619 L. M. *The Spirit of the Ancient Worthies.*

1 FOR that flame of living fire,
Which shone so bright in saints of old;
Which bade their souls to heaven aspire,
Calm in distress, in danger bold.

2 Where is that Spirit, Lord, which dwelt
In Abraham's breast, and sealed him thine?
Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt,
And glow with energy divine?

3 That Spirit, which from age to age
Proclaimed thy love, and taught thy ways?
Brightened Isaiah's vivid page,
And breathed in David's hallowed lays?

4 Is not thy grace as mighty now
As when Elijah felt its power;
When glory beamed from Moses' brow,
Or Job endured the trying hour?

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

5 Remember, Lord, the ancient days;
Renew thy work; thy grace restore;
And while to thee our hearts we raise,
On us thy Holy Spirit pour.

W. H. Bathurst.

620

L. M.

No Peace but in the Favor of God.

1 WHERE is now that glowing love
That marked our union with the Lord?

Our hearts were fixed on things above,
Nor could the world a joy afford.

2 Where is the zeal that led us then
To make our Saviour's glory known?
That freed us from the fear of men,
And kept our eye on him alone.

3 Where are the happy seasons, spent
In fellowship with him we loved?
The sacred joy, the sweet content,
The blessedness that then we proved?

4 Behold, again we turn to thee;
O, cast us not away, though vile:
No peace we have, no joy we see,
O Lord our God, but in thy smile.

T. Kelly.

621

L. M.

Zeal Implored.

1 THOU, who all things canst control,
Chase this dread slumber from my soul;
With joy and fear, with love and awe,
Give me to keep thy perfect law.

2 O may one beam of thy blest light
Pierce through, dispel, the shade of night:
Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire;
With holy, conquering zeal inspire.

3 For zeal I sigh, for zeal I pant;
Yet heavy is my soul, and faint:
With steps unwavering, undismayed,
Give me in all thy paths to tread.

GROWTH.

4 With outstretched hands, and streaming eyes,
Oft I begin to grasp the prize:
I groan, I strive, I watch, I pray;
But ah! my zeal soon dies away.

5 The deadly slumber then I feel
Afresh upon my spirit steal:
Rise, Lord, stir up thy quickening power,
And wake me that I sleep no more.

From the German. Tr. by John Wesley

622

L. M.

Danger of Final Apostasy.

A H! LORD, with trembling ~~I~~ confess,
A gracious soul may fall from grace;
The salt may lose its seasoning power,
And never, ~~never~~ find it more.

2 Lest that my fearful case should be,
Each moment knit my soul to thee;
And lead me to the mount above,
Through the low vale of humble love.

Charles Wesley.

GROWTH.

623

8, 7, 4.

Guide and Guard Me.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak—but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Bear me through the swelling current
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
 Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

W. Williams.

624 *Worldly Pleasures Renounced.* 8, 7.

VAIN are all terrestrial pleasures;
 Mixed with dross the purest gold;
Seek we then for heavenly treasures,
 Treasures never waxing old.

Let our best affections centre
 On the things around the throne:
There no thief can ever enter;
 Moth and rust are there unknown.

2 Earthly joys no longer please us;
 Here would we renounce them all;
Seek our only rest in Jesus,
 Him our Lord and Master call.

Faith, our languid spirits cheering,
 Points to brighter worlds above;
Bids us look for his appearing;
 Bids us triumph in his love.

3 May our light be always burning,
 And our loins be girded round,
Waiting for our Lord's returning,
 Longing for the welcome sound.
Thus the Christian life adorning,
 Never need we be afraid,
Should he come at night or morning,
 Early dawn, or evening shade.

L. E. Ford.

625 *The Vow Sealed at the Cross.* S. M.

ORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
 Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine would I be,
 And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
 Among the children of thy grace;
 A wretched sinner, lost to God,
 But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live—thine would I die,
 Be thine through all eternity;
 The vow is past beyond repeal,
 And now I set the solemn seal.

4 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
 That bought my guilty soul for God,
 Thee, my new Master, now I call,
 And consecrate to thee my all.

5 Do thou assist a feeble worm
 The great engagement to perform;
 Thy grace can full assistance lend,
 And on that grace I dare depend.

S. Davies.

626 L. M.
Heavenly Bliss in Prospect.

A RISE, my soul, on wings sublime,
 Above the vanities of time;
 Let faith now pierce the veil, and see
 The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new, celestial birth,
 Why should I grovel here on earth?
 Why grasp at vain and fleeting toys,
 So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Shall aught beguile me on the road
 The narrow road that leads to God?
 Or can I love this earth so well,
 As not to long with God to dwell?

4 To dwell with God,—to taste his love,
 Is the full heaven enjoyed above:
 The glorious expectation now
 Is heavenly bliss begun below.

T. Gibbons.

627 L. M.
Living to serve the cause of Christ.
MY GRACIOUS Lord, I own thy right,
 To every service I can pay,
 And call it my supreme delight
 To hear thy dictates, and obey.

- 2 What is my being but for thee,
 Its sure support, its noblest end?
 'Tis my delight thy face to see,
 And serve the cause of such a Friend.
- 3 I would not sigh for worldly joy,
 Or to increase my worldly good;
 Nor future days nor powers employ
 To spread a sounding name abroad.
- 4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
 To him who for my ransom died;
 Nor could all worldly honor give
 Such bliss as crowns me at his side.
- 5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
 When youthful vigor is no more;
 And my last hour of life confess
 His saving love, his glorious power.

P. Doddridge.

628 L. M.
Your Life is hid with Christ.

YE FAITHFUL souls, who Jesus know,
 If risen indeed with him ye are,
 Superior to the joys below,
 His resurrection's power declare.

- 2 Your faith by holy tempers prove:
 By actions show your sins forgiven:
 And seek the glorious things above,
 And follow Christ your head to heaven.

- 3 There your exalted Saviour see,
 Seated at God's right hand again,
 In all his Father's majesty,
 In everlasting pomp to reign.

GROWTH.

To him continually aspire,
Contending for your native place,
And emulate the angel choir,
And only live to love and praise.

5 For who by faith your Lord receive,
Ye nothing seek or want beside,
Dead to the world and sin ye live;
Your creature-love is crucified.

6 Your real life, with Christ concealed,
Deep in the Father's bosom lies;
And glorious as your Head revealed,
Ye soon shall meet him in the skies.

Charles Wesley.

L. M.

629 *Sustaining Grace Prayed for.*

TAUGHT by our Lord, we will not pray
Out of the world to be removed,
But keep us, in our evil day,
Till patient faith is fully proved.

2 From sin, the world, and Satan's snare,
The members of thy Son defend,
Till all thy character we bear,
And grace matured in glory end.

Charles Wesley.

630 *The Pilgrim's Song.* 7.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are traveling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banished seed, be glad;
Christ our Advocate is made:
Us to save our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

4 Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light;
Zion's city is in sight:
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand,
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

6 Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

J. Cennick.

631 *Adieu to the World.* 7, 6, 8.

VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good:
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood:
All thy pleasures I forego;
I trample on thy wealth and pride;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

2 Other knowledge I disdain;
'Tis all but vanity:
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me.
Me to save from endless woe
The sin-atoning Victim died:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

3 Here will I set up my rest;
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breast
Shall never more depart:
Whither should a sinner go?
His wounds for me stand open wide:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

GROWTH.

4 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

5 O that I could all invite,
This saving truth to prove;
Show the length, the breadth, the height,
And depth of Jesus' love!
Fain I would to sinners show
The blood by faith alone applied;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

Charles Wesley.

632 C. M.
The World has Lost its Charms.

LET worldly minds the world pursue;
It has no charms for me:
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace hath set me free.

2 Its pleasures can no longer please,
Nor happiness afford:
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice;
I bid them all depart:
His name, his love, his gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.

J. Newton.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

633 C. M.
Vanity of Earthly Enjoyments.

HOW vain are all things here below,
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God.

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense;
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 My Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

Isaac Watts.

634 C. M.
Gratitude.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps, I ran;
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

3 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice
More to be feared than they.

GROWTH.

4 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.
5 Through all eternity to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

J. Addison

C. M.

635 *The Race for Glory.*

A WAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
2 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis he whose hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.
3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey,
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
4 Blest Saviour! introduced by thee,
Our race have we begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
We'll lay our trophies down.

P. Doddridge.

C. M.

636 *The Steward of the Lord.*

FATHER, into thy hands alone
I have my all restored:
My all, thy property I own:
The steward of the Lord.
2 Confiding wholly in thy love,
Through Jesus strengthening me
I wait thy faithfulness to prove.
And give back all to thee.

3 Determined all thy will to-obey,
 Thy blessings I restore;
 Give, Lord, or take thy gifts away,
 I praise thee evermore.

Charles Wesley.

637

Pilgrims and Strangers.

L. M. 6 L

LEADER of faithful souls, and guide
 Of all that travel to the sky,
 Come, and with us, e'en us abide,
 Who would on thee alone rely;
 On thee alone our spirits stay,
 While held in life's uneven way.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
 This earth, we know, is not our place;
 But hasten through the vale of woe,
 And, restless to behold thy face,
 Swift to our heavenly country move,
 Our everlasting home above.

3 We've no abiding city here,
 But seek ■ city out of sight;
 Thither our steady course we steer,
 Aspiring to the plains of light,
 Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
 Whose founder is the living God.

4 Patient the appointed race to run,
 This weary world we cast behind;
 From strength to strength we travel on,
 The New Jerusalem to find:
 Our labor this, our only aim,
 To find the New Jerusalem.

5 Through thee who all our sins hast borne,
 Freely and graciously forgiven,
 With songs to Zion we return,
 Contending for our native heaven;
 That palace of our glorious King,
 We find it nearer whil■ we sing.

GROWTH.

6 Raised by the breath of love divine,
We urge our way, with strength renewed;
The church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God:
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Saviour in the skies.

Charles Wesley.

638 L. M. 61.
I Give up my Will.

MASTER, I own thy lawful claim;
Thine, wholly thine, I long to be;
Thou seest, at last, I willing am,
Where'er thou go'st, to follow thee:
Myself in all things to deny;
Thine, wholly thine, to live and die.

2 Whate'er my sinful flesh requires,
For thee I cheerfully forego:
My covetous and vain desires,
My hopes of happiness below;
My senses' and my passions' food,
And all my thirst for creature-good.

3 Pleasure, and wealth, and praise no more
Shall lead my captive soul astray;
My fond pursuits I all give o'er;
Thee, only thee, resolved to obey:
My own in all things to resign,
And know no other will but thine.

4 Wherefore to thee I all resign;
Being thou art, and Love, and Power;
Thy only will be done, not mine!
Thee, Lord, let heaven and earth adore;
Flow back the rivers to the sea,
And let our all be lost in thee!

Charles Wesley.

639 L. M. 6 l.
An Eye Single to the Glory of God.

BEHOLD! the servant of the Lord,
I wait thy guiding hand to feel;
To hear and keep thy every word,
To prove and do thy perfect will:
Joyful from my own works to cease,
Glad to fulfill all righteousness.

2 And if thy grace vouchsafe to use,
The meanest of thy creatures, me,
The deed, the time, the manner choose;
Let all my fruit be found of thee:
Let all my works in thee be wrought,
By thee to full perfection brought.

3 My every weak, though good design,
O'errule or change, as seems thee meet;
Jesus, let all my work be thine!
Thy work, O Lord, is all complete,
And pleasing in thy Father's sight;
Thou only hast done all things right.

4 Here, then, to thee thine own I leave;
Mould as thou wilt thy passive clay;
But let me all thy stamp receive,
But let me all thy words obey:
Serve with ■ single heart and eye,
And to thy glory live and die.

Charles Wesley.

640 L. M. 6 l.
The Prize of our High Calling.

JESUS, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare,
O knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there:
Thine wholly, thine alone I am;
Be thou alone my constant flame.

GROWTH.

2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but thy pure love alone:
O may thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown:
Strange flames far from my heart remove
My every act, word, thought, be love.

3 Unwearied may I this pursue;
Dauntless to the high prize aspire;
Hourly within my soul renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire:
And day and night, be all my care
To guard the sacred treasure there.

4 In suffering be thy love my peace;
In weakness be thy love my power:
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death as life be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

P. Gerhardt. Tr. by J. Wesley

641

S. M.

Self-consecration.

L ORD, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to thee.

2 Thy ransomed servant, I
Restore to thee thine own;
And from this moment live or die,
To serve my God alone.

Charles Wesley.

642

S. M.

Charity, or Love.

H AD I the gift of tongues,
Great God, without thy grace,
My loudest words, my loftiest songs,
Would be but sounding brass.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

2 Though thou shouldst give me skill
Each mystery to explain;
Without a heart to do thy will,
My knowledge would be vain.

3 Had I such faith in God,
As mountains to remove,
No faith could work effectual good
That did not work thy love.

4 Grant, then, this one request,
Whatever be denied,
That love divine may rule my breast,
And all my actions guide.

S. Stennett.

643 *Strengthen the Weak Hands.* S. M.

THOU seest our weakness, Lord;
Our hearts are known to thee;
O lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee.

2 Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare;
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

J. Wesley.

644 *Fear of Offending God.* S. M.

LORD, if thou hast bestowed
On me this gracious fear,
This horror of offending God,
O keep it always here;

2 And that I never more
May from thy ways depart,
Enter, with all thy mercy's power,
And dwell within my heart.

Charles Wesley.

GROWTH.

645 *Loving Gratitude.* C. P. M.

B E IT my only wisdom here,
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude;
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

2 O may I still from sin depart;
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus to me be given:
And let me through thy Spirit know
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

Charles Wesley.

646 *Looking unto Jesus.* C. P. M.

A RE there not in the laborer's day,
Twelve hours, in which he safely may
His calling's work pursue?
Though sin and Satan still are near,
Nor sin nor Satan can I fear,
With Jesus in my view.

2 Light of the world! thy beams I bless;
On thee, bright Sun of righteousness,
My faith hath fixed its eye:
Guided by thee, through all I go,
Nor fear the ruin spread below,
For thou art always nigh.

3 Ten thousand snares my path beset,
Yet will I, Lord, the work complete,
Which thou to me hast given;
Regardless of the pains I feel,
Close by the gates of death and hell,
I urge my way to heaven.

Charles Wesley.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

647

The All-sufficient Portion.

L. M.

1 LOVE, thy sovereign aid impart,
And guard the gift thyself hast given:
My portion, thou, my treasure art,
My life, and happiness, and heaven.

2 Would aught on earth my wishes share?
Though dear as life the idol be;
The idol from my breast I'll tear,
Resolved to seek my all in thee.

3 Whate'er I fondly counted mine,
To thee, my Lord, I here restore;
Gladly I all to thee resign:
Give me thyself, I ask no more.

Charles Wesley.

648

Living to the Glory of God.

L. M.

1 THOU! who hast at thy command
The hearts of all men in thy hand;
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To have no other will but thine.

2 Our wishes, our desires, control;
Mould every purpose of the soul;
O'er all may we victorious prove
That stands between us and thy love.

3 Thrice blest will all our blessings be,
When we can look through them to thee;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.

4 And while we to thy glory live,
May we to thee all glory give,
Until the final summons come,
That calls thy willing servants home.

Mrs. M. J. Cotterill.

GROWTH.

649

Following the Saviour.

L. M.

1 THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free.

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 When rising floods my soul o'erthrow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

4 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

5 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

G. Terstergen. Tr. by J. Wesley.

650

Not Ashamed of Jesus.

L. M.

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days.

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own her star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

4 Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend;
No!—when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus!—yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—(nor is my boasting vain,)
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

J. Grigg.

651 C. M.
Not Ashamed of the Gospel.

I'M NOT ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glories of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God!—I know his name;
His name is all my trust:
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

Isaac Watts.

652 C. M.
His Service is Perfect Freedom.

B EHOLD! I come with joy to do
The Master's blessed will;
My Lord in outward works pursue,
And serve his pleasure still.
Thus faithful to my Lord's commands,
I choose the better part,
And serve with careful Martha's hands,
But loving Mary's heart.

2 Though careful, without care I am,
Nor feel my happy toil,
Preserved in peace by Jesus' name,
Supported by his smile:
Rejoicing thus my faith to show,
His service my reward;
While every work I do below,
I do it to the Lord.

3 O! that the world the art might know
Of living thus to thee;
And find their heaven begun below,
And here thy glory see;
Walking in all the works prepared
To exercise their grace,
They gain at last their full reward,
And see thy glorious face.

Charles Wesley.

653 C. M.
Steadfast Faith.

M Y GOD, I know, I feel thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all I have is lost in thine,
And all renewed I am.

2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
And will not let thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
And all thy goodness know.

Charles Wesley.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

654 C. M. *Strength Renewed.*

L ORD, I believe thy every word,
Thy every promise true;
And lo! I wait on thee, my Lord,
Till I my strength renew.

2 If in this feeble flesh I may
A while show forth thy praise,
Jesus, support the tottering clay,
And lengthen out my days.

3 If such a worm as I can spread
The common Saviour's name,
Let him who raised thee from the dead,
Quicken my mortal frame.

4 Still let me live thy blood to show,
Which purges every stain;
And gladly linger out below
A few more years in pain.

Charles Wesley.

655 C. M. *Walk in the Light.*

WALK in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love;
His Spirit only can bestow
Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that Light hath on thee shone,
In which is perfect day.

GROWTH.

4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

5 Walk in the light! thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene, and bright:
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

B. Barton.

8.

656 *Following the Lamb.*

WHAT now is my object and aim?
What now is my hope and desire?
To follow the heavenly Lamb,
And after his image aspire:
My hope is all centered in thee;
I trust to recover thy love;
On earth thy salvation to see,
And then to enjoy it above.

2 I thirst for a life-giving God,
For Christ who on Calvary died;
A fountain of water and blood,
Which gushed from Immanuel's side!
I gasp for the stream of thy love,
The Spirit of rapture unknown:
And then to re-drink it above,
Eternally fresh from the throne.

Charles Wesley.

8.

657 *Chastening Accepted.*

HOW happy the sorrowful man,
Whose sorrow is sent from above!
Indulged with a visit of pain,
Chastised by omnipotent love;
The Author of all his distress
He comes by affliction to know,
And God he in heaven shall bless,
That ever he suffered below.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

2 Thus, thus may I happily grieve,
And bear the intent of his rod:
The marks of adoption receive,
The strokes of a merciful God:
With nearer access to his throne,
My burden of folly confess;
The cause of my miseries own,
And cry for an answer of peace.

3 O Father of mercies, on me,
On me, in affliction, bestow
A power of applying to thee,
A sanctified use of my woe:
I would, in a spirit of prayer,
To all thy appointments submit;
The pledge of my happiness bear,
And joyfully die at thy feet.

4 Then, Father, and never till then,
I all the felicity prove,
Of living a moment in pain,
Of dying in Jesus' love:
A sufferer here with my Lord,
With Jesus above I sit down;
Receive an eternal reward,
And glory obtain in a crown.

Charles Wesley.

658 *Pressing toward the Mark.*

L. M. 6 l.

I THANK thee, uncreated Sun,
That thy bright beams on me have shined;
I thank thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind;
I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

2 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet, with steady pace
Still to press forward in thy way;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might.
Fill, satiate, with thy heavenly light.

GROWTH.

3 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears;
Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,

The love that all heaven's host inspires,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

4 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown
Or smile, thy sceptre or thy rod.

What though my flesh and heart decay;
Thee shall I love in endless day.

J. Wesley

659 *Crucified with Christ.*

HUMBLE, and teachable, and mild,
O may I, as a little child,
My lowly Master's steps pursue!
Be anger to my soul unknown;
Hate, envy, jealousy, be gone,
In love create thou all things new.

2 Let earth no more my heart divide;
With Christ may I be crucified;
To thee with my whole heart aspire
Dead to the world and all its toys,
Its idle pomp, and fading joys,
Be thou alone my one desire.

3 My will be swallowed up in thee;
Light in thy light still may I see,
Beholding thee with open face;
Called the full power of faith to prove,
Let all my hallowed heart be love,
And all my spotless life be praise.

4 Come, Holy Ghost, all-quicken fire,
My consecrated heart inspire,
Sprinkled with the atoning blood:
Still to my soul thyself reveal:
Thy mighty working may I feel,
And know that I am one with God.

660

Circumspection.

6, 8.

WATCHED by the world's malignant eye,
 Who load us with reproach and shame
 As servants of the Lord most high,
 As zealous for his glori us name,
 We ought in all his paths to move
 With holy fear and humble love.

2 That wisdom, Lord, on us bestow,
 From every evil to depart;
 To stop the mouth of every foe,
 While, upright both in life and heart,
 The proofs of godly fear we give,
 And show them how the Christians live.

Charles Wesley.

661

The Good Shepherd.

L. M. 6 l.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care:
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye:
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
 To fertile vales and dewy meads,
 My weary, wandering steps he leads,
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in a bare and rugged way
 Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

REJOICING.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

J. Addison.

REJOICING.

662

S. M.

Glory begun below.

COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas;

4 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He will send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.

5 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in:

6 Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

7 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

8 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

9 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

Isaac Watts. Alt. by J. Wesley

663 *The Loving-kindness of the Lord.* S. M.

0 BLESS the Lord, my soul;
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me, join
To bless his holy name.

2 The Lord forgives thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

3 He clothes thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth;
And like the eagle he reneweth
The vigor of thy youth.

4 Then bless his holy name
Whose grace hath made thee whole;
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days;
O bless the Lord, my soul.

Isaac Watts.

664 *Reliance upon the Promises.* 8, 7.

A WAY my needless fears,
And doubts, no longer mine;
A ray of heavenly light appears,
A messenger divine.

REJOICING.

2 Thrice comfortable hope,
That calms my troubled breast;
My Father's hand prepares the cup,
And what he wills is best.

3 If what I wish is good,
And suits the will divine,
By earth and hell in vain withstood,
I know it shall be mine.

4 Still let them counsel take
To frustrate his decree;
They cannot keep a blessing back,
By heaven designed for me.

5 Here then I doubt no more,
But in his pleasure rest;
Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and power,
Engage to make me blest.

Charles Wesley.

665 *All Things in Christ.*

S. M.

THOU very-present aid
In suffering and distress;
The mind which still on thee is stayed,
Is kept in perfect peace.

2 The soul by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
'Mid raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest.

3 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan
And dries the widow's tears.

4 It hallows every cross;
It sweetly comforts me;
Makes me forget my every loss,
And find my all in thee.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

5 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill;
What though created streams are dry?
I have the fountain still.
6 Stripped of each earthly friend,
I find them all in one:
And peace and joy which never end,
And heaven, in Christ, begun.

Charles Wesley.

666

S. M.
Heaven upon Earth.

M^Y GOD, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call:
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.
2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell:
'Tis paradise when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

3 Not all the bliss above
Could make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

4 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford,
Nor yield one drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

5 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll:
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

Isaac Watts.

667

C. M.
Triumphant Joy.

M^Y GOD, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights:

REJOICING.

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
 My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
 And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
 With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
 And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
 At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
 To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
 I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
 Would bear me conqu'ror through.
Isaac Watts.

668

God's Faithfulness.

C. M.

BEGIN, my soul, some heavenly theme,
 Awake, my voice, and sing
The mighty works, or mightier name,
 Of our eternal King.

2 Proclaim salvation from the Lord,
 For wretched, dying men;
His hand hath writ the sacred word
 With an immortal pen.

3 Engraved as in eternal brass,
 The mighty promise shines;
Nor men nor devils can erase
 Those everlasting lines.

4 His every word of grace is strong,
 As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
 Speaks all the promises.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

5 Now shall my fainting heart rejoice,
To know thy favor sure:
I trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.

Isaac Watts.

C. M.

669 *Walking with God.*

TALK with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.

2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care:
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek thy face;
'Tis all I wish to seek;
To attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee only speak.

5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee.

Charles Wesley.

C. M.

670 *The Rapture of Love.*

O 'TIS delight without alloy,
Jesus, to hear thy name:
My spirit leaps with inward joy,
I feel the sacred flame.

2 My passions hold a pleasing reign,
When love inspires my breast,
Love, the divinest of the train,
The sovereign of the rest.

REJOICING.

3 This is the grace must live and sing,
When faith and hope shall cease,
And sound from every joyful string
Through all the realms of bliss.

4 Swift I ascend the heavenly place,
And hasten to my home;
I leap to meet thy kind embrace;
I come, O Lord, I come.

5 Sink down, ye separating hills;
Let sin and death remove;
'Tis love that drives my chariot wheels,
And death must yield to love.

Isaac Watts.

671 *Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.* 8, 7.

COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace:
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of thy redeeming love!

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my grateful heart to thee.

3 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.
On the cross he died to save me,
Rose to plead my cause above;
Henceforth all my life I give thee,
Vanquished by such wondrous love.

427 *R. Robinson, Alt.*

672

All-sufficiency of Jesus.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours
 When Jesus no longer I see!
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
 Have all lost their sweetness to me;
 The midsummer sun shines but dim,
 The fields strive in vain to look gay;
 But when I am happy in him,
 December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
 And sweeter than music his voice;
 His presence disperses my gloom,
 And makes all within me rejoice;
 I should, were he always thus nigh,
 Have nothing to wish or to fear;
 No mortal so happy as I,
 My summer would last all the year

3 Content with beholding his face,
 My all to his pleasure resigned,
 No changes of season or place
 Would make any change in my mind:
 While blest with a sense of his love,
 A palace a toy would appear;
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 My Lord, if indeed I am thine,
 If thou art my sun and my song,
 Say, why do I languish and pine,
 And why are my winters so long?
 O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
 Or take me to thee upon high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

J. Newton.

673 Longing for Closer Communion. 8.

THOU Shepherd of Israel, and mine,
 The joy and desire of my heart,
 For closer communion I pine;
 I long to reside where thou art.
 The pasture I languish to find,
 Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
 Are fed, on thy bosom reclined,
 And screened from the heat of the day.

2 Ah! show me that happiest place,
 The place of thy people's abode,
 Where saints in ecstacy gaze,
 And hang on a crucified God:
 Thy love for a sinner declare,
 Thy passion and death on the tree;
 My spirit to Calvary bear,
 To suffer and triumph with thee.

3 'Tis there, with the lambs of thy flock,
 There only, I covet to rest;
 To lie at the foot of the rock,
 Or rise to be hid in thy breast:
 'Tis there I would always abide,
 And never a moment depart.
 Concealed in the cleft of thy side,
 Eternally held in thy heart.

Charles Wesley.

674 Immutability. 8.

THIS, this is the God we adore,
 Our faithful, unchangeable friend,
 Whose love is as great as his power,
 And neither knows measure nor end:
 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
 Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
 We'll praise him for all that is past,
 And trust him for all that's to come.

J. Hart.

675

11, 8.

My Beloved.

O THOU, in whose presence my soul takes delight,

On whom in affliction I call,
My comfort by day, my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all!

2 Where dost thou, dear Shepherd, resort with thy sheep,

To feed them in pastures of love?
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep
Or alone in this wilderness rove?

3 O why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?

Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen
The star that on Israel shone?

Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with his flocks he is gone.

5 He looks! and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;

He speaks! and eternity, filled with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

6 Dear Shepherd, I hear, and will follow thy call,
I know the sweet sound of thy voice;
Restore and defend me, for thou art my all,
And in thee I will ever rejoice.

Joseph Swain.

676

5. 6, 9.

Rejoice Evermore.

A WAY with our fears!

The glad morning appears,
When an heir of salvation was born!

From Jehovah I came,
For his glory I am,

And to him I with singing return.

REJOICING.

2 Thee, Jesus, alone,
The sole fountain I own
 Of my life and felicity here;
And cheerfully sing
My Redeemer and King,
 Till his sign in the heavens appear.

3 With thanks I rejoice
In thy fatherly choice
 Of my state and condition below;
If of parents I came
Who honored thy name,
 'Twas thy wisdom appointed it so.

4 I sing of thy grace,
From my earliest days,
 Ever near to allure and defend;
Hitherto thou hast been
My preserver from sin,
 And I trust thou wilt save to the end.

Charles Wesley.

677

12, 3.

Return with Singing.

COME away to the skies, my beloved arise,,
 And rejoice in the day thou wast born;
On this festival day, come exulting away,
 And with singing to Zion return.

2 We have laid up our love and treasure above,
 Though our bodies continue below;
The redeemed of the Lord, we remember his word,
 And with singing to Paradise go.

3 For thy glory we are, created to share
 Both the nature and kingdom divine:
Created again, that our souls may remain
 In time and eternity thine.

4 With thanks we approve the design of thy love
 Which hath joined us in Jesus' name;
So united in heart that we never can part,
 Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

5 Hallelujah we sing, to our Father and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat:
To the Lamb that was slain, hallelujah again,
Sing all heaven and fall at his feet.

In assurance of hope, we to Jesus look up,
'Till His banner unfurled in the air
From our graves we shall see, and cry out, "It is
he!"
And fly up to acknowledge him there.

Charles Wesley

678

Riches of Grace.

7, 6.

GOOD thou art, and good thou dost;
G Thy mercies reach to all,
Chiefly those who on thee trust,
And for thy mercy call:
New they every morning are;
As fathers when their children cry,
Us thou dost in pity spare,
And all our wants supply.

2 Who can sound the depths unknown
Of thy redeeming grace?
Grace, that gave thine only Son
To save a ruined race!
Millions of transgressors poor
Thou hast for Jesus' sake forgiven,
Made them of thy favor sure,
And snatched from hell to heaven.

3 Millions more thou ready art
To save, and to forgive!
Every soul and every heart
Of man thou wouldest receive:
Father, now accept of mine,
Which now, through Christ, I offer thee;
Tell me now, in love divine,
That thou hast pardoned me!

Charles Wesley.

679

None like God.

7, 6.

NONE is like Jeshurun's God,
 So great, so strong, so high:
 Lo! he spreads his wings abroad,
 He rides upon the sky:
 Israel is his first-born son:
 God, the Almighty God, is thine
 See him to thy help come down,
 The excellence divine

2 Thee the great Jehovah deit
 To succor and defend;
 Thee the eternal God sustains,
 Thy Maker and thy Friend:
 Israel, what hast thou to dread?
 Safe from all impending harms,
 Round thee and beneath are spread
 The everlasting arms.

God is thine; disdain to fear
 The enemy within:
 God shall in thy flesh appear,
 And make an end of sin;
 God the man of sin shall slay,
 Fill thee with triumphant joy;
 God shall thrust him out, and say,
 "Destroy them all, destroy!"

4 All the struggle then is o'er,
 And wars and fightings cease:
 Israel then shall sin no more,
 But dwell in perfect peace.
 All his enemies are gone:
 Sin shall have in him no part:
 Israel now shall dwell alone,
 With Jesus in his heart.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

5 In a land of corn and wine
His lot shall be below:
Comforts there, and blessings join,
And milk and honey flow!
Jacob's well is in his soul:
Gracious dews his heavens distil,
Fill his soul, already full,
And shall forever fill.

6 Blest, O Israel, art thou!
What people is like thee!
Saved from sin, by Jesus, now
Thou art and still shalt be.
Jesus is thy seven-fold shield,
Jesus is thy flaming sword;
Earth, and hell, and sin shall yield
To God's almighty word.

Charles Wesley.

680

Creating Grace.

7.

HAPPY man whom God doth aid!
God our souls and bodies made;
God on us, in gracious showers,
Blessings every moment pours,
Compasses with angel-bands;
Bids them bear us in their hands;
Parents, friends, 'twas God bestowed;
Life, and all, descend from God.

2 He this flowery carpet spread,
Made the earth on which we tread;
God refreshes in the air;
Covers with the clothes we wear;
Feeds us with the food we eat;
Cheers us by his light and heat;
Makes his sun on us to shine;
All our blessings are divine!

REJOICING.

3 Give him then, and ever give,
Thanks for all that we receive!
Man we for his kindness love;
How much more our God above!
Worthy thou, our heavenly Lord,
To be honored and adored;
God of all-creating grace,
Take the everlasting praise!

Charles Wesley.

681

L. P. M.

Everlasting Praises.

I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth forever stands secure,
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the laboring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers.
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

Isaac Watts

682

Jesus all and in all.

L. M. 6 l.

THOU hidden Source of calm repose,
 Thou all-sufficient Love divine,
 My help and refuge from my foes,
 Secure I am while thou art mine:
 And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
 I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.

2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
 And keeps my happy soul above:
 Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
 And joy, and everlasting love:
 To me, with thy great name, are given
 Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

3 Jesus, my all in all thou art;
 My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
 The medicine of my broken heart;
 In war, my peace; in loss, my gain;
 My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
 In shame, my glory and my crown:

4 In want, my plentiful supply;
 In weakness, my almighty power;
 In bonds, my perfect liberty;
 My light, in Satan's darkest hour;
 In grief, my joy unspeakable;
 My life in death, my all in all.

Charles Wesley.

683

Rejoice Evermore.

H. M.

REJOICE, the Lord is King;
 Your Lord and King adore;
 Mortals, give thanks and sing,
 And triumph evermore:
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

REJOICING.

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice:
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 He sits at God's right hand
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice:
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

5 He all his foes shall quell,
And all our sins destroy;
Let every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home;
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound, "Rejoice!"
Charles Wesley.

684 C. M.
God my all-sufficient Portion.

M Y GOD, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting All,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys.
There's nothing like my God.

3 To thee I owe my wealth, and friends,
And health, and safe abode:
Thanks to thy name for meaner things;
But they are not my God.

4 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compared to thee;
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

5 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

6 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy grace,
And I desire no more.

Isaac Watts.

685 C. M. *The Benefit of Affliction.*

L ORD, when to thee my sinking soul
Did in affliction fly;
Thy mercy did my griefs control,
And all my wants supply.

2 How oft, when dark misfortune's band
Around their victim stood,
The seeming ill, at thy command,
Hath changed to real good!

3 The tempest that obscured the sky
Hath set my spirit free
From earthly care and sensual joy,
And turned my thoughts to thee.

REJOICING.

4 Affliction's blast hath made me learn
To feel for others' woe;
And humbly seek, with deep concern,
My own defects to know.

5 Then rage, ye storms; ye billows, roar;
My heart defies your shock:
Ye make me cling to God the more,
To God, my sheltering rock.

Unknown.

686

C. M.

Ministering Spirits.

WHICH of the monarchs of the earth
Can boast a guard like ours,
Encircled from our second birth,
With all the heavenly powers?

2 Myriads of bright, cherubic bands,
Sent by the King of kings,
Rejoice to bear us in their hands,
And shade us with their wings.

3 Angels, where'er we go, attend
Our steps, whate'er betide;
With watchful care their charge defend,
And evil turn aside.

4 Our lives those holy angels keep
From every hostile power,
And, unconcerned, we sweetly sleep,
As Adam in his bower.

5 And when our spirits we resign,
On outstretched wings they bear,
And lodge us in the arms divine,
And leave us ever there.

Charles Wesley.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

687

Bliss-inspiring Hope.

C. P. M.

COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel:
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down:
To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up;
It brings to life the dead:
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

5 That great, mysterious Deity,
We soon with open face shall see;
The beatific sight
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

Charles Wesley.

REJOICING.

688 *Always Rejoicing.* C. P. M.

HOW happy, gracious Lord! are we,
Divinely drawn to follow thee,
Whose hours divided are
Betwixt the mount and multitude:
Our day is spent in doing good,
Our night in praise and prayer.

2 With us no melancholy void,
No moment lingers unemployed,
Or unimproved, below:
Our weariness of life is gone,
Who live to serve our God alone,
And only thee to know.

3 The winter's night, the summer's day,
Glide imperceptibly away,
Too short to sing thy praise;
Too few we find the happy hours,
And haste to join those heavenly powers
In everlasting lays.

4 With all who chant thy name on high,
And Holy, holy, holy, cry,
(A bright, harmonious throng!)
We long thy praises to repeat,
And ceaseless sing around thy seat
The new eternal song.

Charles Wesley.

689 *Rejoicing in Commotions.* C. P. M.

HOW happy are the little flock,
Who, safe beneath their guardian-rock
In all commotions rest!
When war's and tumult's waves run high,
Unmoved, above the storm they lie,
They lodge in Jesus' breast.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

2 The plague, and dearth, and din of war,
Our Saviour's swift approach declare,
And bid our hearts arise:
Earth's basis shook, confirms our hope;
Its cities' fall, but lifts us up,
To meet thee in the skies.

3 Thy tokens we with joy confess,
The war proclaims the Prince of peace,
 The earthquake speaks thy power:
The famine all thy fullness brings,
The plague presents thy healing wings,
 And nature's final hour.

4 Whatever ills the world befall,
A pledge of endless good we call,
 A sign of Jesus near:
His chariot will not long delay;
We hear the rumbling wheels, and pray,
 Triumphant Lord, appear.

Charles Wesley

690 *Jesus is Mine.* 6, 4, 6.

FADE, fade, each earthly joy;
Jesus is mine.
Break, every tender tie;
Jesus is mine.
Dark is the wilderness,
Earth has no resting place,
Jesus alone can bless:
Jesus is mine.

2 Tempt not my soul away;
Jesus is mine.
Here would I ever stay;
Jesus is mine.
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away;
Jesus is mine.

REJOICING.

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
 Jesus is mine.

Lost in this dawning light
 Jesus is mine.

All that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void,
Jesus has satisfied,
 Jesus is mine.

4 Farewell, mortality,
 Jesus is mine.

Welcome, eternity,
 Jesus is mine.

Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Saviour's breast,
 Jesus is mine.

Mrs. Catharine J. Bonar.

691

10, 11.

Worldly Vanity Renounced.

O TELL me no more of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;
A country I've found where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determined on that happy ground.

2 The souls that believe in paradise live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive:
My soul, don't delay; he calls thee away;
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

3 Great spoils I shall win from death, hell, and
sin,
Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ with
in;
And when I'm to die, "Receive me," I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.

4 But this I do find, we two are so joined,
I'll not live in glory, and leave me behind:
So this is the race I'm running through grace,
Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's face.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

5 And now I'm in care my neighbors may share
These blessings; to seek them will none of you
dare?

In bondage, O why, and death will you lie,
When one here assures you free grace is so nigh.

John Gambold.

692

Walking through Fire.

10, 11.

M^Y FATHER, my God, I long for thy love,
O shed it abroad; send Christ from above;
My heart, ever fainting, he only can cheer!
And all things are wanting, 'till Jesus is here.

2 O when shall my tongue be filled with thy
praise!

While all the day long I publish thy grace,
Thy honor and glory to sinners forth show,
Till sinners adore thee, and own thou art true.

3 Thy strength and thy power I now can pro-
claim,

Preserved every hour through Jesus's name,
For thou art still by me, and holdest my hand;
No ill can come nigh me, by faith while I stand.

4 Thou holdest my soul in spiritual life,
My foes dost control, and quiet their strife;
Thou rulest my passion, my pride and self-will;
To see thy salvation, thou bidd'st me "stand
still!"

5 I stand, and admire thine out-stretched arm;
I walk through the fire, and suffer no harm;
Assaulted by evil, I scorn to submit;
The world and the devil fall under my feet.

6 I wrestle not now, but trample on sin,
For with me art thou, and shalt be within;
While stronger and stronger in Jesus's power,
I go on to conquer 'till sin is no more.

Charles Wesley.

693

The Way Plain.

10, 11.

LET all men rejoice, By Jesus restored;
 We lift up our voice, And call him our Lord;
 His joy is to bless us, And free us from thrall;
 From all that oppress us, He rescues us all.

2 Him Prophet, and King, And Priest we proclaim;

We triumph and sing Of Jesus's name:
 The ransomed he teaches To show forth his praise,
 And tell of the riches Of Jesus's grace.

3 No matter how dull The scholar whom he
 Takes into his school, And gives him to see;
 A wonderful fashion Of teaching he hath,
 And wise to salvation He makes us through faith,

4 The wayfaring men, Though fools, shall not stray,

His method so plain, so easy the way:
 The simplest believer His promise may prove,
 And drink of the river Of Jesus's love.

5 Poor outcasts of men, Whose souls were despised,

And left with disdain, By Jesus are prized;
 His gracious creation In us he makes known,
 And brings us salvation, And calls us his own.

Charles Wesley.

694

The Foretaste of Endless Bliss.

11, 12.

MY GOD, I am thine; what a comfort divine,
 What a blessing, to know that my Jesus is mine!

In the heavenly Lamb, thrice happy I am;
 And my heart doth rejoice at the sound of his name.

2 True pleasures abound in the rapturous sound,
 And whoever hath found it, hath paradise found,
 My Redeemer to know, to feel his blood flow,
 This is life everlasting—'tis heaven below.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

3 Yet onward I haste to the heavenly feast;
That indeed is the fullness, but this is the taste;
And this I shall prove, till with joy I remove
To the heaven of Jeavens in hesus's love.

Charles Wesley.

695

Confident Security.

L. M.

WHILE thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest?
Sin, earth, and hell, I now defy:
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.

2 I rest beneath the Almighty's shade,
My griefs expire, my troubles cease:
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stayed,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.
3 Me for thine own thou lovest to take,
In time and in eternity;
Thou never, never wilt forsake
A helpless worm that trusts in thee.

Charles Wesley.

696

His Everlasting Arms of Love.

L. M.

HOW do thy mercies close me round!
Forever be thy name adored;
I blush in all things to abound;
The servant is above his Lord.

2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suffering life my Saviour led,
The Son of God, the Son of man,
He had not where to lay his head.
3 But lo! a place he hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Yea, he himself becomes my guard;
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.
4 Jesus protects; my fears, begone;
What can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thine everlasting arms of love.

697 L. M.
God, my Glory and my Shield.

THE tempter to my soul hath said,
“There is no help in God for thee:”
Lord, lift thou up thy servant’s head;
My glory, shield, and solace be.

2 Thus to the Lord I raised my cry;
He heard me from his holy hill;
At his command the waves rolled by;
He beckoned,—and the winds were still.

3 I laid me down and slept,—I woke;
Thou, Lord, my spirit didst sustain;
Bright from the east the morning broke,
Thy comforts rose on me again.

4 I will not fear, though armed throngs
Surround my steps in all their wrath;
Salvation to the Lord belongs;
His presence guards his people’s path.

*J. Montgomery.*698 *Christ in You.*

7.

ZION, shout thy Lord and King,
Israel’s HOLY ONE is HE!
Give him thanks rejoice and sing,
Great he is and dwells in thee.

2 O the grace unsearchable!
While eternal ages roll,
God delights in man to dwell,
Soul of each believing soul.

*Charles Wesley.*699 L. M.
God’s Praises Crown Eternity.

GOD of my life, through all my days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
My song shall wake with opening light,
And cheer the dark and silent night.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But O, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

5 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains
Which echo through the heavenly plains;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round the throne.

6 The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul shall live:
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

P. Doddridge.

700

The Second Advent.

L. M.

HE COMES! He comes! the Judge severe!
The seventh trumpet speaks him near;
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll;
How welcome to the faithful soul!

2 From heaven angelic voices sound:
See the almighty Jesus crowned:
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face.

3 Descending on his great white throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord.

REJOICING.

4 Shout, all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the most High;
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
Forever and forever reigns.

Charles Wesley.

701

Hallelujah.

8, 7, 4.

O THOU God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise thee:
Where shall I thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests his pardoning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,
“Glory to the great I AM,”
I with them will still be vying:
Glory! glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus’ name!

4 Angels now are hovering round us,
Unperceived amid the throng;
Wondering at the love that crowned us,
Glad to join the holy song:
Hallelujah,
Love and praise to Christ belong!

5 Now I see with joy and wonder,
Whence the gracious spring arose;
Angel minds are lost to ponder
Dying love’s mysterious cause:
Yet the blessing,
Down to all, to me it flows.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

6 This hath set me all on fire,
Strongly glows the flame of love;
Higher mounts my soul, and higher,
Struggles for its swift remove:
Then I'll praise him
In a nobler strain above.

T. Olivers.

702 8, 7, 4. *We shall Appear with him in Glory.*

LIFT your heads, ye friends of Jesus,
Partners in his patience here:
Christ, to all believers precious,
Lord of lords, shall soon appear:

Mark the tokens
Of his heavenly kingdom near.

2 Sun and moon are both confounded,
Darkened into endless night,
When, with angel-hosts surrounded,
In his Father's glory bright,
Beams the Saviour,
Shines the everlasting light.

3 See the stars from heaven falling;
Hark, on earth the doleful cry;
Men on rocks and mountains calling,
While the frowning Judge draws nigh:
Hide us, hide us,
Rocks and mountains, from his eye!

4 With what different exclamation
Shall the saints his banner see!
By the tokens of his passion,
By the marks received for me:—
All discern him:

All with shouts cry out,—'Tis he!

5 Yes, the prize shall then be given,
We his open face shall see;
Love, the earnest of our heaven,
Love, our full reward shall be;
Love shall crown us
Kings through all eternity!

ETERNAL SALVATION.

703

Behold, He Cometh!

8, 7, 4.

L O! HE comes with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints, attending,

Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!

God appears on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 All the tokens of his passion
Still his dazzling body bears;
Cause of endless exultation
To his ransomed worshipers;
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars.

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Make thy righteous sentence known:
Jah! Jehovah!
Claim the kingdom for thine own.

Charles Wesley.

ETERNAL SALVATION.

704

The Heavenly Canaan.

C. M.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign:
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy thoughts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unclouded eyes!
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts.

705

The Promised Land.

C. M.

ON JORDAN'S stormy banks I stand
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

- 2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.
- 3 There generous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rock, and hill, and brook, and vale,
With milk and honey flow.

- 4 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

ETERNAL SALVATION.

5 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

7 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay:
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

S. Stennett.

706

C. M.

The Saints in Glory.

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They marked the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

Isaac Watts.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

707

The Kingdoms are but One.

C. M.

HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne;
We in the kingdom of thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads,
And thence our spirits rise;
For he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

Charles Wesley.

708

The God of Abraham; my God.

THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love:
JEHOVAH, GREAT I AM!
By earth and heaven confessed;
I bow and bless the sacred name,
Forever blest.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand;
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

ETERNAL SALVATION.

3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all his ways;
He calls a worm his friend:
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

4 He by himself hath sworn:
I on his oath depend;
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend;
I shall behold his face;
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

T. Olivers.

709 6, 8, 4.
Continued.—Pressing for the Prize.
THOUGH nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At his command;
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view;
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

2 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest;
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest.
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound;
And trees of life forever grow,
With mercy crowned.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

3 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace ;
On Zion's sacred height,
His kingdom still maintains;
And, glorious, with his saints in light
Forever reigns.

4 He keeps his own secure;
He guards them by his side;
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride;
With groves of living joys,
. With streams of sacred bliss,
With all the fruits of paradise,
He still supplies.

5 Before the great Three One
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders he hath done
Through all their land
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame;
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous name.

T. Olivers.

710

11.

I would not live alway.

I WOULD not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the
way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its
cheer.

2 I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb!
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

ETERNAL SALVATION.

3 Who, who would live alway, away from his
God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the
plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

4 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet.
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

W. A. Muhlenberg.

711 *The Better Portion.*

7, 6, 7.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings;
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Toward heaven, thy native place:
Sun, moon, and stars decay; ■
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source.
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
There we'll join the heavenly train,
Welcomed to partake the bliss;
Fly from sorrow, care, and pain,
To realms of endless peace.

R. Seagrave.

712*The Land of Rest.*

8, 6.

THREE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given:
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'Tis found above in heaven.

- 2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.
- 3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
And evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

W. B. Tappan.

7136. [Irregular.]
Nearer Home.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,—
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before.

- 2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne;
Nearer the crystal sea;
- 3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross;
Nearer gaining the crown.

ETERNAL SALVATION.

4 But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night
Is the deep and unknown stream,
That leads at last to the light.

5 Father, perfect my trust!
Strengthen the might of my faith;
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the rock of the shore of death:

6 Feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping over the brink:
For it may be, I'm nearer home—
Nearer now than I think!

Phæbe Cary.

S. M.

714 *At Home in Heaven.*

FOREVER with the Lord!
F Amen, so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 Forever with the Lord!
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
E'en here to me fulfill.

4 So when my latest breath,
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death
'And life eternal gain.

5 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
Forever with the Lord!

J. Montgomery.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

715 S. M.
A House not made with Hands.

WE KNOW, by faith we know,
If this vile house of clay,
This tabernacle, sink below,
In ruinous decay.

2 We have a house above,
Not made with mortal hands;
And firm as our Redeemer's love,
That heavenly fabric stands.

3 Full of immortal hope,
We urge the restless strife,
And hasten to be swallowed up
Of everlasting life.

4 Lord, let us put on thee,
In perfect holiness,
And rise prepared thy face to see,
Thy bright, unclouded face.

5 Thy grace with glory crown,
Who hast the earnest given;
And then triumphantly come down,
And take us up to heaven.

Charles Wesley.

716 S. M.
The Goodly Land.

FAIR from these scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of joy and pure delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair land!—could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

3 No cloud those regions know,
Realms ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe
Can never enter there.

ETERNAL SALVATION.

4 O may the prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith, and strong desire
Bear every thought above.

5 Prepared, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high,
Lord, bid our spirits rise and join
The chorus of the sky.

Anne Steele

717 S. M.
All Tears Wiped Away.

O WHAT a mighty change
Shall Jesus' sufferers know,
While o'er the happy plains they range,
Incapable of woe!
No ill-requited love
Shall there our spirits wound,
No base ingratitude above,
No sin in heaven is found.

2 There all our griefs are spent:
There all our sorrows end:
We cannot there the fall lament
Of a departed friend;
A brother dead to God,
By sin, alas! undone:
No father there, in passion loud,
Cries, "O my son, my son!"

3 No slightest touch of pain,
Nor sorrow's least alloy,
Can violate our rest, or stain
Our purity of joy:
In that eternal day
No clouds or tempests rise;
There gushing tears are wiped away
Forever from our eyes.

Charles Wesley.

718 S. M.
Continued.—Laborers Rewarded.

1 HAPPY, happy place,
 Where saints and angels meet!
 There we shall see each other's face,
 And all our brethren greet.

2 The Church of the first-born,
 We shall with them be blest,
 And, crowned with endless joy, return
 To our eternal rest.

3 With joy we shall behold,
 In yonder blest abode,
 The patriarchs and prophets old,
 And all the saints of God.

4 Abraham and Isaac, there,
 And Jacob, shall receive
 The followers of their faith and prayer,
 Who now in bodies live.

5 We shall our time beneath
 Live out in cheerful hope,
 And fearless pass the vale of death,
 And gain the mountain top.

6 To gather home his own,
 God shall his angels send,
 And bid our bliss, on earth begun,
 In deathless triumph end.

Charles Wesley.

719 S. M.
The Land of Peace.

COME to the land of peace;
 From shadows come away;
 Where all the sounds of weeping cease,
 And storms no more have sway.

2 Fear hath no dwelling here;
 But pure repose and love
 Breathe through the bright, celestial air
 The spirit of the dove.

ETERNAL SALVATION.

3 Come to the bright and blest,
Gathered from every land;
For here thy soul shall find its rest
Amid the shining band.

4 In this divine abode
Change leaves no saddening trace;
Come, trusting spirit, to thy God,
Thy holy resting-place.

5 "Come to our peaceful home"
The saints and angels say,
"Forsake the world, no longer roam,
O wanderer, come away!"

Unknown.

720

S. M.

Repose in Heaven.

AND is there, Lord, a rest,
For weary souls designed,
Where not a care shall stir the breast,
Or sorrow entrance find?

2 Is there a blissful home,
Where kindred minds shall meet,
And live and love, nor ever roam
From that serene retreat?

3 Are there bright, happy fields,
Where naught that blooms shall die;
Where each new scene fresh pleasure yields,
And healthful breezes sigh?

4 Are there celestial streams,
Where living waters glide,
With murmurs sweet as angel-dreams,
And flowery banks beside?

5 Forever blessed they,
Whose joyful feet shall stand,
While endless ages waste away,
Amid that glorious land!

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

6 My soul would thither tend,
White toilsome years are given:
Then let me, gracious Lord, ascend
To sweet repose in heaven.

Ray Palmer.

721 *The Christian Pilgrim.* 7, 6.

I'M going to Mount Zion,
The city of my God;
To join the ransomed millions,
Within that blest abode.
Enrobed in spotless garments,
Washed white in Jesus' blood,
They bear the palms of victory,
In the city of my God.

2 I'm going to see Jesus,
In the city of my God;
And view him in his glory
Without a dimming cloud;
To take the crown and kingdom
He purchased with his his blood;
And reign with him forever,
In the city of my God.

3 Thou breakest on my vision,
O city of my God;
Thy groves of life unfading,
Along the crystal flood;
Thy golden streets transparent,
By shining millions trod,
And all thy mystic wonders,
O city of my God.

4 I hear thy triumphs ringing,
Thou city of my God;
The voice of countless myriads,
As mighty thunders loud;
Which rolls the eternal anthem
Throughoat thy high abode;
Shaking thy fixed splendors,
O city of my God.

722 *The Heavenly Jerusalem.*

8

A WAY with our sorrow and fear,
 We soon shall recover our home;
 The city of saints shall appear,
 The day of eternity come.
 From earth we shall quickly remove,
 And mount to our native abode;
 The house of our Father above,
 The palace of angels and God.

2 Our mourning is all at an end,
 When, raised by the life-giving Word,
 We see the new city descend,
 Adorned as a bride for her Lord:
 The city so holy and clean,
 No sorrow can breathe in the air:
 No gloom of affliction or sin;
 No shadow of evil is there.

3 By faith we already behold
 That lovely Jerusalem here:
 Her walls are of jasper and gold,
 As crystal her buildings are clear;
 Immovably founded in grace,
 She stands as she ever hath stood,
 And brightly her builder displays,
 And flames with the glory of God.

*Charles Wesley*723 *Continued—No night there.*

8.

NO NEED of the sun in that day
 Which never is followed by night,
 Where Jesus' beauties display
 A pure and a permanent light:
 The Lamb is their Light and their Sun,
 And, lo! by reflection they shine;
 With Jesus ineffably one,
 And bright in effulgence divine.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

2 The saints in his presence receive
Their great and eternal reward;
In Jesus, in heaven, they live,
They reign in the smile of their Lord.
The flame of angelical love
Is kindled at Jesus's face;
And all the enjoyment above,
Consists in the rapturous gaze.

Charles Wesley.

724 *Rapturous Anticipation.* 11, 9.

COME, let us ascend,
My companion and friend,
To a taste of the banquet above:
If thy heart be as mine,
If for Jesus it pine,
Come up into the chariot of love.

2 Who in Jesus confide,
We are bold to outride
The storms of affliction beneath;
With the prophet we soar
To the heavenly shore,
And outfly all the arrows of death.

3 By faith we are come
To our permanent home;
By hope we the rapture improve:
By love we still rise,
And look down on the skies,
For the heaven of heavens is love.

4 Who on earth can conceive
How happy we live,
In the palace of God the great King:
What a concert of praise,
When our Jesus' grace
The whole heavenly company sing!

ETERNAL SALVATION.

5 "Hallelujah," they cry,
To the King of the sky,
To the great everlasting I AM;
 "To the Lamb that was slain,
And that liveth again,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!"

Charles Wesley.

725 *To be with Christ is far Better.* 8.

O WHEN shall we sweetly remove,
 O when shall we enter our rest,
Return to the Zion above,
 The mother of spirits distressed;
That city of God the great King,
 Where sorrow and death are no more,
Where saints our Immanuel sing,
 And seraph and cherub adore?

2 But angels themselves cannot tell
 The joys of that holiest place,
Where Jesus is pleased to reveal
 The light of his heavenly face:
When, caught in the rapturous flame,
 The sight beatific they prove;
And walk in the light of the Lamb,
 Enjoying the beams of his love.

3 Thou knowest in the spirit of prayer
 We long thy appearing to see,
Resigned to the burden we bear,
 But longing to triumph with thee:
'Tis good at thy word to be here;
 'Tis better in thee to be gone,
And see thee in glory appear,
 And rise to a share in thy throne.

Charles Wesley.

726 *Having a Desire to Depart.* 8.

I LONG to behold him arrayed
 With glory and light from above;
 The King in his beauty displayed,
 His beauty of holiest love:
 I languish and sigh to be there,
 Where Jesus hath fixed his abode;
 O when shall we meet in the air,
 And fly to the mountain of God!

2 With him I on Zion shall stand,
 For Jesus hath spoken the word,
 The breadth of Immanuel's land
 Survey by the light of my Lord:
 But when, on thy bosom reclined,
 Thy face I am strengthened to see,
 My fullness of rapture I find,
 My heaven of heavens in thee.

3 How happy the people that dwell
 Secure in the city above!
 No pain the inhabitants feel,
 No sickness or sorrow shall prove.
 Physician of souls, unto me
 Forgiveness and holiness give;
 And then from the body set free,
 And then to the city receive.

Charles Wesley.

727 *The Full Assurance of Hope.* C. M.

HOW happy every child of grace,
 Who knows his sins forgiven!
 This earth, he cries, is not my place;
 I seek my place in heaven:
 A country far from mortal sight,
 Yet, O, by faith I see;
 The land of rest, the saints' delight,
 The heaven prepared for me.

ETERNAL SALVATION.

2 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And ante-date that day:
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

3 O would he more of heaven bestow!
And let the vessels break;
And let our ransomed spirits go,
To grasp the God we seek;
In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me,
And shout and wonder at his grace
To all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

728 C. M.
Continued: Endless Bliss in Prospect.

A STRANGER in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or woe
Provoke my hope or fear:
Its evils in a moment end;
Its joys as soon are past:
But O, the bliss to which I tend
Eternally shall last.

2 To that Jerusalem above,
With singing I repair;
While in the flesh, my hope and love,
My heart and soul, are there.
There my exalted Saviour stands,
My merciful High Priest;
And still extends his wounded hands,
To take me to his breast.

Charles Wesley.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

729 C. M. *The Goodly City in Prospect.*

JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace in thee?

2 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbath has no end?

3 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

4 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

5 Jerusalem! my happy home?
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

Unknown.

730 C. P. M. *The Pilgrim's Happy Lot.*

HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot;
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

2 This happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from low design,
From every creature-love;
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lightened of its load,
And seeks the things above.

ETERNAL SALVATION.

3 There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
 And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
 And Jesus bids me come.

4 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest!
Soon will the pilgrim's journey end;
Then, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast!

J. Wesley.

731

Eternity Near.

10, 5, 11.

COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
With vigor arise,
And press to our permanent place in the skies.
Of heavenly birth, though wandering on earth,
This is not our place,
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.

2 At Jesus's call, we gave up our all;
And still we forego,
For Jesus's sake, our enjoyments below.
No longing we find for the country behind;
But onward we move,
And still we are seeking a country above:

3 A country of joy without any alloy;
We thither repair;
Our hearts and our treasure already are there.
We march hand in hand to Immanuel's land;
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth, for eternity's here!

4 The rougher the way, the shorter our stay;
The tempests that rise
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies:
The fiercer the blast, the sooner 'tis past;
The troubles that come
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

732*Around the Throne.*

7.

LIFT your eyes of faith, and see
 Saints and angels joined in one:
 What a countless company
 Stand before yon dazzling throne!
 Each before his Saviour stands,
 All in whitest robes arrayed;
 Palms they carry in their hands,
 Crowns of glory on their head.

2 Saints, begin the endless song;
 Cry aloud, in heavenly lays,
 "Glory doth to God belong;
 God the glorious Saviour praise:
 All salvation from him came,
 Him who reigns enthroned on high:
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb,
 Let the morning stars reply."

3 Angel powers the throne surround
 Next the saints in glory they;
 Lulled with the transporting sound,
 They their silent homage pay:
 Prostrate on their face, before
 God and his Messiah fall;
 Then in hymns of praise adore,
 Shout the Lamb that died for all.

*Charles Wesley.***733***Spirits of the Just made Perfect.*

WHO are these arrayed in white,
 Brighter than the noon-day sun?
 Foremost of the sons of light;
 Nearest the eternal throne?
 These are they that bore the cross;
 Nobly for their Master stood;
 Sufferers in his righteous cause;
 Followers of the dying God.

ETERNAL SALVATION.

2 Out of great distress they came
Washed their robes, by faith, below
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow;
Therefore are they next the throne;
Serve their Maker day and night:
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.

Charles Wesley.

734 L. M. 6 l.
Mysteries Explained.

THOU, Lord, on whom I still depend,
Shalt keep me faithful to the end:
I trust thy truth, and love, and power,
Shall save me till my latest hour;
And when I lay this body down,
Reward with an immortal crown.

2 Jesus, in thy great name I go,
To conquer death, my final foe;
And when I quit this cumbrous clay,
And soar on angels' wings away,
My soul the second death defies,
And reigns eternal in the skies.

3 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
What Christ has for his saints prepared,
Who conquer through their Saviour's might,
Who sink into perfection's height,
And trample death beneath their feet,
And gladly die their Lord to meet.

4 Dost thou desire to know or see
What thy mysterious name shall be?
Contending for thy heavenly home,
Thy latest foe in death o'ercome;
Till then thou searchest out in vain,
What only conquest can explain.

Charles Wesley.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

735

Perfection in Heaven.

L. M.

WHAT sinners value I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I awake, and find me there?

3 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains, with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

Isaac Watts.

736

The Redeemed in Heaven.

L. M.

LO! ROUND the throne, a glorious band,
The saints in countless myriads stand;
Of every tongue redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

2 Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the shame;
But now from all their labors rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

3 They see the Saviour face to face;
They sing the triumph of his grace:
And day and night, with ceaseless praise
To him their loud hosannas raise.

4 O, may we tread the sacred road
That holy saints and martyrs trod;
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
And win, like them, a crown of life.

738 C. M.
Communion with Saints.

COME, let us join our friends above,
 That have obtained the prize;
 And on the eagle wings of love
 To joys celestial rise.

2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
 With those to glory gone;

For all the servants of our King,
 In earth and heaven, are one.

3 One family we dwell in him,
 One church above, beneath,
 Though now divided by the stream,
 The narrow stream, of death.

4 One army of the living God,
 To his command we bow;
 Part of his host have crossed the flood,
 And part are crossing now.

737 C. M.
Continued—Full Felicity.

OUR old companions in distress
 We haste again to see,
 And eager long for our release,
 And full felicity.

2 E'en now, by faith, we join our hands
 With those that went before;
 And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
 On the eternal shore.

3 Our spirits too shall quickly join,
 Like theirs with glory crowned,
 And shout to see our Captain's sign,
 To hear his trumpet sound.

4 Lord Jesus, be our constant guide:
 And, when the word is given,
 Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
 And land us safe in heaven.

Charles Wesley.

FRUITS OF SALVATION.

5 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die.

6 His militant embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land.

Charles Wesley.

739 C. M. *The Prospect Joyous.*

AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high:
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
That only bliss for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:
I suffer on my threescore years,
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 O what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravished eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise:
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

ETERNAL SALVATION.

4 O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to-appear,
And worship at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

Charles Wesley.

740 P. M.
The Dying Christian to his Soul.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark! they whisper: angels say,
“Sister spirit, come away!”
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes—it disappears;
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring.
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
“O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?”

A. Pope.

741 7.
The Dying Believer.

DEATHLESS spirit, now arise;
Soar, thou native of the skies!
Pearl of price by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought,—

FRUITS OF SALVATION

2 Go to shine before the throne;
Deck the Mediator's crown;
Go, his triumphs to adorn;
Made for God, to God return.

3 Angels, joyful to attend,
Hov'ring round thy pillow bend;
Wait to catch the signal given,
And convey thee quick to heaven.

4 Burst thy shackles; drop thy clay;
Sweetly breathe thyself away;
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fired with love.

5 Shudder not to pass the stream:
Venture all thy care on him;
Him, whose dying love and power
Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar.

6 Safe is the expanded wave,
Gentle as a summer's eve;
Not one object of his care
Ever suffered shipwreck there.

7 See the haven full in view;
Love divine shall bear thee through:
Trust to that propitious gale;
Weigh thine anchor, spread thy sail.

8 Saints in glory, perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade;
Swiftly to their wish be given;
Kindle higher joy in heaven.

A. M. Toplady.

742

The Trial of Faith.

P. M.

AND did my Lord on earth endure
Sorrow, and hardship, and distress,
That I might sit me down secure,
And rest in self-indulgent ease?
His delicate disciple, I
Like him might neither live, nor die?

MISSIONS.

2 Master, I have not learnt thee so;
Thy yoke and burden I receive,
Resolve in all thy steps to go,
And bless the Cross by which I live,
And curse the wisdom from beneath,
That strives to rob me of thy death.

3 Thy holy will be done, not mine;
Be suffered all thy holy will,
I dare not, Lord, the Cross decline;
I will not *lose* the slightest ill,
Or lay the heaviest burden down,
The richest jewel of my crown.

4 Sorrow is solid joy, and pain
Is pure delight, endured for thee,
Reproach and loss are glorious gain,
And death is immortality;
And who for thee their all have given,
Have nobly bartered earth for heaven.

5 Saved is the life for Jesus lost,
Hidden from earth, but found in God,
To suffer is to triumph most,
The highest gift on man bestowed;
Seal of my sure election this—
Seal of my everlasting bliss.

Charles Wesley.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISSIONS.

743 C. M.
The Great and effectual Door.
JESUS, thou all-redeeming Lord,
Thy blessing we implore;
Open the door to preach thy word,
The great, effectual door.

MISCELLANEOUS.

2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
From sin and Satan's power;
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.

3 Lover of souls! thou knowest to prize
What thou hast bought so dear:
Come, then, and in thy people's eyes
With all thy wounds appear.

4 Appear, as when of old confessed,
The suffering Son of God;
And let us see thee in thy vest,
But newly dipped in blood.

5 The hardness of our hearts remove,
Thou who for all hast died:
Show us the tokens of thy love,
Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.

6 Thy side an open fountain is,
Where all may freely go,
And drink the living streams of bliss,
And wash them white as snow.

7 Ready thou art the blood to apply,
And prove the record true;
And all thy wounds to sinners cry,
"I suffered this for you!"

Charles Wesley.

744 L. M.
The Latter Day Glor..

B EHOLD, the heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow;
The exiled captive to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

2 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In this blest labor share a part;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King

MISSIONS.

3 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter days,
When our Redeemer shall be known,
Where Satan long hath held his throne.

4 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to his name shall rise;
And slave and freeman, Greek and Jew,
By sovereign grace be formed anew.

Mrs. Voke.

745 *Souls Perishing.* L. M.

SHEPHERD of souls, with pitying eye
The thousands of our Israel see;
To thee in their behalf we cry,
Ourselves but newly found in thee.

2 See where o'er desert wastes they err,
And neither food nor feeder have,
Nor fold, nor place of refuge near,
For no man cares their souls to save.

3 Thy people, Lord, are sold for naught,
Nor know they their Redeemer nigh;
They perish, whom thyself hast bought;
Their souls for lack of knowledge die.

4 The pit its mouth hath opened wide,
To swallow up its careless prey: .
Why should they die, when thou hast died;
Hast died to bear their sins away?

5 Why should the foe thy purchase seize?
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans:
The need of all thy sufferings these;
O claim them for thy ransomed ones!

Charles Wesley.

746 *Triumphs of Mercy.*

A RM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on thy strength, the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
“I am Jehovah—God alone:”
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And burn their altars to the ground.

3 No more let creature blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt!
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flowed from Jesus’ side.

4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim,
In every land, of every name;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

W. Shrubssole.

747

L. M.
For the Jews and Gentiles.

HEAD of the Church, whose Spirit fills
And flows through every faithful soul,
Unites in mystic love, and seals
Them one, and sanctifies the whole:

2 “Come, Lord,” thy glorious Spirit cries,
And souls beneath the altar groan;
“Come, Lord,” the Bride on earth replies,
“And perfect all our souls in one.”

Pour out the promised gift on all;
Answer the universal, “Come!”
The fullness of the Gentiles call,
And take thine ancient people home.

4 To thee let all the nations flow;
Let all obey the gospel word;
Let all their bleeding Saviour know,
Filled with the glory of the Lord.

5 O, for thy truth and mercy’s sake,
The purchase of thy passion claim,
Thine heritage, the Gentiles, take,
And cause the world to know thy name

Charles Wesley

748 L. M.
The Saviour's Coming Expected.

JESUS! thy church, with longing eyes
 For thine expected coming waits:
 When will the promised light arise,
 And glory beam on Zion's gates?

2 E'en now, when tempests round us fall,
 And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,
 Thy words with pleasure we recall,
 And deem that our redemption's nigh.

3 O! come, and reign o'er every land;
 Let Satan from his throne be hurled,
 All nations bow to thy command,
 And grace revive a dying world.

4 Teach us, in watchfulness and prayer,
 To wait for thine appointed hour;
 And fit us, by thy grace, to share
 The triumphs of thy conquering power.

W. H. Bathurst.

749 L. M.
Triumphs of the Gospel.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Doth his successive journeys run;
 His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

2 To him shall endless prayer be made,
 And endless praises crown his head;
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise
 With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
 Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
 And infant-voices shall proclaim
 Their young Hosannas to his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
 The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
 The weary find eternal rest;
 And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Where he displays his healing power,
 Death and the curse are known no more:
 In him the tribes of Adam boast
 More blessings than their father lost.

Isaac Watts.

7.

750 *Christ's Universal Reign.*

H ASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
 When, beneath Messiah's sway,
 Every nation, every clime,
 Shall the gospel call obey.

2 Mightiest kings his power shall own;
 Heathen tribes his name adore;
 Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
 Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3 Then shall wars and tumults cease;
 Then be banished grief and pain;
 Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
 Undisturbed, shall ever reign.

4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
 Ever praise his glorious name;
 All his mighty acts record,
 All his wondrous love proclaim.

H. Auber.

7, 6.

751 *The cry of the Heathen.*

F ROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand;
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

MISSIONS.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation!—O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

R. Heber.

752 *Departing Missionaries.*

7, 6.

ROLL on, thou mighty ocean!
And, as thy billows flow
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to the destined shore;
That man may sit in darkness,
And death's black shade, no more.

2 O thou eternal Ruler,
 Who holdest in thine arm
 The tempests of the ocean,
 Protect them from all harm!
 Thy presence, Lord, be with them,
 Wherever they may be;
 Though far from us who love them,
 Still let them be with thee.

J. Edmeston.

753 *The morning light is breaking.* 7, 6.

THE morning light is breaking:
 The darkness disappears;
 The sons of earth are waking
 To penitential tears;
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
 Brings tidings from afar,
 Of nations in commotion.
 Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
 Before the God we love,
 And thousand hearts ascending
 In gratitude above;
 While sinners, now confessing,
 The gospel call obey,
 And seek the Saviour's blessing,
 A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
 Pursue thine onward way;
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay:
 Stay not till all the lowly,
 Triumphant reach their home:
 Stay not till all the holy
 Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

Samuel F. Smith.

754 *Bearing Fruit.*

7, 6.

US, WHO climb thy holy hill,
 A general blessing make:
 Let the world our influence feel,
 Our gospel grace partake:
 Grace to help in time of need,
 Pour out on sinners from above;
 All thy Spirit's fullness shed,
 In showers of heavenly love.

2 Make our earthly souls a field
 Which God delights to bless;
 Let us in due season yield
 The fruits of righteousness:
 Make us trees of paradise,
 Which more and more thy praise may show,
 Deeper sink, and higher rise,
 And to perfection grow.

*Charles Wesley.*755 *A Working Faith.*

L. M. 6 l.

GIVE me the faith which can remove
 And sink the mountain to a plain;
 Give me the child-like praying love,
 Which longs to build thy house again;
 My every sacred moment spend
 In publishing the sinners' Friend.

2 I want an even, strong desire,
 I want a calmly fervent zeal,
 To save poor souls out of the fire,
 To snatch them from the verge of hell,
 And turn them to a pardoning God,
 And quench the brands in Jesus' blood.

3 I would the precious time redeem,
 And longer live for this alone,
 To spend, and to be spent, for them
 Who have not yet my Saviour known;
 Fully on these my mission prove,
 And only breathe, to breathe thy love.

4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart
 With boundless charity divine!
 So shall I all my strength exert,
 And love them with a zeal like thine;
 And lead them to thy open side,
 The sheep for whom their Shepherd died.

Charles Wesley.

756 *The Word Glorified.*

SEE how great a flame aspires,
 Kindled by a spark of grace!
 Jesus' love the nations fires,
 Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.
 To bring fire on earth he came;
 Kindled in some hearts it is:
 O that all might catch the flame,
 All partake the glorious bliss!

2 When he first the work begun,
 Small and feeble was his day:
 Now the word doth swiftly run;
 Now it wins its widening way:
 More and more it spreads and grows,
 Ever mighty to prevail;
 Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
 Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise!
 He the door hath opened wide;
 He hath given the word of grace;
 Jesus' word is glorified.
 Jesus, mighty to redeem,
 He alone the work hath wrought;
 Worthy is the work of him,
 He who spake a world from naught.

MISSIONS.

4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land;
Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of his love.

Charles Wesley.

757 *The Watchman's Report.* 7.

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveler, yes, it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams, alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wandering cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

Sir J. Bowering.

MISCELLANEOUS.
SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

758

L. M. 6 l.

Sanctified Knowledge.

COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom we for our children cry,
The good desired, and wanted most,
Out of thy richest grace supply;
The sacred discipline be given,
To train and bring them up for heaven.

2 Error and ignorance remove:

Their blindness, both of heart and mind:
Give them the wisdom from above,
Spotless, and peaceable and kind:
In knowledge pure their minds renew,
And store with thoughts divinely true.

3 Learning's redundant part and vain

Be here cut off, and cast aside:
But let them, Lord, the substance gain;
In every solid truth abide;
Swiftly acquire, and ne'er forego
The knowledge fit for man to know.

4 Unite the pair so long disjoined,

Knowledge and vital piety:
Learning and holiness combined,
And truth, and love, let all men see
In those whom up to thee we give,
Thine, wholly thine, to die and live.

Charles Wesley.

759

C. M.

The Christian Child.

BY COOL Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet

The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O thou who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

R. Heber.

760 C. M.
The Children's Jubilee.

HOSANNA, be the children's song,
To Christ, the children's King:
His praise, to whom our souls belong,
Let all the children sing.

2 From little ones to Jesus brought,
Hosanna now be heard;
Let little infants now be taught
To lisp that lovely word.

3 Hosanna, sound from hill to hill,
And spread from plain to plain,
While louder, sweeter, clearer still,
Woods echo to the strain.

4 Hosanna, on the wings of light,-
O'er earth and ocean fly,
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth, reply.

5 Hosanna, then, our song shall be,
Hosanna to our King:
This is the children's jubilee;
Let all the children sing.

J. Montgomery.

761 8, 7, 4.
Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us.

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us;
Much we need thy tender care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare.

Blessed Jesus!

Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2 We are thine: do thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.

Blessed Jesus!

Hear thy children when they pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.

Blessed Jesus!

Let us early turn to thee.

4 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Holy Lord, our only Saviour,
With thy grace our bosoms fill.

Blessed Jesus!

Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Dorothy A. Thrupp. (?)

762 7, 6.
Grateful Praise.

WE BRING no glittering treasures,
No gems from earth's deep mine;
We come, with simple measures,
To chant thy love divine.
Children, thy favors sharing,
Their voice of thanks would raise;
Father, accept our offering,
Our song of grateful praise.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

2 The dearest gift of heaven,
Love's written word of truth,
To us is early given,
To guide our steps in youth;
We hear the wondrous story,
The tale of Calvary;
We read of homes in glory,
From sin and sorrow free.

3 Redeemer! grant thy blessing!
O! teach us how to pray,
That each, thy fear possessing,
May tread life's onward way;
Then where the pure are dwelling
We hope to meet again,
And sweeter numbers swelling,
Forever praise thy name.

H. Phillips.

763 L. M.
Hosanna to the Son of David.

WHAT are those soul-reviving strains
Which echo thus from Salem's plains?
What anthems loud, and louder still,
So sweetly sound from Zion's hill?

2 Lo! 'tis an infant chorus sings
Hosanna to the King of kings:
The Saviour comes!—and babes proclaim
Salvation, sent in Jesus' name.

3 Nor these alone their voice shall raise,
For we will join this song of praise;
Still Israel's children forward press,
To hail the Lord their Righteousness.

4 Messiah's name shall joy impart
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart:
He bled for us, he bled for you,
And we will sing hosanna too.

MISCELLANEOUS.

5 Proclaim hosannas, loud and clear;
See David's Son and Lord appear!
All praise on earth to him be given,
And glory shout through highest heaven.

Pratt Cole.

TEMPERANCE.

S. M.

764 *The Evils of Intemperance.*

MOURN for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.

2 Mourn for the tarnished gem—

For reason's light divine,
Quenched from the soul's bright diadem,
Where God had bid it shine.

3 Mourn for the ruined soul—

Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

4 Mourn for the lost,—but call,

Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

5 Mourn for the lost,—but pray,

Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

Unknown.

C. M.

765 *Prayer for the Intemperate.*

'TIS thine alone, almighty name,
To raise the dead to life,
The lost inebriate to reclaim
From passion's fearful strife.

TEMPERANCE.

2 What ruin hath intemperance wrought!
How widely roll its waves!
How many myriads hath it brought
To fill dishonored graves!

3 And see, O Lord, what numbers still
Are maddened by the bowl,
Led captive at the tyrant's will
In bondage, heart and soul.

4 Stretch forth thy hand, O God, our King,
And break the galling chain;
Deliverance to the captive bring,
And end the usurper's reign.

5 The cause of temperance is thine own;
Our plans and efforts bless;
We trust, O Lord, in thee alone
To crown them with success.

Edwin F. Hatfield.

766

C. M.

For the Inebriate.

LIFE from the dead, Almighty God,
'Tis thine alone to give;
To lift the poor inebriate up,
And bid the helpless live.

2 Life from the dead! For those we plead
Fast bound in passion's chain,
That, from their iron fetters freed,
They wake to life again.

3 Life from the dead! Quickened by thee,
Be all their powers inclined
To temperance, truth, and piety,
And pleasures pure, refined.

4 And may they by thy help abide,
The tempter's power withstand;
By grace restored and purified,
In Christ accepted stand.

Unknown.

767

Temperance Hymn.

BONDAGE and death the cup contains;
Dash to the earth the poisoned bowl!
Softer than silk are iron chains,
Compared with those that chafe the soul.

- 2 Hosannas, Lord, to thee we sing,
Whose power the giant fiend obeys;
What countless thousands tribute bring,
For happier homes and brighter days!
- 3 Thou wilt not break the bruised reed,
Nor leave the broken heart unbound;
The wife regains a husband freed!
The orphan clasps a father found!
- 4 Spare, Lord, the thoughtless, guide the blind,
Till man no more shall deem it just
To live by forging chains to bind
His weaker brother to the dust.

Lucius M. Sargent.

7.

768

The Wanderer Exhorting.

BROTHER, hast thou wandered far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war?
Turn thee, brother; homeward come.

- 2 Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother; God can save!
- 3 Is a mighty famine now
In thy heart and in thy soul?
Discontent upon thy brow?
Turn thee; God will make thee whole.

- 4 He can heal thy bitterest wound,
He thy gentlest prayer can hear:
Seek him, for he may be found;
Call upon him; he is near.

James F. Clarke.

769

P. M.

A League of Prayer.

IN THE love that knows no waning, in the blessedness of peace,
 The white winged dove of mercy spreads her pinions o'er the seas,
 And dauntless hope advancing throws her banner to the breeze.

For God is marching on.

Glory! glory! Hallelujah!
 For God is marching on.

2 O! by the widows' groaning and the orphans' bitter tear,
 And the tide of desolation that blighteth everywhere,
 In the name of God we stand as one, a mighty league of prayer;
 For God is marching on.

3 We bring no hatred in our souls, no fetters in our hands,
 But in the all resistless power that only love commands,
 We lift our eyes and wait to see what faith in God demands,
 For God is marching on.

4 In vain the spoiler hand in hand in proud defiance calls
 We answer back his hate with peace and march around his walls,
 Till at the trumpet blast of God the mighty fortress falls;
 For God is marching on.

5 Then shout the tidings glorious—a glad and tireless band,
 A league of faith to sweep away intemperance from the land,
 As the thunders of our legions roll back from strand to strand;
 For God is marching on.

MISCELLANEOUS.
WATCH NIGHT.

770

L. M. 61.

A Solemn Vigil.

HOW many pass the guilty night
In reveling and frantic mirth!
The creature is their sole delight,
Their happiness the things of earth;
For us suffice the seasons past:
We choose the better part at last.

2 We will not close our wakeful eyes,
We will not let our eyelids sleep,
But humbly lift them to the skies,
And all ■ solemn vigil keep;
So many nights on sin bestowed,
Can we not watch one hour for God?

3 We can, O Jesus, for thy sake,
Devote our every hour to thee;
Speak but the word, our souls shall wake,
And sing with cheerful melody:
Thy praise shall our glad tongues employ
And every heart shall dance for joy.

4 Blest object of our faith and love,
We listen for thy welcome voice;
Our persons and our works approve,
And bid us in thy strength rejoice;
Now let us hear the mighty cry,
And shout to find the Bridegroom nigh.

5 Shout in the midst of us, O King
Of saints, and let our joys abound;
Let us rejoice, give thanks, and sing,
And triumph in redemption found:
We ask in faith for every soul;
O let our glorious joy be full!

WATCH NIGHT.

6 O may we all triumphant rise;
With joy upon our heads return;
And far above these nether skies,
By thee on eagles' wings upborne,
Through all yon radiant circles move,
And gain the highest heaven of love.

Charles Wesley.

771 L. M. 61.
A Living Sacrifice unto the Lord.

WISDOM ascribe, and might, and praise,
To God, who lengthens out our days;
Who spares us yet another year,
And makes us see his goodness here:
O may we all the time redeem,
And henceforth live and die to him!

2 How often, when his arm was bared,
Hath he our sinful Israel spared;
“Let me alone,” his mercy cried,
And turned the vengeful bolt aside:
Indulged another kind reprieve,
And strangely suffered us to live.

3 Merciful God, how shall we raise
Our hearts to pay thee all thy praise?
Our hearts shall beat for thee alone;
Our lives shall make thy goodness known;
Our souls and bodies shall be thine,
A living sacrifice divine.

Charles Wesley.

772 H. M.
The Bridegroom Cometh.

YE VIRGIN souls, arise.
With all the dead, awake;
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take:
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
“Behold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh!”

MISCELLANEOUS.

2 He comes, he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And take to glory all
Who meet for glory are:
Made ready for your full reward;
Go forth with joy to meet the Lord.

3 Go, meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting Friend;
Your Head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend:
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a veil, his face.

4 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
With seraphs, thrones, and powers,
In glorious joy to live;
Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.

5 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound:
To see our Lord appear,
May we be watching found:
And when thou dost the heavens bow,
Be found—as, Lord, thou findest us now.
Charles Wesley.

773 *The Barren Fig-tree.*

H. M.

THE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages, praise,
Who reigns enthroned on high,
Ancient of endless days;
Who lengthens out our trials here,
And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and withered trees,
We cumbered long the ground;
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found;
Yet doth he us in mercy spare,
Another and another year.

WATCH NIGHT.

3 When justice bared the sword
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of the Lord
Cried, "Let it still alone;"
The Father mild inclines his ear,
And spares us yet another year.

4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
From God obtained the grace,
Who therefore hath bestowed
On us a longer space;
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And, lo! we see another year.

5 Then dig about the root;
Break up our fallow ground;
And let our gracious fruit
To thy great praise abound;
O let us all thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

Charles Wesley.

774 *Retrospect of the Year.*

7.

WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little—none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream:
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

MISCELLANEOUS.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew:
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view:
Bless thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love:
And when life's short tale is told,
May we reign with thee above.

J. Newton.

C. M.

775 *Renewing the Covenant.*

COME, let us use the grace divine,
And all, with one accord,
In a perpetual covenant join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord;

2 Give up ourselves, through Jesus' power,
His name to glorify:
And promise, in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.

3 The covenant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind;
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.

4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our solemn vow;
And if thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down, and meet us now.

5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive;
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give.

6 To each the covenant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

Charles Wesley.

NATIONAL.

776

Renewed Fidelity and Zeal.

10, 5, 11.

COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
 Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.
His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,
 And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

2 Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream,
 Glides swiftly away,

And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
The arrow is flown,—the moment is gone;
 The millennial year

Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 O that each in the day of his coming may say,
 “I have fought my way through;
I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do.”
O that each from his Lord may receive the glad
 word,

“Well and faithfully done!

Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne.”

Charles Wesley.

NATIONAL.

777

National Hymn.

6, 4.

MY COUNTRY, 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrim's pride!
From every mountain side
 Let freedom ring.

2 My native country! thee,
Land of the noble free,
 Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills,
 Like that above.

MISCELLANEOUS.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake:
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our father's God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light:
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

S. F. Smith.

778 *Our Native Land.*

6, 4.

GOD bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night:
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might!

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

John S. Dwight.

779 *Deliverances ascribed to God.*

C. M.

O LORD, our fathers oft have told,
In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days performed,
And in more ancient years.

NATIONAL.

2 "Twas not their courage, nor their sword,
To them salvation gave;
"Twas not their number, or their strength,
That did their country save.

3 But thy right hand, thy powerful arm,
Whose succor they implored;
Thy providence protected them,
Who thy great name adored.

4 As thee their God our fathers owned,
So thou art still our King;
O, therefore, as thou didst to them,
To us deliverance bring.

5 To thee the glory we ascribe,
From whom salvation came;
In God, our shield, we will rejoice,
And ever bless thy name.

Tate and Brady.

780 L. M.
God, the Nation's Guardian.

GREAT God! beneath whose piercing eye
The earth's extended kingdoms lie;
Whose favoring smile upholds them all,
Whose anger smites them, and they fall;

2 We bow before thy heavenly throne;
Thy power we see—thy greatness own;
Yet, cherished by thy milder voice,
Our bosoms tremble and rejoice.

3 Thy kindness to our fathers shown
Their children's children long shall own;
To thee, with grateful hearts, shall raise
The tribute of exulting praise.

4 Led on by thine unerring aid,
Secure the paths of life we tread
And, freely as the vital air,
Thy first and noblest bounties share.

MISCELLANEOUS.

5 Great God, our Guardian, Guide, and Friend!
O still thy sheltering arm extend;
Preserved by thee for ages past,
For ages let thy kindness last.

W. Roscoe.

781 L. M.
God's Goodness Crowns the Year.

ETERNAL Source of every joy,
E Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

3 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores,
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

4 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With opening light and evening shade.

5 O may our more harmonious tongue
In worlds unknown pursue the song;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

P. Doddridge.

782 L. M.
National Blessings.

GREAT God of nations, now to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;
With humble heart, and bending knee,
We offer thee our song of praise.

2 Thy name we bless, almighty God,
For all the kindness thou hast shewn
To this fair land the pilgrims trod,
This land we fondly call our own.

NATIONAL.

3 Here freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;
Here thou our fathers' steps didst guide
In safety through their dangerous way.

4 We praise thee that the gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds;
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

5 Great God, preserve us in thy fear;
In danger still our guardian be;
O, spread thy truth's bright precepts here;
Let all the people worship thee.

Unknown.

783 ^{6, 4.} *Praise to the God of Harvest.*

THE God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart, and voice;
The valleys smile and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

2 Yea, bless his holy name,
And purest thanks proclaim
Through all the earth;
To glory in your lot
Is duty,—but be not
God's benefits forgot,
Amid your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts, and voices, raise,
With sweet accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

J. Montgomery.

784 *Thanksgiving for National Peace.*

GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies,
A word of thine almighty breath
Can sink the world, or bid it rise:
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.

- 2 When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage, and noise, and tumult reign,
And war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter dyes the hostile plain,—
- 3 Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their power;
Thy law the angry nations own,
And noise and war are heard no more.
- 4 Then peace returns with balmy wing;
Sweet peace, with her what blessings fled!
Glad plenty laughs, the valleys sing,
Reviving commerce lifts her head.
- 5 To thee we pay our grateful songs;
Thy kind protection still implore:
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
Confess thy goodness and adore.

Anne Steele.

FASTS.

785 *Deprecating the Anger of God.*

BEHOLD, O Lord! before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend:
'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.

- 2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And yet we live to pray.

FASTS.

3 And why, great God, are we thus spared,
Ungrateful as we are?
O make thine awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries, "Forbear!"

4 O turn us, turn us, blessed Lord,
By thine almighty grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And ever seek thy face.

5 Hear thou our prayers, and grant us aid;
Bid wars forever cease:
Heal every breach that sin has made,
And bless our land with peace.

Anne Steele.

786 L. M. 61.
Unfaithfulness Lamented.

O GOD, thy righteousness we own;
Judgment is at thy house begun;
With humble awe thy rod we hear,
And guilty in thy sight appear;
We cannot in thy judgment stand,
But sink beneath thy mighty hand.

2 Our mouth as in the dust we lay,
And still for mercy, mercy pray;
Unworthy to behold thy face,
Unfaithful stewards of thy grace,
Our sin and wickedness we own,
And deeply for acceptance groan.

3 We have not, Lord, thy gifts improved,
But basely from thy statutes roved;
Yet do not drive us from thy face,
A stiff-necked and hard-hearted race:
The melting power of love impart;
Soften the marble of our heart.

Charles Wesley.

787 *Pardon Implored for National Sins.* 8, 7.

DREAD Jehovah! God of nations!
From thy temple in the skies,
Hear thy people's supplications;
Now for their deliverance rise.

2 Lo! with deep contrition turning,
In thy holy place we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning;
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding;
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

4 Let that mercy veil transgression;
Let that blood our guilt efface;
Save thy people from oppression;
Save from spoil thy holy place.

Unknown.

LAYING A CORNER-STONE.

788 *The Sure Foundation.* C. M.

BEHOLD the sure Foundation-stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
We now adore thy name;
We trust our whole salvation here,
Nor can we suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this Rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

LAYING A CORNER-STONE.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis thine own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

Isaac Watts.

789 L. M.
God's Guardian Presence.

THIS stone to thee, in faith, we lay;
This temple, Lord, to thee we raise,
Thine eye be open night and day,
To guard this house of prayer and praise.

2 Within these walls let heavenly peace
And holy love and concord dwell;
Here give the burdened conscience ease,
And here the wounded spirit heal.

3 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will our great Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

4 Ne'er let thy glory hence depart:
Yet choose not, Lord, this shrine alone;
Thy Spirit dwell in every heart,
In every bosom fix thy throne.

J. Montgomery.

790 L. M.
Seeking a Tabernacle.

WHEN to the exiled seer were given
Those rapturous views of highest heaven,
All glorious though the visions were,
Yet he beheld no temple there.

2 The new Jerusalem on high
Hath one pervading sanctity;
No sin to mourn, no grief to mar,
God and the Lamb its temple are.

3 But we, frail sojourners below,
The pilgrim-heirs of guilt and woe,
Must seek ■ tabernacle where
Our scattered souls may blend in prayer.

MISCELLANEOUS.

4 O Thou who o'er the cherubim
Didst shine in glories veiled and dim,
With purer light over temple cheer,
And dwell in unveiled glory here.

G. Robinson.

DEDICATION.

791 *The Tokens of his Grace.*

L. M.

1 ND will the great eternal God
On earth establish his abode?
And will he, from his radiant throne,
Accept our temples for his own?

2 These walls we to thy honor raise;
Long may they echo with thy praise:
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

3 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

4 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born to glory here.

P. Doddridge.

792 *Jehovah's Presence.*

L. M.

NOT heaven's wide range of hallowed space
Jehovah's presence can confine;
Nor angels' claims restrain his grace,
Whose glories through creation shine.

2 It beamed on Eden's guilty days,
And traced redemption's wondrous plan;
From Calvary, in brightest rays,
It glowed to guide benighted man.

DEDICATION.

3 Its sacred shrine it fixes there,
Where two or three are met to raise
Their holy hands in humble prayer,
Or tune their hearts to grateful praise.

4 Be this, O Lord, that honored place,
The house of God, the gate of heaven;
And may the fullness of thy grace
To all who here shall meet be given.

5 And hence, in spirit, may we soar
To those bright courts where seraphs bend;
With awe like theirs, on earth adore,
Till with their anthems ours shall blend.

Unknown.

793 L. M. *Dedication of a Hall of Science.*

THE Lord our God alone is strong;
His hands build not for one brief day,
His wondrous works, through ages long,
His wisdom and his power display.

2 His mountains lift their solemn forms,
To watch in silence o'er the land;
The rolling ocean, rocked with storms,
Sleeps in the hollow of his hand.

3 Beyond the heavens he sits alone,
The universe obeys his nod;
The lightning-rifts disclose his throne,
And thunders voice the name of God.

4 Thou sovereign God, receive this gift
Thy willing servants offer thee;
Accept the prayers that thousands lift,
And let these halls thy temple be.

5 And let those learn, who here shall meet,
True wisdom is with reverence crowned,
And Science walks with humble feet
To seek the God that Faith has found.

Caleb T. Winchester.

C. M.

794 *Invoking God's Blessing.*

WITHIN thy house, O Lord our God,
 In majesty appear;
 Make this a place of thine abode,
 And shed thy blessings here.

- 2 As we thy mercy-seat surround,
 Thy Spirit, Lord, impart:
 And let thy gospel's joyful sound,
 With power reach every heart.
- 3 Here let the blind their sight obtain;
 Here give the mourner rest;
 Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
 Enthroned in every breast.
- 4 Here let the voice of sacred joy
 And fervent prayer arise,
 Till higher strains our tongues employ,
 In bliss beyond the skies.

*Unknown.*795 *Prayer and Praise.*

7.

ORD of hosts! to thee we raise
 Here a house of prayer and praise;
 Thou thy people's hearts prepare,
 Here to meet for praise and prayer.

- 2 Let the living here be fed
 With thy word, the heavenly bread:
 Here, in hope of glory blest,
 May the dead be laid to rest.
- 3 Here to thee a temple stand,
 While the sea shall gird the land:
 Here reveal thy mercy sure,
 While the sun and moon endure.

- 4 "Hallelujah!" earth and sky
 To the joyful sound reply:
 Hallelujah! hence ascend
 Prayer and praise till time shall end.

J. Montgomery.

DEDICATION.

796 S. M.
The Safety of a Nation.

GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand:
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

4 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair;
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

Isaac Watts.

797 H. M.
Invoking God's Blessing.

GREAT King of glory, come,
And with thy favor crown
This temple as thy home,
This people as thine own:
Beneath this roof, O deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.

2 Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend,
Like incense, to the skies:
Here may thy soul-converting word
With faith be preached, in faith be heard.

MISCELLANEOUS.

3 Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine, like polished stones,
Through long-succeeding days:
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
While temples stand and men adore.

4 Here may the listening throng
Receive thy truth in love:
Here Christians join the song
Of the redeemed above;
Till all, who humbly seek thy face,
Rejoice in thy abounding grace.

B. Francis.

MARRIAGE.

798

L. M.

The Nuptial Vow.

WITH grateful hearts and tuneful lays,
We sing before the eternal throne;
And offer up our humble praise,
To him whose name is God alone.

2 In this auspicious hour draw near,
And shed thy richest blessings down:
Fill every heart with love sincere,
And all thy faithful mercies crown.

3 Grant now thy presence, gracious Lord,
And hearken to our fervent prayer;
The nuptial vow in heaven record,
And bless the newly married pair.

4 O guide them safe, this desert through,
'Mid all the cares of life in love;
May they with joy thy glories view,
In that eternal world above.

799

Household Love.

7, 6.

O LOVE, divine and tender!
 That through our homes doth move,
 Veiled in the softened splendor
 Of holy household love:
 A throne, without thy blessing,
 Were labor without rest,
 And cottages, possessing
 Thy blessedness, are blest.

2 God bless these hands united,
 God bless these hearts made one
 Unsevered and unblighted
 May they through life go on:
 Here, in earth's home preparing
 For the bright home above,
 And there, forever sharing
 Its joy, where "God is love."

John S. B. Monsell.

800

For a Blessing on the Union.

7.

FATHER of the human race,
 Sanction with thy heavenly grace
 What on earth hath now been done,
 That these twain be truly one.

2 One in sickness and in health
 One in poverty and wealth,
 And as year rolls after year,
 Each to other still more dear.

3 One in purpose, one in heart,
 Till the mortal stroke shall part;
 One in cheerful piety,
 One forever, Lord, with thee.

W. B. Collyer.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FUNERAL.

801 S. M.
Raised a Spiritual Body.

A ND must this body die,
A This well-wrought frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

3 God my Redeemer lives,
And ever from the skies
Loo'ks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Be heavenly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe,
Lord, to thy dying love:
O may we bless thy grace below,
And sing thy grace above!

6 Saviour, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

Isaac Watts.

802 S. M.
The Crowning Hour.

S ERVANT of God, well done!
S Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last;

FUNERAL.

2 Of all thy heart's desire
Triumphantlly possessed;
Lodged by the ministerial choir
In thy Redeemer's breast.

3 In condescending love,
Thy ceaseless prayer he heard;
And bade thee suddenly remove
To thy complete reward.

4 With saints enthroned on high,
Thou dost thy Lord proclaim,
And still to God salvation cry,
Salvation to the Lamb!

5 O happy, happy soul!
In ecstasies of praise,
Long as eternal ages roll,
Thou seest thy Saviour's face.

6 Redeemed from earth and pain,
Ah! when shall we ascend,
And all in Jesus' presence reign,
With our translated friend?

Charles Wesley.

803 S. M.
O for the Death of the Righteous.

O FOR the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope, may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.

MISCELLANEOUS.

4 O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

J. Montgomery.

804 C. M.
Certainty of the Resurrection.

WHY do we mourn for dying friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There once the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last, loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

Isaac Watts.

805 C. M.
Death Gain to the Faithful.

WHY should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls his own,
And bids them leave a world of woe,
For an immortal crown?

FUNERAL.

2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest;
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.

4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow;
God has recalled his own;
But let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say,—Thy will be done.

W. H. Bathurst.

806 C. M.
Victory over the Fears of Death.

0 FOR an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er approaching death,
And all his frightful powers.

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips should sing,
“Where is thy boasted victory, Grave?
And where, O Death, thy sting?”

3 If sin be pardoned, I’m secure;
Death has no sting beside:
The law gives sin its damning power,
But Christ, my ransom, died.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors, while we die,
Through Christ, our living Head.

Isaac Watts.

807 C. M.
The Sharpness of Death Overcome.

CALM on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now!
E’en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

MISCELLANEOUS.

2 Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
Soul, to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.
3 Lone are the paths, and sad the bowers,
Whence thy meek smile is gone;
But O, a brighter home than ours,
In heaven is now thine own.

Mrs. Felicia D. Hemans.

808

A Voice from the Grave.

C. M.

HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound;
My ears, attend the cry:
"Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.
2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
Shall lie as low as ours."
3 Great God! is this our certain doom,
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepared no more?
4 Grant us the power of quickening grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

Isaac Watts.

809

Death of Children.

C. M.

THY life I read, my gracious Lord,
With transport all divine;
Thine image trace in every word,
Thy love in every line.
2 Methinks I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tender arms
Receive the smiling grace.

FUNERAL.

■ I take these little lambs, said he,
And lay them in my breast;
Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever blest.

4 Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love;
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above.

5 His words the happy parents hear,
And shout, with joys divine,
O Saviour, all we have and are
Shall be forever thine.

S. Stennett.

810 *Death of a Child.*

7.

WHEREFORE should I make my moan,
Now the darling child is dead?
He to early rest is gone,
He to paradise is fled:
I shall go to him, but he
Never shall return to me.

2 God forbids his longer stay;
God recalls the precious loan;
God hath taken him away,
From my bosom to his own:
Surely what he wills is best;
Happy in his will I rest.

3 Faith cries out, "It is the Lord,
Let him do as seems him good!
Be thy holy name adored;
Take the gift awhile bestowed:
Take the child no longer mine;
Thine he is, forever thine."

Charles Wesley.

811

Death of a Little Child.

7, 8, 7.

TENDER Shepherd, thou hast stilled
 Now thy little lamb's brief weeping:
 Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild
 In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping!
 And no sigh of anguish sore
 Heaves that little bosom more.

2 In this world of care and pain,
 Lord, thou wouldst no longer leave it;
 To the sunny heavenly plain
 Thou dost now with joy receive it;
 Clothed in robes of spotless white,
 Now it dwells with thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
 Where it lives may soon be living,
 And the lovely pastures see
 That its heavenly food are giving;
 Then the gain of death we prove,
 Though thou take what most we love.

From the German. Tr. by Miss C. Winkworth.

812

Sown in Weakness, Raised in Glory.

L. M.

THE morning flowers display their sweets,
 And gay their silken leaves unfold,
 As careless of the noontide heats,
 As fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nipped by the wind's untimely blast,
 Parched by the sun's directer ray,
 The momentary glories waste,
 The short-lived beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,
 When youth its pride of beauty shows:
 Fairer than spring the colors shine,
 And sweeter than the virgin rose.

4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine,
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains,
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

S. Wesley, Jun.

813

Asleep in Jesus.

L. M.

A SLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep!
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing,
That Death has lost his venom'd sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

Mrs. M. Mackay.

814 L. M.
The End of that Man is Peace.

HOW blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell!
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

A. Barbauld.

815 L. M.
The Christian's Parting Hour.

HOW sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And when the sun with cloudless ray,
Sheds mellow lustre o'er the scene!

2 Such is the Christian's parting hour;
So peacefully he sinks to rest;
When faith, endued from heaven with power,
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

3 Mark but that radiance of his eye,
That smile upon his wasted cheek;
They tell us of his glory nigh,
In language that no tongue can speak.

FUNERAL.

4 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
And angels are attending near,
To bear him to their bright abode.
5 Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless?
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness?

W. H. Bathurst.

816 L. M. *The Grave shall Restore its Trust.*

UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb:
Take this new treasure to thy trust;
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds: no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blest the bed;
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn;
Attend, O earth! his sovereign word;
Restore thy trust—a glorious form,
Called to ascend and meet the Lord.

Isaac Watts.

817 L. M. *Christ's Presence Makes Death Easy.*

WHY should we start, and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate to endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
And we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O would my Lord his servant meet,
 My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
 Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
 Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,
 While on his breast I lean my head,
 And breathe my life out sweetly there.

Isaac Watts.

818 *Disembodied Saints.*

L. M.

THE saints who die of Christ possessed,
 Enter into immediate rest;
 For them no further test remains,
 Of purging fires and torturing pains.

2 Who trusting in their Lord depart,
 Cleansed from all sin, and pure in heart,
 The bliss unmixed, the glorious prize,
 They find with Christ in paradise.

3 Yet, glorified by grace alone,
 They cast their crowns before the throne,
 And fill the echoing courts above
 With praises of redeeming love.

Charles Wesley.

819 *Blessedness of Dying in the Lord.* 7.

HARK! a voice divides the sky:
 “Happy are the faithful dead!”
 In the Lord who sweetly die,
 They from all their toils are freed;
 Them the Spirit hath declared
 “Blest, unutterably blest;”
 Jesus is their great reward,
 Jesus is their endless rest.

2 Followed by their works they go,
 Where their Head is gone before;
 Reconciled by grace below,
 Grace hath opened mercy's door;
 Justified through faith alone,
 Here they knew their sins forgiven;
 Here they laid their burden down,
 Hallowed, and made meet for heaven.

Charles Wesley.

820 *Continued—The Saviour's Smile.* 7.

WHY should we lament the lot
 Of a saint in Christ deceased?
 Let the world, who know us not,
 Call us hopeless and unblest:
 When from flesh the spirit, freed,
 Hastens homeward to return,
 Mortals cry, "A man is dead!"
 Angels sing, "A child is born!"

2 Born into the world above,
 They our happy brother greet;
 Bear him to the throne of love,
 Place him at the Saviour's feet:
 Jesus smiles, and says, "Well done!"
 Good and faithful servant thou!
 Enter and receive thy crown;
 Reign with me triumphant now.

3 Angels catch the approving sound,
 Bow, and bless the just award;
 Hail the heir with glory crowned,
 Now rejoicing with his Lord,
 Fuller joys ordained to know,
 Waiting for the general doom,
 When the archangel's trump shall blow,
 "Rise, ye dead, to judgment come!"

Charles Wesley.

821

—Whose Faith Follow.

L. M. 61.

HE'S gone! the spotless soul is gone,
Triumphant to his place above;
The prison walls are broken down,
The angels speed his swift remōve,
And, shouting, on their wings he flies,
And gains his rest in paradise.

2 Saved by the merit of his Lord,
Glory and praise to Christ he gives;
Yet still his merciful reward
According to his works receives;
And with the seed he sowed below,
His bliss eternally shall grow.

3 Father, to us vouchsafe the grace
Which brought our friend victorious through;
Let us his shining footsteps trace;
Let us his steadfast faith pursue;
Follow this follower of the Lamb,
And conquer all through Jesus' name.

4 O may we all like him, believe,
And keep the faith, and win the prize!
Father, prepare, and then receive
Our hallowed spirits to the skies,
To chant, with all our friends above,
Thy glorious, everlasting love.

Charles Wesley.

822

The Dying Christian.

8, 7.

HAPPY soul, thy days are ending,
All thy mourning days below;
Go,—the angel guards attending,—
To the sight of Jesus go.
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above;
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

FUNERAL.

2 Struggle through thy latest passion,
To thy great Redeemer's breast;
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.
For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live a life of glory;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

Charles Wesley.

823 *Triumphant Death of a Brother.* 8.

WEEP not for a brother deceased;
Our loss is his infinite gain;
A soul out of prison released,
And freed from its bodily chain;
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above,
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden of love.

2 Our brother the haven has gained,
Outflying the tempest and wind;
His rest he hath sooner obtained,
And left his companions behind,
Still tossed on a sea of distress,
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.

3 There all the ship's company meet,
Who sailed with the Saviour beneath;
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er sorrow and death:
The voyage of life's at an end;
The mortal affliction is past:
The age that in heaven they spend,
Forever and ever shall last.

Charles Wesley.

824 *Happy Death of a Sister.*

HOSANNA to Jesus on high!
 Another has entered his rest:
 Another has 'scaped to the sky,
 And lodged in Immanuel's breast;
 The soul of our sister is gone,
 To heighten the triumph above;
 Exalted to Jesus's throne,
 And clasped in the arms of his love.

2 How happy the angels that ~~are~~
 Transported at Jesus's name;
 The saints whom he soonest shall call,
 To share in the feast of the Lamb!
 No longer imprisoned in clay,
 Who next from the dungeon shall fly?
 Who first shall be summoned away?
 My merciful Lord—Is it I?

3 O Jesus, if this be thy will,
 That suddenly I should depart,
 Thy counsel of mercy reveal,
 And whisper thy call to my heart;
 O give me a signal to know
 If soon thou wouldest have me remove,
 And leave the dull body below,
 And fly to the regions above.

Charles Wesley.

825 *No Night in Heaven.*

THERE is no night in heaven,
 In that blest world above;
 Work never can bring weariness,
 For work itself is love.

2 There is no death in heaven;
 For they who gain that shore
 Have won their immortality,
 And they can die no more,

Frederick D. Huntington.

WESLEY'S LAST HYMNS.

THE FOLLOWING HYMNS WERE COMPOSED BY CHARLES WESLEY IN EXTREME OLD AGE. THE SECOND HYMN WAS HIS LAST UTTERANCE IN VERSE, AND WAS DICTATED ON HIS DEATH-BED.

826 L. M. *The Aged Disciple's Prayer.*

I TOO, forewarned by Jesus' love,
Must shortly lay my body down;
But ere my soul from earth remove,
O let me put thine image on!

2 Saviour! thy meek and lowly mind
Be to thine aged servant given;
And glad I'll drop this tent, to find
My everlasting house in heaven.

Charles Wesley.

827 L. M. 61. *Aged and Helpless.*

I N AGE and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless worm redeem?
Jesus, my only hope thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart:
O could I catch one smile from thee,
And drop into eternity!

Charles Wesley.

DOXOLOGIES.

828

L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

T. Ken.

829

C. M.

TO FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.

Tate and Brady.

830

7.

SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Charles Wesley.

831

7.

PRAISE the name of God most high;
Praise him, all below the sky;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

Unknown.

832

8, 7, 4.

GREAT Jehovah! we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

W. Goode.

GRACES.

833

BEFORE EATING.

B E PRESENT at our table Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored;
These creatures bless, and grant that we
May feast in paradise with thee.

834

AFTER EATING.

W E THANK thee, Lord, for this our food,
But more because of Jesus' blood;
Let manna to our souls be given,
The bread of life sent down from heaven.

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

835

P. M.

Rescue the Perishing.

RESCUE the perishing;
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one,
Lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.

CHORUS.

Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Jesus is merciful,
Jesus will save.

2 Though they are slighting him,
Still he is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive.
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently;
He will forgive if they only believe.

3 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more

4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide;
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them,
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

Fanny J. Crosby.

836

P. M.

The Reapers.

WE ARE the reapers, that garner in
 The sheaves of good from the fields of sin;
 With sickles of truth must the work be done,
 And no one may rest till the harvest home.

CHORUS.

We are the reapers, O who will come
 And share in the glory of the harvest home?
 O, who will help us to garner in
 The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

2 The fields are all whitening, and far and wide
 The world now is waiting the harvest-tide;
 But reapers are few, and the work is great,
 And much would be lost should the harvest wait.

3 Go out in the highways and search them all,
 The wheat may be there, though the weeds are tall;
 Then search in the by-ways, and pass none by,
 But gather from all for the home on high.

4 Then come with your sickles, ye sons of men!
 And gather together the golden grain;
 Toil on till the sheaves of the Lord are found,
 And joyfully borne from the harvest ground.

E. E. Rexford.

837

Let me Stay.

8, 7.

LET me stay; I fain would labor
 In the vineyard of the Lord;
 For the fields are ready whitening,
 Jesus says so in his word.
 Let me thrust the Spirit's sickle,
 In the fields already white;
 Let me blow the gospel trumpet;
 Let me do with all my might.

MISCELLANEOUS.

■ Let me stay and wear the armor
That my Father doth supply,
Let me cheer the broken hearted,
Help the pilgrim on his way.
Let me point the poor and needy
To ■ boundless store of grace,
To ■ mansion in the heavens,
Where the weary are at rest.

3 Let me stay and warn poor sinners
Of the danger they are in,
While by Christ they're unprotected,
Foes without and fears within;
Let me tell how Jesus loved them
When he died upon the tree,
When he cried in grief and anguish,
“Why hast thou forsaken me?”

4 Let me stay a little longer,
Gathering for the garner great,
Golden sheaves, oh, precious jewels,
Stars in Jesus' crown complete.
Let me finish all my labor,
Then my armor I'll lay down,
And with Jesus Christ, my Saviour,
Ever wear a starry crown.

5 Then I'll range the fields of heaven,
And with angels ever sing,
Hallelujah! glory! glory!
Hallelujah to my King!
Then with white-robed seraphs worship
'Round the Father's great white throne,
Always crying, Thou art worthy!
Oh my God, and thou alone.

Rev. M. V. Clute.

838

Jesus calls me.

8 7.

JESUS calls me; I am going
 Where he opens up my way,
 To the toiling of his vineyard,
 Shrinking not a single day.
 Friends may shun me, toil await me,
 Care and sorrow be my lot;
 But I've chosen Christ my Saviour,
 I am going, call me not.

2 Jesus calls me; I am going
 To the life prepared for me,
 This poor world can't fill the aching
 Of my heart, or set it free.
 O what anxious, bitter sorrow,
 Does the world give with its strife;
 But with Jesus—O what glory!
 Ending in eternal life.

3 Jesus calls me; I am going
 To the washing of his blood,
 Healing now and purifying
 All who test the crimson flood.
 Flesh may cry, Not now—to-morrow;
 Idols rise with wonted power;
 Jesus help me, come and help me!
 Jesus take me hour by hour.

4 Jesus calls me; I am going;
 Friends and neighbors come with me;
 Hasten now and gain salvation,
 For the fountain's full and free;
 Test the grace that Christ now offers;
 Know the worth of this new life:
 Rise to all the bliss immortal,
 Far beyond this world of strife.

L. Hartsough.

839

Only Trust Him.

8, 6.

COME, every soul by sin oppressed,
 There's mercy with the Lord,
 And he will surely give you rest,
 By trusting in his word.

CHORUS.

Only trust him, only trust him,
 Only trust him now;
 He will save you, he will save you,
 He will save you now.

2 For Jesus shed his precious blood
 Rich blessings to bestow;
 Plunge now into the crimson flood
 That washes white as snow.

3 Yes, Jesus is the truth, the way,
 That leads you into rest;
 Believe in him without delay,
 And you are fully blest.

4 Come, then, and join this holy band,
 And on to glory go,
 To dwell in that celestial land,
 Where joys immortal flow.

J. H. Stockton.

840

Turn Ye.

11

O TURN ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die,
 When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
 Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says "Come,"
 And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
 O how can you question, if you will believe?
 If sin is your burden, why will ye not come?
 'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

3 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
 To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
 To bear up your spirit when summoned to die,
 Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

4 Why will you be starving, and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

Josiah Hopkins.

841

The Saviour at the Door.

L. M.

B EHOLD ■ Stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 O lovely attitude!—he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands,
O matchless kindness!—and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes!

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will—the very friend you need;
The friend of sinners—yes 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5 Admit him ere his anger burn,
His feet, departed, ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand,
You'll at his door rejected stand.

J. Grigg.

842

The Precious Name.

8, 7.

T AKE the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe;
It will joy and comfort give you;
Take it, then, where er you go.

Precious name: O how sweet!

Hope of earth, and joy of heaven.

MISCELLANEOUS.

2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.

3 O the precious name of Jesus!
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When his loving arms receive us,
And his songs our tongues employ!

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at his feet,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown him,
When our journey is complete.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

843 "How Much Owest Thou?" 6, 6.

I GAVE my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be
And quickened from the dead.
I gave my life for thee;
What hast thou given for me?

2 I spent long years for thee
In weariness and woe,
That an eternity
Of joy thou mightest know.
I spent long years for thee
Hast thou spent one for me?

3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for me?

4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from my house above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love.
Great gifts I brought to thee;
What hast thou brought to me?

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

5 Oh, let thy life be given,
Thy years for me be spent,
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent;
I gave myself for thee;
Give thou thyself to me!

F. R. Havergal.

844 P. M.
"Behold, the Half was not Told."

REPEAT the story o'er and o'er,
Of grace so full and free:
I love to hear it more and more,
Since grace has rescued me.

CHORUS.

The half was never told,
The half was never told,
Of grace divine, so wonderful,
The half was never told.

2 Of peace, I only knew the name,
Nor found my soul its rest,
Until the sweet-voiced angel came
To soothe my weary breast.

3 My highest place, is lying low
At my Redeemer's feet;
No real joy in life I know,
But in his service sweet.

4 And oh, what rapture will it be
With all the host above,
To sing through all eternity
The wonders of his love.

P. P. Bliss.

845 8, 5.
Pass Me Not.

PASS me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHOERUS.

Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry,
While on others thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

- 2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief,
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.
- 3 Trusting only in thy merit,
Would I seek thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by thy grace.
- 4 Thou the Spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside thee?
Whom in heaven but thee?

Fannie J. Crosby.

846 "Cleanneth from All Sin." 7.

I AM coming to the cross;
I am , and weak, and blind;
I am sing all but dross;
I shall full salvation find.

REFRAIN.

I am trusting, Lord, in thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary:
Humbly at thy cross I bow;
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

- 2 Long my heart has sighed for thee;
Long has evil dwelt within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
I will cleanse you from all sin.
- 3 Here I give my all to thee,—
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body thine to be—
Wholly thine for evermore.

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

4 In the promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.

W. McDonald.

847

Peace from Jesus.

P. M.

I STAND all bewildered with wonder,
And gaze on the ocean of love;
And over its waves to my spirit
Comes peace, like a heavenly dove.

CHORUS.

The cross now covers my sins,
The past is under the blood;
I'm trusting in J for all,
My will is the will of my God.

2 I struggled and wrestled to win it,
The blessing that setteth me free;
But, when I had ceased from my struggles,
His peace Jesus gave unto me.

3 He laid his hand on me and healed me,
And bade me be every whit whole;
I touched but the hem of his garment,
And glory came thrilling to my soul.

4 The Prince of my peace is now passing,
The light of his face is on me;
But listen, beloved, he speaketh,
"My peace I now give unto thee."

W. Craft.

848

Entire Consecration.

C. M.

O WHO'LL stand up for Jesus,
The lowly Nazarene?
And raise the blood-stained banner
Amid the hosts of sin?

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHORUS.

The cross for Christ I'll cherish,
Its crucifixion bear;
All hail! reproach and sorrow,
If Jesus leads me there.

2 O who will follow Jesus
Amid reproach and shame?
Where others shrink and falter
Who'll glory in his NAME?

3 Though fierce may rage the battle,
And wild the storms may blow,—
'Though friends may go forever,
I will with Jesus go.

4 My all to Christ I've given,
My talents, time, and voice;
Myself, my reputation,
The lone way is my choice.

5 O Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
My all-sufficient Friend!
Come, fold me to thy bosom,
E'en to the journey's end.

L. Hartsough.

849 *Spiritual Birthplace.*

P. M.

THERE is a spot to me more dear
Than native vale and mountain;
A spot for which affection's tear
Springs grateful from its fountain.
'Tis not where kindred souls abound,
Though that is almost heaven;
But where I first my Saviour found,
And felt my sins forgiven.

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

2 Hard was my toil to reach the shore,
Long tossed upon the ocean;
Above me was the thunder's roar,
Beneath the wave's commotion;
Darkly the pall of night was thrown
Around me, faint with terror:
In that dark hour how did my groan
Ascend for years of error!

3 Sinking and panting as for breath,
I knew not help was near me;
And cried, "Oh! save me, Lord, from death,
Immortal Jesus, hear me."
Then quick as thought I felt him mine,
My Saviour stood before me,
I saw his brightness round me shine,
And shouted, "Glory! Glory!"

4 O sacred hour! O hallowed spot!
Where love divine first found me;
Wherever falls my distant lot,
My heart shall linger round thee;
And when from earth I rise to soar
Up to my home in heaven,
Down will I cast my eyes once more,
Where I was first forgiven.

W. Hunter.

S. M.

850 *The Narrow Way.*

I STORM the gate of strife,
I force my passage through;
And all intent on endless life,
The narrow way pursue.
I leave the world behind,
After my Lord to go,
Renouncing with a steadfast mind,
Its pride and pomp and show.

CHORUS.

I take the narrow way,
I take the narrow way:
With the resolute few who dare go through,
I take the narrow way.

MISCELLANEOUS.

2 My Father is a God,
My heritage a throne;
And shall I herd with Fashion's brood,
Or put her baubles on?
The tinselry of earth,
The trappings of its pride,
Unworthy of my heavenly birth,
I spurn them all aside.

3 No cumbrous garb I wear,
My progress to impede;
My pilgrim robe, divinely fair,
Is fashioned all for speed.
I cannot slack my pace,
For earth's fantastic show:
For like a flint I've set my face,
That I'll to Zion go.

J. McCreery.

851 P. M.
Christ's Unspeakable Love.

I KNOW I love thee better, Lord,
Than any earthly joy,
For thou hast given me the peace
Which nothing can destroy.

CHORUS.

The half has never yet been told
Of love so full and free;
The half has never yet been told,
The blood it cleanseth me.

2 I know that thou art nearer still
Than any earthly throng;
And sweeter is the thought of thee
Than any lovely song.

3 Thou hast put gladness in my heart,
Then well may I be glad!
Without the secret of thy love,
I could not but be sad.

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

4 O Saviour, precious Saviour, mine!
What will thy presence be,
If such a life of joy can crown,
Our walk on earth with thee?

F. R. Havergal.

852

P. M.

Jesus my Delight,

O JESUS, delight of my soul!
How can I thy goodness proclaim?
'Tis thou that didst make my heart whole,
All honor be unto thy name.
Thou didst light up my spirit within,
Proclaiming salvation so free,
When burdened with sorrow and guilt,
And vileness was all I could see.

2 I gave thee my poor fainting heart,
And soon thy salvation I found;
Nor can I, nor will I depart
From One whose great love doth abound.
O seal me and keep me thine own,
And wash me and make me like thee,
That I upon thee may recline:
From sinning be evermore free.

3 This poor, faithless world shall all go;
Forever I turn from it now;
For none but my Jesus I'll know,
Recorded on high is my vow.
I am thine, blessed Jesus, all thine!
The witness impart unto me;
The death that I die is to sin,
The life that I live is to thee.

4 The current of life warmly flows
Upon me from Jesus' side:
'Tis cleansing as onward it goes;
In Jesus 'tis sweet to abide.
Salvation is full and all free,
I glory alone in the cross,
From the world it has now set me free,
Its claims I can see are but dross.

MISCELLANEOUS.

5 Go friends, that would keep me from him!
 Go joys, that would share with his love!
Go hopes, that would draw me to sin!
 Go all, that from him would remove.
Come sorrow, if only in thee;
 I shall cling to my Saviour and God;
Come scorn, and reproach, if left free
 To be drawn evermore to my Lord.

L. Hartsough.

853

P. M.
Dare to be Right.

DARE to be right; dare to be true!
 You have a work that no other can do;
Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,
Angels will hasten the story to tell.

CHORUS.

Then dare to be right! dare to be true!
You have a work that no other can do.

2 Dare to be right! dare to be true!
Other men's failures can never save you.
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith,
Stand like a hero, and battle till death.

3 Dare to be right! dare to be true!
Love may deny you its sunshine and dew,
Let the dew fail, for then showers shall be given:
Dew is from earth, but the showers are from
 heaven.

4 Dare to be right! dare to be true!
God, who created you, cares for you too:
Treasures the tears that his striving ones shed,
Counts and protects every hair of their head.

5 Dare to be right! dare to be true!
Cannot Omnipotence carry you through?
City and mansion and throne all in sight,
Can you not dare to be true and be right?

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

■ Dare to be right! dare to be true!
Keep the great judgment seat always in view;
Look at your work as you'll look at it then,
Scanned by Jehovah, and angels, and men.

S. J. Vail.

854 *Home! Home! Sweet, Sweet Home.* 11.

'MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to the soul is communion with saints.
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And, thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease,
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory, at home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free;
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee:
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace when I'm with thee at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my day:
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace!
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face:
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,
And in thy dear image, arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

D. Denham.

855

Perfect Love.

8, 7.

YE WHO know your sins forgiven
And are happy in the Lord,
Have you read the precious promise,
Which is left upon record?
I will sprinkle you with water,
I will cleanse you from all sin,
Sanctify and make you holy,
I will dwell and reign within.

2 Though you have much peace and comfort
Greater things you yet may find,
Freedom from unholly tempers,
Freedom from the carnal mind,
To procure your perfect freedom,
Jesus suffered, groaned, and died,
On the cross the healing fountain
Gushed from his wounded side.

3 Be as holy and as happy,
And as useful here below,
As it is your Father's pleasure,
Jesus, only Jesus know.
Spread, O spread the holy fire,
Tell, O tell what God has done,
Till the nations are conformed
To the image of his Son.

4 Wake up, brother, wake up, sister,
Seek, O seek this holy state,
None but holy ones can enter,
Through the pure, celestial gate.
Can you bear the thought of losing
All the joys that are above?
No, my brother, no, my sister,
God will perfect you in love.

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

5 May a mighty sound from heaven,
 Suddenly come rushing down,
Cloven tongues like as of fire,
 May they sit on all around.
O may every soul be filled
 With the Holy Ghost to-day,
He is coming, he is coming,
 O prepare, prepare the way.

Unknown.

856

P. M.

Rejoicing in Love.

O TO love the precious Jesus,
 O to know that thou art mine.
All my heart I give thee, Jesus,
 If thou wilt but make it thine.

CHORUS.

Precious name, precious name,
 Thou art all the world to me;
All of earth, all of heaven,
 All I want I find in thee.

2 Take my warmest, best affections;
 Take my memory, mind, and will;
Thou with all thy loving spirit,
 All my emptied nature fill.

3 Bold, I touch thy sacred garment,
 Fearless, stretch my eager hand;
Virtue, like a healing fountain,
 Freely flows at love's command.

4 O how precious, dear Redeemer,
 Is the love that fills my soul;
It is done, the word is spoken,
 Be thou every whit made whole.

F. Bottome.

857 "Cleanse me from my sin."

SAVIOUR, more than life to me,
I am clinging close to thee;
Let thy precious blood applied,
Keep me ever near thy side.

2 Through this changing world below,
Lead me gently as I go;
Trusting thee, I cannot stray,
I can never lose my way.

3 Let me love thee more and more
Till this fleeting life is o'er;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter world above.

Fanny J. Crosby.

858 *Rejoicing in Cleansing.* P. M. 8, 7.

BENEATH the glorious throne above,
The crystal fountain springing;
A river full of life and love,
Is joy and gladness bringing.

CHORUS.

O fountain of cleansing, flowing free,
That fount is opened wide to me;
To me, to me, is opened wide to me.

2 Through all my soul its waters flow,
Through all my senses stealing,
And deep within my soul I know
The consciousness of healing.

3 The barren wastes are fruitful land,
The desert blooms with roses;
And he the glory of all lands,
His lovely face discloses.

4 My sun no more goes down by day,
My moon no more is waning;
My feet run swift the shining way,
The heavenly portals gaining.

F. Bottome.

859

7s.

Trusting.

SIMPLY trusting every day,
 Trusting thro' a stormy way;
 Even when my faith is small,
 Trusting Jesus, that is all.

CHORUS.

Trusting as the moments fly,
 Trusting as the days go by;
 Trusting Him whate'er befall,
 Trusting Jesus, that is all.

2 Brightly doth His Spirit shine
 Into this poor heart of mine;
 While He leads I cannot fall,
 Trusting Jesus, that is all.

3 Singing, if my way is clear;
 Praying, if the way is drear;
 If in danger, for Him call;
 Trusting Jesus, that is all.

4 Trusting Him while life shall last,
 Trusting Him till earth is past;
 Till, within the Jasper wall,
 Trusting Jesus, that is all.

860

8, 7.

It Reaches Me.

1 O this uttermost salvation,
 'Tis a fountain full and free,
 Pure, exhaustless, ever flowing,
 Wondrous grace, it reaches me.

2 How amazing, God's compassion,
 That so vile a worm should prove
 This stupendous bliss of Heaven,
 This unmeasured wealth of love.

3 Jesus, Saviour, I adore thee !
 How thy love I will proclaim,
 I will tell the blessed story,
 I will magnify thy name.

Mary D. Jones.

861

It is Well with my Soul.

P. M.

WHEN peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
 When sorrows, like sea billows roll;
 Whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say,
 It is well, it is well with my soul.

CHORUS.

It is well with my soul,
 It is well, it is well with my soul.

2 Though Satan should buffet, though trials
 should come,

Let this blest assurance control,
 That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,
 And hath shed his own blood for my soul.

3 My sin—O the bliss of this glorious thought
 My sin—not in part but the whole,
 Is nailed to his cross, and I bear it no more,
 Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

4 And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall
 be sight,

The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
 The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall
 descend,
 “Even so”—it is well with my soul.

H. G. Spafford.

862

Jordan's Strand.

C. M.

MY DAYS are gliding swiftly by,
 And I a pilgrim stranger,
 Would not detain them as they fly,
 Though full of toil and danger.

CHORUS.

For, oh we stand on Jordan's strand,
 And soon we shall pass over;
 And just before, the shining shore,
 We may almost discover.

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren, dear,
Our distant homes discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect love nought can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever,
Our King says come, and there's our home
For ever, oh, for ever!

Unknown.

863

Way of the cross.

P. M.

WE may spread our couch with roses,
And sleep through the summer day;
But the soul that in sloth reposes
Is not in the narrow way.
If we follow the chart that is given,
We need not be at a loss,
For the only way to heaven
Is the royal way of the cross.

2 To one who is reared in splendor,
The cross is a heavy load;
And the feet that are soft and tender
Will shrink from the thorny road;
But the chains of the soul must be riven,
And wealth must be as dross;
For the only way to heaven
Is the royal way of the cross.

3 We say we will walk to-morrow
The path we refuse to-day,
And still with our lukewarm sorrow
We shrink from the narrow way.
What heeded the chosen eleven
How the fortunes of life might toss,
As they followed their Master to heaven
By the royal way of the cross?

864 *Importunity.*

7.

LORD, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

2 Dost Thou ask me who I am?
Ah! my Lord, thou knowest my name;
Yet the question brings a plea
To support my suit with thee.

3 Once ■ wretch thou didst behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Daring justice to defy;
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

4 Once a sinner near despair,
Sought thy mercy seat in prayer;
Mercy heard and set him free:
Lord, that mercy came to me.

5 Many days have passed since then,
Many changes have I seen;
Yet have been upheld till now;
Who could hold me up but thou?

6 Thou hast helped in every need,—
This emboldens me to plead:
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?

7 No, I must maintain my hold;
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold:
I can no denial take,
Since I plead for Jesus' sake.

R. W. Hawkins.

865 *Why do you Wait.*

P. M.

Why do you wait, dear brother,
Oh, why do you tarry so long?
Your Saviour is waiting to give you
A place in his sanctified throng.

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

Why not, why not?

Why not come to him now?

Why not, why not?

Why not come to him now.

2 What do you hope, dear brother,
To gain by a further delay?

There's no one to save you but Jesus,
There's no other way but his way.

3 Do you not feel, dear brother,
His Spirit now striving within?

Oh, why not accept his salvation?
And throw off thy burden of sin.

4 Why do you wait, dear brother?
The harvest is passing away,

Your Saviour is longing to bless you,
There's danger and death in delay.

Geo. F. Root.

866

P. M.

Jesus is Mighty to Save.

All glory to Jesus be given,
That life and salvation are free;
And all may be washed and forgiven,
And Jesus can save even me.

Yes, Jesus is mighty to save,
And all his salvation may know,
On his bosom I lean,
And his blood makes me clean,
For his blood can wash whiter than snow

2 From the darkness of sin and despair,
Out into the light of his love,
He has brought me and made me an heir,
To kingdoms and mansions above.

3 Oh, the rapturous heights of his love,
The measureless depths of his grace,
My soul all his fulness would prove,
And live in his loving embrace.

MISCELLANEOUS.

4 In him all my wants are supplied,
His love makes my heaven below,
And freely his blood is applied;
His blood that makes whiter than snow.

867

P. M.

WHAT joy the beloved of the Lord,
His love is my theme and my song;
He bids me dwell safely by Him,
And covers me all the day long.
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
He covers me all the day long.
He showed me the fountain for sin,
That washes and cleanses the soul,
Then trusting I cast myself in,
His blood cleansed and covered the whole.
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
His blood cleansed and covered the whole.
I'll trust Him, though Satan assails,
I'll trust Him, though floods round me roll,
I'll trust Him, yes, praise His dear name,
The joy of the Lord fills my soul.
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
The joy of the Lord fills my soul.

868

P. M.

Hiding in Thee.

O SAFE to the rock that is higher than I,
My soul in its conflicts and sorrows would fly;
So sinful, so weary, thine, thine would I be;
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee.
2 In the calm of the noontide in sorrows lone hour,
In times when temptation casts o'er me its power;
In the tempests of life, on its wide, heaving sea,
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee.
3 How oft in the conflict, when pressed by the foe,
I have fled to my Refuge and breathed out my woe;
How often when trials like sea-billows roll,
Have I hidden in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul.

Rev. Wm. O. Cushing.

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